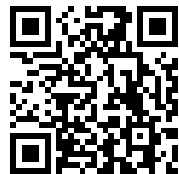
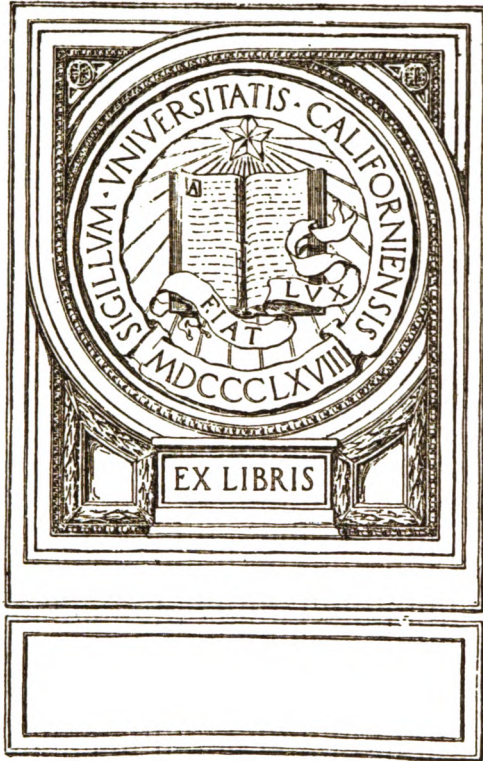

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FROM DAY TO DAY
1916-1921

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME
FROM DAY TO DAY 1914-1915

**BY THE RIGHT HON.
VISCOUNT SANDHURST**

With Photogravure Portrait

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FROM DAY TO DAY

1916-1921 *Year of*
CALIFORNIA

BY THE RIGHT HON.

VISCOUNT SANDHURST, P.C.

G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O.

* *

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PREFACE

This volume of my Husband's diaries follows directly on that which has already appeared, and between them they cover the years from 1914 till 1921. He kept the record with great regularity from the first day of the War onward, and it represents his daily impressions from then till the year of his death in 1921.

In this volume will be found many allusions to the activities of his full and strenuous life, on which a word of comment may be useful. He was born in 1855, and followed in his father's footsteps as a soldier, passing into Sandhurst in 1873, and joining the Coldstream Guards. On his father's death, in 1876, he succeeded to the Barony, and soon afterwards he left the Army. He was Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria from 1880 to 1885, and Under-Secretary for War in 1886 and from 1892 to 1895. In spite of the demands made upon him by politics, in which he was always most keenly interested, he began during these years to take an interest in hospitals, and for eight years was Chairman of the Middlesex Hospital.

In 1895 he was appointed Governor of Bombay, where he remained till 1900. It was a period there full of unrest. He had to deal with famine, an old trouble, as well as with plague and sedition, which were new; but his constant and unselfish interest in public affairs at home stood him in good stead, nor did his firmness ever raise enemies for him. The insanitary conditions in Bombay were fairly and instantly tackled, and the vastly improved housing conditions were the direct result of his administration.

His tact and kindly wisdom were universally recognised as being inspired by the truest humanity and regard for the

sufferings of the native population. Letters from those who served under him testify to the loving and loyal admiration in which they held him.¹ The success of his administration is testified by the permanent effect of his work.

He returned from Bombay in 1900, and took up his hospital work again.

In 1906 he went on the Commission to South Africa regarding the Constitution of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. In Parliament it was always referred to as "The South African Inquiry." My husband always thought this inquiry the most important public work in his life. In the face of great difficulties and obstructions the policy advocated by the Commissioners was adopted, and paved the way for the Union of South Africa, which at that time seemed an impossibility.

In 1908 he became Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a post which he retained with the same zeal and devotion until his death; and Sir Arthur Stanley, the Chairman of the Red Cross, has testified as authoritatively as his secretaries at Bombay to the confidence with which all those who were servants in the same noble warfare trusted his invariable tact and judgment.

In 1912 he was appointed Lord Chamberlain, and one who had the widest opportunities of judging of his methods

¹ Sir Andrew Wingate, K.C.I.E., one of those who worked under him, wrote:

"In Bombay Lord Sandhurst was sorely pressed by sedition and plague. He met the continually increasing complications with unfailing courage and an unruffled temper. In his treatment of sedition he showed so much consideration and forbearance that he left no rancour. . . .

"Nothing could be kinder than the administration of Lord Sandhurst. He personally investigated the terrible housing conditions in Bombay, brought publicity to bear on them, and secured the passing of an Act which is steadily transforming Bombay. His experience taught him what was required, and his magnetism drew the best help to his aid. He left behind him a movement fraught with blessing."

again testifies to "that steady efficiency, that quietness and absence of fuss" which was so characteristic of him in all that he undertook. What he did was done like that; if his hand was on the wheel the ship, whatever its destination, moved in a seeming tranquillity among stormy circumstances and difficult tides.

The last words of this volume were indeed prophetic. In the summer of 1921 he and I went again to Abergeldie, lent to us for the third time by the King, and a place we both loved. But the end was not far off, and after our return to London he only lived for a few weeks.

E. S.

FROM DAY TO DAY

1916

Jan. 1st. Colebrooke, the Whip, told me the political situation is easier. I thought it must be, for the King went back to Norfolk, and I knew he was in very good spirits at luncheon after seeing the Prime Minister. Labour is said to be going to hold a great conference next week. But the indications are that whatever difficulties there were are smoothed over. The Prime Minister is skilful in keeping his men together. The King is very much better and walked up the stairs by his own door to show Derek "what he could do" and said it was the Norfolk air; he had had a day's shooting with sixteen bores and killed 160 pheasants at one stand, was highly delighted.

In the train last night a man said he knew the Captain of the *Bulwark*, blown up in harbour by a German, had been shot, and the perpetual stories of War Office corruption and extravagance are very disagreeable to bear, although one makes due allowance for lies and exaggeration. One man said that in Shoreditch the War Office sent to buy all their water carts. The official said he couldn't spare all, as they were necessary for the health of the borough. The official went away, returned, bought half (seven) at £30 each, sixteen months ago, and has only taken away two.

Jan. 2nd. P. & O. *Persia* reported sunk by torpedo off Crete, loss—including, I fear, John Montagu of Beaulieu—three-quarters of total of the passengers and crew drowned.

Jan. 3rd. Two more liners sunk, a new big steamer of the Glen line and a Japanese, considerable proportion of passengers and crew lost; otherwise no particular rumours to-day though the political situation doesn't seem quite serene. However, I am not sure that Simon will persist in resignation.

I went to-day to a place I had never heard of out of St. James's Street—Pickering Passage, a narrow passage just below Locks, leading to a court about four or five yards square, the home of the 1900 club, which is a Tory Supper Club. The premises very old and picturesque, never touched I was told since 1725; it had been at various times a hell, a club, lodging, etc., the bucks of the Regency used to fight their duels in the Court as their seconds could hold the passage against the watch. In the adjoining room to the Club Room and grill kitchen was another where they used always to gamble. It was very small, so a round aperture was made in the ceiling and players upstairs used to drop their money on to the table. One story is that Lord Byron playing from upstairs saw a man below cheat and accused him, the man fled from the room and Byron rushed to the window and shot him as he was escaping from the Court. The man died, and the legend is that this was the real reason why Byron left the country and not a love story as at one time was popularly supposed.

No firing on Christmas Day was the order—unless we were attacked, but no attempts at fraternity in case of treachery.

Jan. 5th. To House of Lords where I heard two speeches from Crewe and Kitchener. Why they were made I can't say, they certainly told us nothing. In the Commons I came in for the last five minutes of the Prime Minister introducing the Military Service Bill; what I heard seemed laboured. He was followed by Simon whose

speech was described to me by a partisan as poisonous. His line was that compulsion was unnecessary and that the returns had not been sufficiently examined. It is always strange to me how bitter an ex-colleague at once becomes, but so it is. Of course now and then a departed minister is loyal, but this is the exception rather than the rule. Bitter critics now are the ex-Chancellor Loreburn and, though he has said little in public, J. Morley. He sits on front Opposition bench somewhere near St. Aldwyn, which shows his bias.

The waste in every direction at home and abroad is reputed on all sides to be amazing; no wonder the expenditure is 5 millions per diem. At the front waste is understandable, though I believe by means of salvage corps real efforts are being made. But at home the idea in camps seems to be to see how much can be thrown away.

I met a wicked-looking concern on wheels, a sort of khaki colour, which turned out to be an armoured car and sentries. I saw no gun on it. I thought it might be one of Johnny Willoughby's, but he tells me his are painted blue, red and yellow, a sort of hybrid Zingari. I believe his battery of armoured cars were paid for by himself and his friends and the men trained by him. Of course he is full of complaints; he has been battered about from pillar to post and his men taken away, promises to go out withdrawn and endless correspondence for months.

John Ward had an escape. He should have been on the *Persia*, but at the last moment he was ordered to go to France to help Prince Arthur of Connaught give away decorations on behalf of His Majesty to French officers. Poor Bean St. Aubyn went down in the *Persia*, and Clive Bigham, Lord Mersey's son who married Miss Seymour, had a marvellous escape, being picked up, as was John Montagu of Beaulieu, after being 32 hours in the water. Ward seems to think that torpedoing vessels in the Mediter-

anean is only a matter of time. The enemy get to know the routes, changed though they may be, and in making destinations the vessels have to pass along very narrow channels and close to islands whence the submarines can pounce. The paper says one of our submarines has gone through the Golden Horn and under the Galata Bridge to damage an arsenal.

Jan. 6th and 7th. Janet Trevelyan came and read us some of George Macaulay Trevelyan's letters, full of interest, he has to withstand shells, cholera and every hardship in charge of his ambulances in Italy. The King came and gave him the silver medal for bravery and it was indeed well deserved. This medal carries with it 100 lire per annum, continued to wife if she survives him. It was endorsed on the back "Macaulay Trevelyan George." It is a real distinction and well won by getting wounded out of hospitals which were being shelled; 15 yards from him a new touring motor had a big hole made in it. In one church he found about thirteen or fourteen cholera patients lying on straw, eight were dead and he saved the others. He is a very fine fellow.

He writes in the simplest strain and, seeing what an historian he is and how delightful and finished his style, he is the worst of spellers. He says he is more afraid of climbing slippery black rocks than of shells.

Jan. 8th. A day of peace after a very strenuous week, crowds of emotions, hopes and fears. The Compulsion Bill passed first reading: 398-105. Very loud cheering indeed and the Prime Minister got a special ovation as he brought up the Bill—to compel unmarried men within military age to serve, in accordance with his pledge that married men should not be called till the unmarried had all been attested. The report reminded me of Gladstone

and the Home Rule Bill. The debate appears to have been good and on a high level.

Labour Delegates held their conference on the afternoon of the second day of the debate and voted nearly 3-1 against the Bill. Henderson, Education Minister and in the Cabinet, was much interrupted. He and the two other Labour representatives in the Government abstained from voting on the ground that they represented Labour in the Coalition and therefore could not vote in favour of the Bill, and they have resigned their seats in the Cabinet.

I am very sorry Labour voted at its conference as it did because it seems to bring nearer the day when there will again be two parties—Labour *v.* the rest—which I should immensely deplore.

Ian Hamilton's eagerly awaited despatch published to-day, very interesting and very long. He seems to me to blame Home Authority for not sending two extra divisions in time, a failure which was of vital consequence; and Freddy Stopford for not coming up somehow at any rate with reserves. It is an interesting document, but more in the style of "our own correspondent" than the direct, unvarnished one of a soldier.

Jan. 9th and 10th. It is officially reported that the last of the French and English troops are out of Gallipoli, brought away by Sir Charles Monro, who gives the whole of the praise to Generals Birdwood and Davies and Admiral de Robeck; it is a generous and brief despatch, worthy of a great man. The withdrawal must have been very ably planned and equally well carried out. Only one man wounded, seventeen old 15-pounders destroyed and a few stores burnt, otherwise all the guns and mortars, personnel and material were brought away—so ends that glorious, futile chapter, though possibly the attempt may be justified in future by political necessity. I am very much interested in Birdwood's success, he is the son of my old member of

Council, Herbert Birdwood. Asquith announced the withdrawal in the House of Commons to-day.

Jan. 12th. I attended a Privy Council at 1; Lansdowne, Stamfordham, Samuel, the new Secretary of State Home Department, and Montagu, who becomes Chancellor of the Duchy, retaining the duties of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. The Financial Secretary has always been on the brink of the Cabinet, but never of it until now when merged in the Chancellorship of Duchy. Samuel and Montagu are both Jews, the former very strict and took the oath with his hat not actually on but holding it over his head. Montagu does not observe this form. We now have two real Jew Cabinet Ministers, one of whom might be a Prime Minister. They are both young—Montagu thirty-six—and we have another Jew in the Lord Chief Justice.

Dr. Distin Maddick came to see me. He is manager of the Scala, where he used to give Kinema Colour shows of Durbars, etc. He had just returned from the front with real war films, which in time he will produce. He was frequently under fire and told me he had got some very admirable war pictures. He had been to Sandringham and exhibited them twice to the King, Queen and Royal Family.

Major Helme also came to see me with the grievances of the Welsh Yeomanry, who are furious at being asked to volunteer for drafts, this Regiment being likely, as at present advised, to be broken up. The C.O.'s had come up to see the War Office and the Lords and were to go in a body to Kitchener. This muddle is a pity. Kitchener has no idea of sentiment which plays such a part in human affairs, and I think the sooner he goes to Egypt the better. His name was a good one to conjure with as a Recruiter, but as a Secretary of State I have never had confidence in him, nothing approaching Haldane as a great administrator.

Helme's story was very interesting, but I told him military matters had no more to do with me than the man in the moon.

The Welsh Yeomanry, in addition to the likelihood of being broken up, have been quartered at Lowestoft for a very long time, and other Regiments have been sent to the front before them which also greatly incensed them. The whole thing a great pity.

Jan. 13th. Billy Lambton does not get the Guards Division, Geoffrey Feilding has it and the Coldstreamers, and I'm told the Suvla withdrawal was the work of Joe Maude, also Coldstream. He says he was entirely dependent on the weather, so there is something more in weather than food for dull conversation.

Dined at the Turf with Harlech, very interesting about the Welsh Guards. He had done much to raise them. The Welshmen were very keen about them, but in the North of Wales the popular regiment is the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He was submitting some marches—Welsh airs—to His Majesty for his approval. The quick march was to be the Men of Harlech, hitherto only played as a slow March. Welsh airs don't lend themselves readily to marches. Band instruments, etc., cost money, and the Mayor of Cardiff had given him £500 towards their supply. He wisely got a Committee of three experts to advise him about the tunes.

I am glad to hear the difficulties about the Welsh Yeomanry, in reality Shropshire, Cheshire and Denbighshire, are at rest and the Regiments are not to be broken up.

Jan. 14th. A very bad night and never felt worse in my life than this morning, for no known reason, and in a horrid fright about the Investiture. However I went and carried it through. Devonshire and Curzon were received

by His Majesty and *given* their Knight of the Garter insignia.

The King was in very good spirits and well, though a little lame, owing, he said, to neuralgia in his leg. However, he stood all the time and went away very pleased. The ceremony lasted $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Lord Desmond Fitzgerald arrived last night and came last for his D.S.O. Every one was in Service dress; civilians, like me, in plain clothes. Strange though it may appear I prefer being in uniform on these occasions. I like racing in colours.

One of the six V.C.'s was Captain Nasmith, R.N. He had been 96 days in the Sea of Marmora, in his submarine, and had sunk seven or eight Turkish vessels; had penetrated to Constantinople and blown up a vessel at the wharf. A very nice looking, quiet, modest man. He is to be promoted and will be a Post-Captain, ranking as a full Colonel at 33. The King said to me, "That fellow doesn't care a damn for anything," a remark which must apply also to the other five. His Majesty told me Nasmith said the Turks had then only two small steamers left and they would be got soon.

The King told me also that three or four years ago he, the Prince of Wales, and Winston Churchill went with Nasmith in his submarine.

Jan. 15th to 18th. A quiet week-end politically after all the fuss of the past three weeks, though there is some murmuring among railway workers. As far as noise goes, one would think the country was unanimous for the Compulsory Service Bill, its opponents in Committee got only twenty to thirty supporters. Carson withdrew his amendment about Ireland being included, and Redmond made a fine and generous speech, ending by saying he could go back to Ireland and say it was up to their Irish honour to see the thing through by coming forward.

Bonar Law nearly put the fat in the fire by saying it was possible if the war went on we might require further powers, but his remark seems to have passed almost without notice, except by Ellis Griffith, M.P., and did not affect the numbers of minority.

Jan. 19th. General Sarrail is in command at Salonika, thus England is under Joffre in France and Sarrail in Greece, both Frenchmen, another proof of the auxiliary part we play in this war. Mesopotamia and E. Africa are our own shows, and Sir Archibald Murray is in command in the Mediterranean, including Egypt.

Better news from the Tigris.

Jan. 20th. At Brooks's found Dick Cavendish (Lord R. Cavendish), always the best provider of fruitful but never ill-natured gossip. He is employed on full Lieutenant-Colonel pay in some capacity recruiting, but what I could not clearly make out. He did very well in France.

His view is that this Compulsion Bill, about which there is and has been so much fuss, will really make hardly any difference in numbers, which has always been my view, moreover that there will be a very large number of young unmarried men ostensibly not enlisted, as they seem to be on reserve pay, anything up to £2 per week, "munitioning." Employers are paid by Government a percentage on their Labour Bill, and though thousands are getting wages and doing really nothing, they may be needed and so the percentage goes on. This is one of the ways the money goes. It all helps to show the amazing complications labour and trade matters assume as soon as Government interferes, and in my view Government and the taxpayer get beaten all round.

Dick says the North is full of dear old gentlemen employed at about £400 per annum and more, why chosen

he knows not, unless it be for the size of their waists. Very incompetent while they do their best. In addition to the salary they get £100 for outfit which costs about, or at most, £7 10s.—all they need is a coat and trousers.

Another matter which he thinks may make a stir in the country, and I hope it may, is the excessive number of exemptions. Many farmers' sons are walking about doing nothing on the land or anywhere else, and should be very good material. As to this I can only say I don't see them wherever I go.

Montenegro, a country not as large as Yorkshire and with, I believe, under 300,000 inhabitants, with a King (Nicholas) and all the rest of it, has capitulated and the Central Powers are entitled to all the kudos and congratulation they can get out of it. King Nicholas's daughter is Queen of Italy.

Birds are all singing very early this year. While last year, from early spring through the summer, every one said to-morrow the wind will turn to S.W. it remained E. and N.E., which was very favourable for the German gas. All this winter it has been W. and S.W., with slight exceptions.

A short time ago there was a very interesting short report by Admiral Bacon on the work of his Monitors on the Belgian coast. We went over one of them at Dover.

Jan. 21st. Nicholas of Montenegro has changed his mind and fights on, the Austrian terms being more than he could stand.

Whitridge sent me an article from "The New York Tribune," very violent against the President, but it is a purely partisan attack, such as "The Times" makes against our Prime Minister. Babington Smith, lately returned from New York with Rufus Isaacs, where they arranged the New York loan, says he had every evidence of pro-Ally feeling. This may be true of New York, but I believe

there is a great mass of pro-German feeling in America, and still greater of "Don't Care," and if I were Wilson I would keep my country out of war.

Jan. 22nd. The political atmosphere is still clear as far as the man in the street goes and knows. The Service Bill got through Committee with many compliments to Bonar Law and Walter Long (of whose ancestor Dizzy, in his "Lord George Bentinck," spoke as the "genial Walter Long"), and the compliments were deserved. I think the House of Commons behaves much better than the House of Lords.

Mary (Mrs. Humphry) Ward has had a letter from Roosevelt asking her to write about the position in England re the War, and also incidentally about the trenches, for the information of the American people, and laying great stress upon the usefulness of such an effort. She has been to see Lord Grey, who is also very strongly in favour of her doing it. He sent her to Jack Tennant whose opening remark was: "Well, Mrs. Ward, the Government is in a pretty mess, isn't it!!!" Grey said our troubles in the Balkans were entirely owing to the Russian failures last year which I should have thought was tolerably obvious.

All sorts of strange letters are received at the Army Pay Department—e.g.,—"I want more money, as according to directions in notice I've given birth to a son." And a man writes for the same reason and says, "My relations with the lady are purely platonic and the six little ones crying for bread" (With a lady as well as a wife).

Jan. 23rd. Goschen's only son has died of wounds in Mesopotamia, very sad indeed; and last night we heard that our troops had failed to relieve Kut where an advanced guard or Brigade is shut up. This expedition is organized

from India where everything is prepared for war, so far as they can spare troops.

Air-raid on Kent Coast reported.

Jan. 24th. A well-known gent, not distinguished for open-handedness, came in to lunch at the Club.

Marcus Beresford, always refreshing:—"Well, what have you been doing—trenching?" "No."

"Ah, I suppose retrenching as usual."

He took a table by himself and we got rid of him.

Asquith has pronounced Dilution of Labour to be a necessity and has appointed an expert Committee or Commission of three to work ideas out. There seem to me to be a vast number of committees and pledges. The latter we might be spared, they are inconvenient.

Poor old Alleyns (Sir Allen Young, Arctic Explorer) shortly before he died, aged 83 or 84, had a row with his servant, an old Bo'sun or something of that sort—which Alleyns concluded by saying, "Oh, go to Hell." "Yes," said the servant, "we shall both be there before long."

Jan. 26th. There were narrow escapes to friends in the late raid, e.g. Lord Northbourne had a bomb drop close to his house near Dover, no damage, and at Dover itself the enemy took good aim, dropping bombs in the sea near submarines and in the middle of the aerodrome; no damage was done there to man or goods, but in Dover Town two or three private houses were burned and a child and three or four people injured, one reported killed.

A soldier back from the Front says the Germans can fire our ammunition, but we cannot fire theirs, which to me is difficult to understand; and that the different parts of their rifles are made of nickel so they don't rust—two stories I should like to see verified.

Jan. 27th. A very interesting Privy Council to-day: Will Crooks and Barnes, Labour members, sworn of the P.C. They are both gentlemen by nature, perfectly unaffected. These men are honest, direct, hard-working men with the interests of their class thoroughly at heart.

I received a good letter from Willingdon, Governor of Bombay, who had been having a Xmas holiday in Sind and at or around Umarkol; he had had a good duck shoot, in five days of three hours each he and nine others had killed over 4,000 duck.

He spoke very well of the feelings of the Zemindars and Baluchi Head men—said that his Government were organizing defence measures to prevent Germans gun-running, and that the Germans were doing their best to stir up disaffection but ineffectually.

His letter brought my similar tours very vividly before me. I, too, tried to have a duck shoot in those regions, but as I lost two days owing to my steamer sticking on mud banks in the Indus I was done, for my holiday, of two days, was then over.

Jan. 28th. Just as I was going to leave the office a message came through on the telephone to say the Licensee or Manager of the Lyceum wanted to see me, and he arrived with two engineers and his solicitor. While seeing after the electricity in the roof it had been discovered that of two braces, contributing very much to the strength, use and position of an immense steel girder holding and supporting the roof, one was broken and the other twisted like a serpent, the supports had sunk two inches. The steel experts considered it unsafe, so I called in the District Surveyor and went myself to the Lyceum, crawling through trap doors and up straight ladders to see the mischief and understand it.

There could be no doubt as to the danger, so the per-

formance for which the doors should have been open at 6.30 p.m. had to be cancelled then, 6 p.m. I shudder to think what an appalling catastrophe *might* have happened if the thing had not been discovered. The piece is to be transferred to another theatre the paper says; it also says the reason is that "some defect has occurred to the Lord Chamberlain's iron Curtain"—something might have occurred but this was emphatically not the reason. The management suggested that the Zeppelin bombs concussion might have caused the damage, but this the District Surveyor did not support.

A joke is going around that the Austrian Emperor has been dead four months, but as they never tell him anything he doesn't know it.

Jan. 29th to 30th. There has been a Zeppelin raid over Paris—a great deal of damage done and many innocent lives lost—there were, in fact, two raids, one on following day, but the second was ineffectual. One Zeppelin is said to have been 12,000 feet up, and in about a minute to have dropped thirty bombs; the victims were inmates of houses.

Jan. 31st to Feb. 5th. On January 31st, the Italian Ambassador told me of a Raid announced to him by Admiralty. On going to the office I found Dawson in a highly excited state—he said all trains would be stopped. At Euston *my* train got away exactly, but I learn that the 8.15 p.m. didn't start till 10.15 and that at S.W. stations the daily-breaders were kept waiting two or three hours. Harewood was all night in the train, and Horace Farquhar (Lord Steward) and Lady Farquhar leaving Norfolk at 4.30 p.m. only got to London at 6 a.m. the following morning; they shared a hard mutton chop at Ely and sat up all night in a dark train. Happily they were none the worse.

St. Bartholomew's was kept on tenter-hooks from 6 p.m. till 11 when All's Well was passed round, but the raid did not touch London. Derbyshire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Loughborough and other provinces suffered. Three breweries, three railway sheds and building were destroyed, and something under a hundred killed and wounded. The Zeppelins, I believe, destroyed East Rudham, a few miles from Sandringham where their Majesties were in residence and where the explosions were distinctly heard. One Zeppelin has, I think, been found wrecked in the North Sea.

Derby has given colossal sums in aid of the war, and now 'tis said they put their napkins into rings at Knowsley.

The excitement of the last two or three days has been the recovery of the *Appam*, a mail boat of sorts full of passengers. She had been captured by a small, heavily armed German boat, a kind of coaster, and taken to Virginia, U.S.A., as a prize. The German came as a surprise, fired a shot across *Appam's* bows and letting fall some masking canvas revealed some heavy guns. It was a very smart performance. Some wiseacres say it is a trap on the part of Germany to embroil us with the U.S.A., but I think the international position is clear.

The question at issue is whether a British vessel, captured by Germans, can be placed by the Captain in a neutral port for safe custody. It cannot—if the matter is to be governed by the general laws of war. Articles 21 and 22 of XIIIth Convention of The Hague, settle the law among nations, by which Neutrals are bound to release ships brought into port unless brought into port owing to stress of weather, want of fuel or provisions. These reasons did not obtain in this case. Had the *Appam* been armed or converted into an auxiliary cruiser she might have been interned till the end of the war and then handed back to Germany.

Sarah¹ has been sketched (black and white) by Sargent with admirable results—a really charming production. She was advised to write to him; this she did, saying he had so successfully drawn her nephew, Althorp, that she would like to be done, but it was only fair to tell him she was a plain person and seventy-seven. The results were a charming note from Sargent and a charming picture. She enjoyed her sittings very much.

Feb. 6th and 7th. I met Charley Grant, Coldstream Guards, grandson of Lord Liverpool and married to Rosebery's daughter: he was very well and in the best spirits, he is liaison officer, I believe. He said Harold Brassey had been taken away from the Blues to command a Territorial Regiment. The authorities are taking this step now with their best C.O.'s. Brassey left Head Quarters, motored forty miles and then found he had forgotten the number of the regiment, so he returned to Head Quarters where he was received with cheers and laughter. He is a capital fellow and a first-rate officer.

Winston was found one day in a dug-out swathed up to his armpits in furs, a French steel hat on his head, lecturing to his officers. Charley Grant himself was wandering about on a job one fine quiet evening when suddenly German shells became obnoxious, so he sought shelter—found a place called Coldstream Allée and said to himself this looks all right. He crept along and suddenly found himself over his waist in water. He told us this at the Club with roars of laughter as if it had been the jolliest surprise imaginable. Truly the men are wonderful, nothing quenches their spirit.

I saw Samuel, Home Secretary, to report on how I am getting on with my theatres; he was very much interested and complimentary—I also saw the Lord Chancellor for a

¹ Lady Sarah Spencer.

man-of-the-world opinion as to Hall Caine's new play, which is hedged round the cock and bull story of the Asquiths and their German governess. He agreed with me that to interfere would make more row and bring the episode more before the public than to let the rather foolish effusion proceed. Hall Caine's reputation is European and very great, especially in France and America.

Feb. 8th. We dined with Leopold de Rothschild—very pleasant—Mrs. J. Chamberlain, whom I hadn't seen for years, Arthur Balfour, Charles Rothschild, Mrs. Arthur Sassoon and Leo's son, who had been invalided with jaundice from Gallipoli. Now he has just passed his Board and is soon to go out again, he had been in hospital in Malta where he said he was as comfortable as he could expect.

Balfour was very interesting—more communicative than most prominent ministers—he drinks tea after his dinner instead of coffee!! He, like others, thinks the Germans are sure to continue their Zeppelin raids, and said there were many *very* vulnerable points in London—e.g. pumping stations for sewage, Bank of England, Woolwich—they might attack, but happily they probably do not know where they are (I'm sure I don't know where the pumping station is), and would have difficulty if they did know. He casually remarked that if the Germans before they had declared war had got their fast cruisers over the Trade routes they could have almost paralysed trade.

The fact that the Germans did not put out their fast cruisers shows they did not expect us to make war—which accounts for their extreme bitterness and with some reason—but it shows how much they were misled about our own troubles if they expected revolutions in India, South Africa, etc., etc.

I had luncheon with Berkeley Sheffield. His Brigade,

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of which he has been D.Q.M.G. for a year and which he has moved five or six times, is soon to go out and the doctors forbid him, which is a great disappointment—he is very capable. He says the waste is beyond belief—as he put it, the waste and throw-away would keep a small French population for a week.

Dining out is pleasant, but it's next to impossible to get a taxi to go home in—engagement for an evening costs 30s. instead of 10s.

Feb. 9th and 10th. By degrees we are learning something more or less true about the Zeppelin raid over the Midland counties. Rutland told me they came so low in Leicestershire—he said about the height of a church steeple, but this is obviously exaggerated—that the men could be heard talking. He also said that the episode had fairly woken up socialist county councillors who for the first time realized what war was and meant. I am told that stations and a small arms factory were destroyed at Birmingham—that bombs were dropped in Cheshire, evidently intended for Crewe.

Princess Alexander of Teck, who is now staying with the King and Queen of the Belgians to whom Prince Alexander is attached, was at Eastwell (Kent) with Lady Northcote. The Zeppelin, very visible and low, hovered over the house and the Princess spent the time in the nursery with her children.

When St. Bartholomew's Close was hit by a Zeppelin bomb a shell fell close to a fireman; he was knocked insensible by the concussion and lay flat, the bomb bursting over him; he recovered and saved lives from burning houses. He has received the King's medal. A porter of St. Bartholomew's also rendered very good service in a similar way.

A. J. B. rather advocated large bonfires in open fields to

represent factory furnaces and attract the Zeppelins, but I think their illuminating bombs might counteract this and reveal the fraud.

I had occasion to visit the clerk of the Drapers Company who had been soldiering for a year in France and Gallipoli with a fleet of armoured cars—now dispensed with, they have been given to Russia and it is believed they are snowed up at Archangel. It is amazing how almost every soldier ridicules, criticizes and curses the authorities and says the older men's jealousy of new men and methods is past belief.

Feb. 11th. We are making some Zeppelins and want badly to capture a German one to work on.

To-day Nelly's Y.M.C.A. Hut at No. 1 Base Hospital was opened by the Lord Mayor who attended with the Mayoress and Sheriffs—a large gathering and very successful. It is a splendid Hut for the hospital which can hold 1,100 occupants. Half the Hospital is in an open space—Myatt's field—there is a long covered way and the wards are at right angles, in the spaces the wounded have gardens and are awfully keen about them. A real good work is the hut. Four ladies, of whom two were Lady Mayoress and N.—also Mrs. Jessop and Mrs. Tooth—had commemorative scrolls devised and illuminated by two of the soldier patients.

It was Nelly's birthday, which Major Eccles, M.D., the heart and soul of the undertaking, announced amid "loud cheers"—many congratulations from the civic dignitaries. Great fun.

Feb. 12th and 13th. A visit to my poor old blind kinsman de Ramsey, who having gone to Germany for eye consultation was interned, and his son and servant interned also. The son, Reginald, remains there. De R. was in

Germany from before the war began in August, 1914, till November, 1915, and was then exchanged for a lunatic German spy interned in the Isle of Man. He received some of many letters sent him—enclosures almost always withdrawn and all sorts of things blotted out. He hardly ever got a newspaper, though now and then a German Princess sent him an old "Daily Graphic" rolled up in a parcel; and his journey back was to say the least of it uncomfortable.

Of Ailwyn Fellowes' sons, three are serving, and one returning from Canada to join. Of the three, one in the Rifle Brigade has the D.S.O.; another is a sailor in North Sea; the third, in Probyn's Horse, has the Military Cross which he got for locating a very tiresome gun. He left his trenches before it was light, crawled through or by two lots of German trenches, found the gun, took very careful bearings, and to the delight and surprise of his comrades returned by same methods safe. After that we got our guns on the German offender and its life was not more than twenty minutes.

Feb. 14th. Chesterfield, Harry Cust and Bogy Harris stayed this week-end with the Prime Minister at Walmer. While Chesterfield played golf, the Prime Minister went out in his motor taking Cust and Harris. They went to Dover and the two latter got out to walk home. They hadn't gone two hundred yards before they were challenged and a bayonet held at their heads. Like fools they had no passes or registration cards—they were marched here and there, questioned, locked up and delayed, eventually sent home in a motor with a young naval officer and arrived at Walmer wet and cold.

Nelly's letter to Lucy to New York has been returned by the Censor—possibly because she mentioned Deal as having been bombarded by ourselves or the enemy, but

this being so I am surprised mine to Fred didn't share the same fate as I told him a good deal about the raid. However, I've not got it yet. Anyway, these innocent narratives must be curtailed.

To-day a notice appeared in the Press that the authorities were going to practise anti-aircraft shooting—so the public were not to be alarmed. A high wind sprang up—the moon and night magnificent. I heard no shooting and I believe the idea was aiming-drill and to see if the machinery of the guns was in order. I thought once I saw a balloon target.

Feb. 15th. Parliament was opened by Royal Commission and I was one of the Commissioners. The Lord Chancellor read the King's Speech which was short and dealt only with the war. The address was moved by Clarendon and seconded by Muir Mackenzie who, having watched the same ceremonial for nearly forty years, very nearly forgot he ought to come in uniform. He did it well—Clarendon not badly, but commonplace. Crewe made us a long speech, not very illuminating, and K. of K. read us one of his equally brilliant statements which told us nothing. Altogether it was very disappointing, though I don't know that we could expect much more.

We dined with Christine Hamlyn of Clovelly, a delightful person. Delia Peel was there, a daughter of Leeds, and Mallet, our late Ambassador at Constantinople, who was interesting; his experiences getting away from there on declaration of war thrilling and unpleasant.

Feb. 16th. The struggles at Ypres reported by the Germans are endorsed by Haig—they have broken into our trenches on a front of 600 yards. These places have been taken and retaken again time after time. So much so that it is called the International Redoubt. But what

mystifies me is that every soldier coming home says we can advance whenever we like and yet these reverses occur. I suppose the truth is that we could advance *a little* if we chose to make the enormous sacrifices that the Germans make and for so little material gain, and there is a certain volume of opinion which asserts that we should withdraw from Ypres as it is a salient of such a nature that it can be fired on from three sides.

Feb. 17th. Twenty-one years ago I landed in Bombay as Governor. Would those days with all their troubles, and they were many, were back! I love the country, the people, the officers, I.C.S., and the work. I believe all who know, say no Governor ever had such difficulties to contend with.

Hartington at Monte Carlo said to me, "Well, how did you like Bombay?—I believe nothing could possibly have gone worse," and then laughed till he choked—so like him, but I knew what he meant—that the stars in their courses went against me.

Feb. 18th. Sixteen years ago to-day I left Bombay with five full and busy years behind me, and as I steamed down the harbour taking last salutes many a thought passed through my mind. I had a great send-off and men had come from far and wide to my last and farewell dinner at the Byculla Club. The room was more than crowded and they gave me a really very great reception. I left tired out and I remember waking up on board the *Caledonia* the next morning in a perfectly smooth sea and feeling relief that there were no files awaiting me. The South African war was in full swing and at Marseilles in a few days we were to hear of the capture of Cronje.

At dinner with Dugdale and Lady Eva we met two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, the tenants of Warwick

Castle—and a Mr. Carver, a youth once attached to the American Embassy and now attached to Colonel House, who has been on a roving commission through Vienna, Berlin and now to London. His story was that at both those capitals the feeling of the peoples was one of intense optimism, no riots, no privations, but no private motors in Berlin—except his.

Feb. 19th to 20th. I don't believe him. I have heard another story through a Mr. Butler, a son of the old Dr. Butler, who had lived among Berlin bourgeoisie and, having left two months ago, tells a very different tale. But it is the old story, you can believe nothing—except that in society so-called the personal feeling against the Prime Minister is very strong and outspoken; this, however, does not matter.

An American told a friend of mine he had come over on a Swedish boat, and commented on the efficiency of our Secret Service. His ship was stopped by one of our R.N. boats, the Captain asserting there were Germans (18) on board of military age—they were all found and taken off. He then said: "You've a spy on board and I can tell him because he has only four toes on one foot, so every one must show their feet"—the spy also was found all right. Amid all the bitter criticism this testimony is refreshing.

At St. Bartholomew's the feeling is so very strong about Germans among the nurses—that we are obliged to refuse all German names, although in many cases they assert freely they are Irish.

Feb. 21st. Last Saturday the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers was on trial for interfering with workmen and their output at Woolwich. The police court was a place of great excitement—there were fears of riots, so all the troops were confined to barracks—but the trial only passed through its initial stage and was adjourned.

There has been a midday aeroplane raid at Walmer and damage done to a church. The explosions took place while the *Te Deum* was being sung. The Prime Minister was at Walmer. Two men and a boy were killed, but otherwise hardly any damage done.

Feb. 22nd. There has been another satisfactory report from East Africa, though Smith-Dorrien has had to withdraw owing to ill health. In this sublunary sphere wonders never cease: the Expeditionary Force is now under the command of General Smuts, a Boer and Botha's right-hand man in the South African war! It sounds like magic.

Feb. 23rd. A two-days' debate in House of Lords on Blockade, initiated by Sydenham who made not a bad but not well-informed speech. Charlie Beresford, a cheery bird, was warmly cheered on rising to make his maiden speech by kindred cheery souls and old friends; his speech itself was rather disappointing—"trust the Navy and damn the consequences." The Navy is trusty but we must keep engagements to allies and neutrals; he says if Germany does not we need not, forgetting that two wrongs don't make a right. Lansdowne's expositions were masterly—quite first rate.

Fine snow has fallen for twelve hours. A discussion has been going on for some days as to the licensing of a play by Bernard Shaw called "*Blanco Posnet*." This play was licensed subject to excision of certain lines owing to their asserted profanity. I may not be a good judge of profanity, but I never could see that they were as bad as made out. When Gertrude Kingston, of the Little Theatre, asked for the question of this play to be reopened on my first coming into office, I refused, as my predecessor (after, I presumed, most careful examination) had the previous year refused it. Three years later re-application is (now) made for clean

licence. The bias against Bernard Shaw officially is considerable, especially on the part of one of my advisers, whose leg G. B. S. (who is no respecter of persons and abhors most unjustly anything official) loves pulling. I sent the play to Bancroft who agrees with the Reader (Bendall, a very good opinion). I then sent it to Sir W. Raleigh, Professor of English, and to an Advisory Committee, from whom I received two very good and judicious letters, so good that they form an excellent instruction for a Lord Chamberlain coming into office and dealing with plays. The Lord Chancellor and Carson, formerly in the Advisory Committee, both having retired, I am short of an adviser: • the Lord Chancellor suggested I should go to Sir Owen Seaman, Editor of "Punch." From him I had also an admirable letter, while the Lord Chancellor himself, while saying he could not give me an "opinion," considered there was no doubt as to the propriety of the clean licence. I agree in this view. So the licence will be issued. There may be a row, though I doubt it, for experience shows that the plays one is most apprehensive about frequently pass unnoticed, run their puny existences and then flicker out.

Feb. 24th and 25th. Dunraven told me he was all last year in the Mediterranean carrying sick, wounded, and stores in a ship which he bought. He had horrible weather, thunder and lightning all the summer, and storms of wind and rain all the winter. He had been taking his ship between England and France and then to the Dardanelles, etc., etc. It shows what some of these men with money have been and are doing. Buying a ship is a large order; whether he ran it at his own expense I didn't ask, but I expect he did.

Some Russian Envoys, who are being entertained by the government, went to the House of Commons and came in

for an impassioned and tremendous speech by the Prime Minister against the peace party which consists of about three—Snowden (Labour), who, the Prime Minister says, spoke well; Ponsonby, a very nice man otherwise but a political crank, and C. Trevelyan. The Russian visitors had a chance of observing English oratory in Asquith. They then, conducted by Philip Stanhope, came to the House of Lords where Dunraven was speaking to an absolutely quiet house of about forty old gentlemen. Dunraven must have been inaudible in the gallery. What a contrast!

The Press have given these Russians a dinner (Burnham, "Daily Telegraph," in the chair), when old Jim Wolfe Murray (General), descendant of Wolfe of Quebec, made a speech in Russian.

The snowstorms continue and also the terrific German attack on the Verdun lines. They are said to have 17-inch guns and 750,000 men engaged there.

Feb. 26th. The snow and slush are indescribable in our part of London, i.e. slums like Belgrave and Eaton Squares, but in the City it is all brushed away and Fleet Street to Charing Cross is quite clean.

I had an interesting interview with Henry, the Commissioner of Police. It arose owing to the head of the Theatrical Managers Association coming to me as to what theatres were to do in case of Zeppelins; he wanted to know if I could get Henry to be more precise. I told him I doubted it and, of course, Henry *could* not be. There are two schools of opinion: one that thinks raids should be advertised by syrens and hooters as soon as the advent of Zeppelins is known; the other (Henry's) that notice should not be given; and I agree with the latter view. The theatres form a very small part of the problem. There are all sorts of Music Halls, Cinema shows, you might add

Churches, while, when the Zeppelins are supposed to be coming, the local trains come to a standstill so that the stations are crowded with thousands of people awaiting trains. Then there are all the people actually in trains, and so on. Henry says that darkening London is of the greatest importance, that he considers it is impossible now to locate places topographically. Formerly the glare of London could be seen from the sea; now this is impossible. In the last raid the Zeppelins came past Enfield; a great reflection of light was visible near there and they dropped between thirty and forty bombs. It was the glass of a market garden!

Feb. 27th. The most terrific battle of the world still continues in the attempt of the Germans to get Verdun. The French have been forced back, but to-day's news says they have retaken a prominent Fort.

March 1st. To-day the new frightfulness is to begin—or murder made easy, sinking armed merchantmen at sight—but this has in fact been going on, armed or unarmed.

I hear that some time ago when a ship of the *Queen Elizabeth* class was to be launched, three submarines were found to be on the look out for her. However, Jellicoe sunk two and took the third into Newcastle, or wherever the dock is.

A French transport bound for Salonika has been sunk with 1,000 troops on board.

We met French and Dr. Page, American Ambassador, at dinner. Page corroborated what Carver had told me about things being all right in Berlin, but added that in the "West End" they knew nothing of riots; another of his men who is a first-rate German scholar had been round and seen some of the rioting. I couldn't gather there was much in it. French looks very well and no older for

his strenuous eighteen months, and, of course, Page and French, who might know something, said nothing. Rumours were rife. One noble pessimist was full of un-intelligent anticipation. He said he *knew* that they were training Zeppelins for dropping bombs on ships in open spaces from great heights; that the German fleet was coming out very soon; that a large fleet of Zeppelins were to come about March 5th or 6th. This is easy to prophesy as there will be no moon.

March 2nd. There was an interesting Debate in the Lords on soldiers' pensions. One point I wish to hear an answer on is as regards disabled soldiers and employment. These men won't take work at, say 25s. per week, because they think it will prejudice their pension, and the answer was not clear. I suppose the War Office don't know what to do. I believe they are at their wits' end and in a muddle. A man is granted a pension, then it comes up for revision to see if he is getting better and capable of earning, and if this procedure is correctly stated then his ability for occupation does, to a certain degree, prejudice the pension. I should have thought a pension was for service—length or risk incurred or to be compensation for injury, and if the man can earn anything in addition, so much the better for him. Civil service officials get a pension for years of service and after leaving the service they can earn, if they choose, a couple of thousand per annum, as can holders of political pensions. The thing requires thinking out. Many stories came to light, more or less accurate, of the unfit and youths under age being enlisted—Salisbury, who had been a Brigadier, speaking from practical experience.

March 3rd. I went to luncheon with Mrs. Greville. Princess Christian was there in good spirits. They say they call President Wilson, Mr. Will Soon.

I am to take Kitchener's work in the House of Lords. I am quite pleased about it. I went to the War Office where every one was very kind and Kitchener most cordial. I am up against a difficult question at once re posthumous honours and went to the Foreign Office to talk to Crewe about it.

March 4th. We went to Walmer to-day to stay with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith. It was very pleasant, though the party had rather fallen through, Soveral, Seymour, Fortescue and d'Abernon not turning up, so I had to play bridge, which I detest. I play vilely. One friend was there of long standing and intimate at that, all delightful and always the same; Mrs. Rupert Beckett, the Lord Chancellor and a delightful son of the Prime Minister, Arthur Asquith, nicknamed O.C. which, by the way, they say the Prime Minister was known as at Balliol. We played bridge till past twelve and I went to bed dead-beat.

O.C. home yesterday from Mediterranean, Gallipoli and all the rest of it.

March 5th. We had a very interesting walk in the sun, along the downs past Kingsdown near a mill. He is a bright companion and his political talk was very interesting, especially about the Prime Minister. He said his patience and goodness were beyond belief, he had seen him frequently in positions where he must have been grievously wounded and yet after a moment he was always ready to discuss anything on its merits, and forgiveness seemed to be his element; moreover the way he had thrown the shield over Winston and got no thanks, was amazing—because, whatever they may say, the Dardanelles was Winston's job. He, like me, views the future with apprehension and sees labour trouble and also recruiting trouble ahead because the men in charge, very likely the best they can get and bad at that, don't know the Act and abuse it.

O.C. was very interesting. He said the French organization for huts, vegetables and oil, the latter bought on the islands, was much superior to ours.

They were latterly out-gunned and out-shelled by the Turks, whose improvement was owing to German munitions and organization.

All troops are subject to panics and on one occasion a green battalion bolted, hotly pursued by Turks who were running after them unarmed to give themselves up as prisoners. In another case—we remember a rumour a transport had been sunk. Nothing of the kind. A Turkish gunboat chivalrously gave them ten minutes to clear, whereupon many men jumped overboard and were drowned. It need never have happened. Finally the transport got away and the Turkish boat was got by our men of war.

O.C. was at Antwerp. He was sure the expedition was justified. It held up the Germans for five days and allowed Rawlinson's division to re-form itself and rest and so really helped to save a very dangerous situation. The sailors tied their bayonets on to their rifles, but, as O.C. said, they could tie better knots than anyone else and it did very well.

The Prime Minister, when the Ladies had gone after dinner, told us about Verdun. It really is amazing the Germans haven't triumphed. The French had one line of trenches and nothing more over four miles towards Verdun; and moreover their worst troops, the Moroccans, were in the middle of the line. Further, that having expected the attack from the north (or perhaps the east) their guns were all pointed that way. That on the other side (east or perhaps north) the formation of the ground made action impossible and it took forty-eight hours to transpose them, although they've been expecting an attack and preparing for three or four months. Rather disquieting as he said, but the French are keeping their end up. Ralph Neville

is said to have remarked that we should win the war all right and for the reason that for one and a half years the government had been trying to lose it and couldn't succeed.

The Prime Minister in motor and a young officer at the Barrier near Dover had a conversation when the young officer was very obdurate. At last the Prime Minister showed him a card and said, "Of course you must do your duty, what is it?" When he had seen the card and satisfied himself he said, "My duty is to let you through."

March 10th. We had a long speech in the Lords from Montagu of Beaulieu—who was well received and much congratulated by Lansdowne on his escapes—on Zeppelins and aircraft, advocating an Air Ministry.

C. Beresford made a speech during which he dealt at length with the Navy, Fisher and Winston, who he said ought to see a specialist. Evidently France had been too much for him. He also said that if Fisher would come to the House or write to the Press saying he did not favour the agitation, it would die down at once. A new method of advertising Fisher is by sandwich men with placards, "Fisher's the man for us," "More push and Go," and all the rest of it. These harmless and unnecessary men wandered for some hours by the Admiralty and War Office and then drifted to the Houses of Parliament.

March 11th and 12th. Two torpedo boats have struck mines off East Coast and sunk with some loss of life, also one auxiliary merchantman.

The news from Kut is bad. General Lake was said to be within seven miles (this I don't believe) with his relief force and then had to fall back for want of water. I fear Kut may not be relieved, for shortly the Tigris will come down which will make any expedition impossible.

This Mesopotamian business has been very bad all along

—bungled from beginning to end; but who is really responsible? It began with the Government of India, now, however, it is in the hands of the War Office.

I hear Farquhar's valet has total exemption, he says he is necessary and indispensable as he keeps him alive—indeed a service of national benefit! Dalhousie's butler rigidly refused to attest and join the Scots Guards. When the Compulsion Bill passed and he was told he would have to go, he said Yes, he was quite ready; when asked why he didn't go before he said, "Oh, now I'll join the Black Watch and, as I am a first-rate butler, I'll get put at once in charge of an officers' mess; had I joined the Scots Guards where there are, no doubt, scores of butlers and footmen, I should have had no chance." It is said they are going to form non-combatant battalions of conscientious objectors who will be drilled and trained just as other recruits, only without arms, to be employed on digging, baking and a host of other such duties. A very good plan and I hope they'll enjoy it.

March 13th to 15th. The married-men agitation goes on and I know that Derby is very angry thinking he is being set down over the pledges, also he is dissatisfied with Lansdowne's speech on his functions as chairman of the Air Committee. The Government is getting into rather heavy water and now Selborne appears with a direct attack on Derby which won't make matters better. Derby is to speak on both subjects to-day (15th) after C. Beresford's questions; meanwhile Asquith is kept in by bronchial catarrh. I hope he is not going to break up, but he may be yielding to the strain. I am of the War Office but not in it, and I am unable to make out what Kitchener's real position in the War Office is, though he is styled Secretary of State.

On the 14th there was a statement in "The Times" as to mismanagement of medical affairs in Mesopotamia; that

expedition seems to have been mismanaged in every particular. Whether we shall have a debate I know not, but this I do know, that a defence will be a difficult job for me to put up.

Berkeley Sheffield tells me he had bombs all round his place near Doncaster, and I also learn that bombs falling near a shipbuilding yard or dock caused a big ship to shift from its stay, nosing to the concussion.

Charlie Beresford asks me a string of questions to-day about pensions. I know nothing about them but must do my best, and Lansdowne will be kind as always, he is a good man and excellent in House of Lords.

March 16th. The Verdun struggle goes on, the German waves dashing themselves apparently in vain against the French rocks; meanwhile in this country the recruiting muddle gets worse. The Government through ill-thought-out administration and amateur methods seem to me to have landed themselves in inextricable difficulties, and the Prime Minister is ill. An extreme dislike of Army Service manifests itself in certain classes. The starring and exemptions have been permitted far too freely and Ministers pull different ways. The higher classes have more than done their duty, and hundreds of thousands of recruits have volunteered. But there are masses who don't mean to come. To my mind the pity is that compulsion was ever brought in; while the number of unmarried men may not have been negligible, I doubt whether what they have got is worth all the bother and the serious results that may ensue. It is the fruit of the Coalition, and there is a knot of politicians who, while they cannot turn the Government out, do their best to stab them.

March 17th and 18th. I was interested to know that while people now say there are plenty of munitions, the

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supply is in fact what was ordered by the Cabinet before the Ministry of Munitions was ever started.

On St. Patrick's Day I went to the Savoy to hear a speech from Hughes, Australia's Prime Minister, and felt disappointed. But he has spoken much and probably spoken himself out.

March 19th and 20th. On arriving at my office, while waiting in a room downstairs for some one, I was told I was wanted on the telephone and it turned out to be the King. This is surely the most modern thing out: the King communicating with his Lord Chamberlain on the telephone. It was about a picture at a music hall shown in an illustrated paper. I sent for the manager, who could not be found. But I had a long interview with Butt of the Empire who promised to alter the particular scene to the extent of leaving more clothes on the Ladies, and I sallied forth on a wet night to see it; excessively tiresome, but the alleged harm was nullified by the change. Butt told me he was making about £20,000 p.a., that he had twenty-three halls, and that he had offered Asquith and Lloyd George to give up all his engagements and do any administrative work they wished as he could not enlist, but so far he has not been employed. He is an accountant by trade and began as accountant to a well-known man known as Charles Morton long ago and took later to active management. He is extremely clever—I have never known him let me down, and he has carried out his bargain this time.

There has been a great aircraft bombardment of Zeebrugge and the German sea craft and sheds on the coast; three cruisers, one or two damaged, have been chased back into Zeebrugge by our ships. A Dutch liner, the *Tubantia*, 14,000 tons, has been torpedoed and other neutral boats in the North Sea.

Here is another piece of extreme modernity in that I

met Lansdowne in St. James Street in a soft hat, and he is always very spick and span and correct. The King hates to see his friends in pot hats.

March 21st. This afternoon His Majesty gave a tea in the coach-houses to 800 wounded soldiers and sailors and afterwards an entertainment in the riding-school; a great many friends came to help at the tea and I poured out endless cups—some men drank at least six or seven. I heard of one who was said to have had eleven. The King had told me he knew the performance—Music Hall turns—would be all right and that there would be no undressing. The very first turn *was* an undressing scene—an acrobat who balances himself on a ladder, a very old thing, taking off his clothes and disclosing himself in acrobat's costume—however he stopped short at his trousers and threw a long skirt on himself, ladder and all. Ethel Levey was the great success of the show. After the performance, during which I had to leave, tea was given to those who had come to help and also to the performers. All were mixed up and it must have been very entertaining, one Anglo-Scotch Duchess was surrounded by painted young Ladies in kilts who said their legs were very cold whereat the Duchess looked very sympathetic. Another Lady of high degree was surrounded by dancers, and Chesterfield, K.G., Master of the Horse and therefore the Head of the Show, was in the middle of a lot of chorus girls. All very entertaining and novel. The King, Queen and Queen Alexandra came in—Queen Alexandra of course in the thick of it all, Prince Albert very busy, also Princess Mary. The men liked having celebrities pointed out to them—Charlie Beresford interested most. Queen Alexandra signed cards and programmes by hundreds, as did lesser lights. Nelly pointed out the beautiful Mary Curzon to one soldier who took a long look at her and then said slowly, "She's all

right." The organization of the arrival, of the tea, the entertainment, and the whole thing was perfect, really a marvel and reflected the greatest credit on Charley and Lady FitzWilliam—C. F. is the Crown equerry and head of the stables.

March 22nd. I had a tiresome Question about yeomanry which I did not answer very well, at any rate not to my satisfaction—I don't think Kitchener cares a damn—but I shall have those yeomanry colonels on my back again.

There was another show of the same kind as yesterday in the riding-school, equally successful. As there were a large number of blind present, the programme was varied by a good deal of part and other singing by the Temple Choir.

March 23rd. Thank God, Tommy Bowles, the married-men's candidate has been beaten easily at Market Harboro' and the Coalition candidate Harris, L.C.C., successful.

There was a third and last entertainment at the Palace, again very successful—my table assistants delightful, Delia (Lady Delia Peel) my niece, and the Duchess of Devonshire. The Queen came to me when I had my hat in one hand and my teapot in the other. I let my hat fall and roll away at which Her Majesty laughed and shook hands with me and I kissed her hand and then dived for my hat!

I made an early start to St. Bartholomew's in snow. I was able to announce a legacy of £10,000 and, in the future, part of a reversion which should pan out to another £20,000. I went round several wards and looked up the Sisters—found one, a very good one, who is a Norwegian—very capable and nice and rather handsome. She had caught lots of salmon in her native land where her Father has a river. She says we are far behind little Norway in the use of the telephone and electricity.

Lady Kimberley and Lord Wodehouse, also the youngest son at Eton, to dinner. It was entertaining to have Wodehouse speak of many of the generals, though I don't suppose he knew anything of them.

March 24th. We dined with Johnny Lister-Kaye and Lady Kaye, Howe, Ian Hamilton, Bob Ward and Lady Mary. Bob brought us news that, as he put it, they had got the Channel civilian steamer with a torpedo near Dover and that it had sunk in three minutes. I afterwards heard it was the outgoing boat (*Sussex*) which had been torpedoed near Dieppe, at first no lives thought to be lost, though afterwards it transpired some 50 were lost, that the boat did not sink at all, but was towed into Boulogne—some Americans on board and two or three lost.

The Verdun battle continues. Our line has been extended in France, the French wedge in the centre having been withdrawn. Cadorna, the Italian Chief of the Staff, has been here, with one of his staff, Casata, who is Master of the Roman Hounds. I understand he is a cheery, thick little man with a big head.

March 25th and 26th. It still snows at times.

The advent of non-alcoholic Beer—I had it at luncheon, very good indeed.

Braithwaite says his yeomanry has at last been sent to Coupar, Fife. Cholmondeley would call this foreign service: I once asked him if he ever had been abroad and he said no, and then, "Oh, by the way I once went to Dunbar."

March 27th. The Germans do their best. A War Office clerk in the fortifications branch, living at Cookham, had his bureau broken into in his absence; a search had been made and papers littered about—the work of spies as nothing was stolen and half a bottle of whisky left untouched.

March 28th to 30th. I had questions on War Office matters in the Lords, one about investment of Soldiers' savings. During the evening Lansdowne wrote on a bit of the notice paper: "I thought your answer just now an admirable specimen of the right sort of House of Lords Reply." Very satisfactory. Each day there is a Question, sometimes more than one.

We had a tremendous gale and snow from 6 p.m.—9 p.m. The wind was stronger than I ever knew it in London, the roads were very slippery, and standing up in the gusts very difficult. Lansdowne and Camperdown got wet through going from House of Lords to Pall Mall before they got a cab. Lansdowne had four trees blown down in Lansdowne House garden, a big tree is down in Berkeley Square, many in the parks, fifty at Stocks. The whole train service was deranged.

The Prime Minister, Grey, Lloyd George, and Kitchener have been to Paris to attend a Conference of all the allies—Briand, the French Prime Minister, presiding. Asquith is now on his way to one at Rome.

It is said that the submarine which torpedoed the *Sussex* is captive in Dover Harbour.

They tell me the intriguing in the House of Commons among a certain clique passes all limits—what the object is it is difficult to say, no other government is possible. Meanwhile there are more Labour difficulties on the Clyde, and the Government have taken the measure of deporting certain so-called socialistic leaders to Edinburgh, on the grounds that they try to induce men to strike.

April 1st. There was a great Zeppelin raid over the Eastern Counties last night, but no mention yet of damage, which I learn is extensive, especially at Harwich. One Zepp was hit by inland guns and came down in the Thames Estuary. Tugs went out to it, the crew surrendered and

are now lodged in Chatham prison, and they are trying to tow the Zepp to land.

Soveral told me he was once in pot hat—à propos of men walking about London in country attire—and King Edward saw him. The King was very particular about his friends. The King said he thought he saw him and beckoned to him, and then saw it was Thomas, the boot maker. Soveral was furious.

April 2nd. There is a very circumstantial rumour as to a second Zeppelin having been seen somewhere in the North Sea, and more raids on East Counties and N.E. coast. A number of harmless men, women and children have been killed and wounded and, officially stated, no military damage done. Traffic was much interrupted: the Matron of St. Bart.'s went to Liverpool on Thursday afternoon to attend a funeral and only arrived at Liverpool 3.30 a.m. Friday. After the funeral that afternoon she left Liverpool and only reached Bart.'s about 4 a.m., owing to Zeppelins.

April 3rd. We went through part of Kensington Gardens by the Broad Walk from Hammersmith Road, by the Round Pond and to the top of Rotten Row, and Nelly counted seventy-five, or seventy-six trees, big ones, down.

Harry Gladstone tells me he has an immense powder factory close to Hawarden, set up by Lord Moulton (Fletcher Moulton), no case of by or with leave, or consultations. H. G. very much upset; he takes a gloomy view of the landed proprietor and doesn't believe that in three lives any estate will be able to survive, unless the owner has outside funds. I think three lives rather a long guess.

It is announced to-day that His Majesty has given £100,000 from his own resources to be employed as Government thinks best.

April 4th to 10th. Faversham Gun Cotton Factory "a sauté." No notice of it has appeared in the public press. Of course people rush at the idea of incendiarism by a so-called German spy, but the catastrophe may very easily have been the result of an accident. Gun-cotton making is a *most* dangerous pursuit. In old days, when I was Under Secretary of State, men working at gun cotton worked in a little cell by themselves, so that if an accident occurred only the one man suffered.

General Sir W. Pulteney is on leave—for the first time. His Division has been sent down to Amiens, so he came over with his A.D.C., Hamilton of Dalzell, for ten days. I never saw a man look better and he has gone up two stone in weight—a friend of nearly forty years and it's thirty-three years since we saw The Cambridgeshire from the Red post won by Bendigo by Ben Battle—Hasty Girl. He threw his hat up when I told him Bendigo had won and never saw it again. I won over £1,000 and, I believe, he won £6,000, or £8,000—cheerful days, but very long ago. I never thought then he would turn out the soldier he has proved himself in many lands.

Mary Humphry Ward and Dorothy *de retour* from their tour to the Front, having previously been round munition works, etc., at home. The object was to write a few letters for the American Press from the English point of view. Dorothy went franked as maid and secretary. They didn't make a very good start—Dorothy got her ankle between the train and the platform; however, she fortunately didn't break it. Then the handle came off one of the precious leather despatch boxes and down it went between the train and the platform, whence Dorothy had extricated her leg. However, the box was recovered and a start was made. Once arrived, they say everything was done for their convenience and comfort as far as possible. They found a Marquis (Headfort) to act as principal

cicerone for a space—and then they were escorted here and there by Staff Officers of first importance and, no doubt, intelligence. Whether the Marquis continued as first cupbearer I know not. Mary Ward is sure to do the thing amazingly well and I expect her pamphlet will command a great sale when produced in this country.

We are all still in extreme anxiety about Kut. Some little progress was made last week by our troops against the Turks and some trenches taken, but Islington, Under Secretary India, told me more difficult things were to come.

We are finding out more about the gale, its effects and the amazing strength of it. Spencer has lost about six thousand trees at Althorp. It will, he says, take him two years to clear. Salisbury lost a thousand in his park—Albemarle two thousand—Leicester at Holkham 16,000. Desborough has an historic wood at Panshanger laid flat—and so on. I was caught coming away from House of Lords by a gust and saved from perdition by clinging to a lamp-post like one of Leach's pictures of a gentleman returning from a Christmas dinner. And it seemed even money whether I passed the night in a police court, or my mangled remains in St. George's Hospital. Jim arrived to dinner, carrying his evening trousers and shoes. Guy Lushington got to us clinging to the area railings most of the way and one lady didn't turn up at all. People going to Lord Scarsdale's funeral never got there, but passed a day and a night in trains—and the trains in certain districts only went five or six miles per hour, directed by hand signals. All the telegraph posts snapped in two and trains came in covered with the wire.

Miss Cropper came from the North, where there was no snow, to Tring to pass a night at Stocks. She should have arrived at three at Tring—she got there twelve-thirty. The drifts were eight feet deep so she had to go to the Station Inn. She got some hot Bovril and a hot-

water bottle and rolled up in a great coat. The next day she couldn't get to Stocks and so went to Cambridge instead. Mary Ward left London for Stocks in her motor; got as far as Watford, where she was marooned and had to stay at a little inn. Next day she went on by train to Tring and, after the snow-plough had been along the road she eventually got to Stocks in a cart, or something. Her hardships at home must have been greater than any she met with at the Front in France. Durham told me yesterday they had no snow and no wind to speak of.

He also told me they often had Zeppelins over there, and one a short time ago seemed over Lambton, or close to it. But it was in fact some three miles off and dropped a bomb in a field about half a mile from a large electric power station which was what the Zepp apparently was after.

The Budget is fairly well received, though the new taxes on matches and amusements of course raise an uproar with those mainly concerned, though I don't think it is serious. As regards the matches, Bob Lowe, after fifty years or so, is vindicated and his *ex luce Lucellum*—but *he* had to withdraw the tax. I hope it may not be the same with McKenna. The tax on amusements is good, especially on the Cinemas and Music Halls which are making fortunes rapidly. The legitimate drama and managers may suffer, though I doubt it, for the public will pay; and if people go to a theatre they won't care if they pay 11s. 6d. instead of 10s. 6d. for a stall. Indeed now at a library, they do pay 11s. 6d. The railway tax is a novelty: one of the consequences will be to make a ticket to Edinburgh 4s. to 5s. dearer. Income tax 5s. in the pound and excess left where it is. Cassel says he will pay 11s. in the pound. Spencer says he will pay at least £12,000 per annum in taxes. The Treasury are humorous dogs; the morning we got the paper with the Budget and the 5s. Income Tax I got a letter from them

setting forth the advantages of buying £100 Treasury Bonds.

On the 7th I attended a meeting of Matrons, Managers of Hospitals, etc., about the project to start a College for Nursing, the main idea being to get round the thorny question of Registration of Nurses. Stanley was admirable in the Chair and if he can manage the project successfully he will have done a great work.

After this admirably conducted meeting I strolled down the Embankment, a thing of beauty, St. Paul's majestic to the East. The river—miscalled the Silvery Thames, looking as if it had cocoa enough in it to defray in taxes the National Debt of to-day—was full of boats of sorts. The new County Council buildings opposite Scotland Yard and across the road from St. Thomas's Hospital should be very fine when finished, which will probably be beyond the end of the next decade. It was a delightful ramble along the most picturesque scene of any town in the world.

April 11th. Asquith has returned from his travels, in the pink of health. A Deputation of French Senators and Deputies has arrived and were entertained at Lancaster (late Stafford) House by the Government. Asquith made a very good reply to the German Chancellor's lately delivered speech.

April 12th. I attended at the Mansion House to assist at a *déjeuner* at *midi*—terrible hour—to meet the members of the Deputation. I sat between two Frenchmen and worked hard, added to which turtle soup, salmon, etc., and champagne at *midi* were rather severe. However, all was well. A remark that interested me from one of my neighbours was that "*le peuple était moins craintif que le*

Gouvernement." The Lord Mayor spoke well in English and a Frenchman very well in the most fearful English, though I was told that he has graduated at Cambridge and had an English Mother.

April 13th to 15th. Intriguing goes on and Milner has put down a House of Lords Motion for the 18th in favour of Universal Compulsion. I hear subsequently he may not persist. We shall see. Happily he had not to settle the South African questions of responsible government ten years ago. If he had had his way responsible government would not have been granted for forty years and we should have lost South Africa by now, and Germany's disbelief in our Overseas Dominions would have been justified.

At Newmarket, where my two-year-old was beat in its trial, George Lambton told me he had heard from a correspondent about Charles Kinsky; he had been bemoaning his fate in being ill and, therefore, away from his Staff where he was employed. A shell came and killed them all—so his illness saved his life.

An Admiralty man told me we had undoubtedly taken many submarines, but he didn't believe we had caught one "live fish." The Germans always sink them with the loss of two or three lives and, no doubt, our sailors are sanguine about their destructive results—e.g. oil on the water is no direct, or real, evidence that a submarine is sunk, though it is an indication as to damage. It is true one submarine was caught in one of our nets by the French off Havre, but the boat was sunk. I believe the fleet expect to be in the North Sea for another eighteen months. I hear of admirals taking houses. Germany's straits for food and money are real—letters intercepted show wool and other such articles are at famine prices, if not unobtainable, but if the war goes on money, etc., will be scarce everywhere.

April 16th. Thank God, Sunday; but I've rather a busy day *tout de même*. His Majesty has, at the request of the Red Cross Society, appointed a committee to inquire into charges brought against the nursing, etc., in the Star and Garter Hospital for paralysed men. He has made me Chairman, with Sir Havelock Charles, Sir Arbuthnot Lane and Miss Montgomery, Matron Middlesex Hospital, as colleagues. This will add very much for two or three days to my busy days. Miss Montgomery is well suited, I think, for the job as she has never been mixed up in the violent controversy which at times surrounds that gentle profession of nursing.

My nephew, John Hamilton Mansfield, Harry's youngest son, was married yesterday to Miss Burt, daughter of Colonel Burt—a pretty wedding. Peter Owen was there, my Military Secretary, Bombay. His presence took me back many a long year.

A conscientious objector fought in France and then found out his objections. He persisted and said to C.O. he knew he rendered himself liable to the death penalty.

I am looking forward to Mrs. Humphry Ward's letters, which are to be published in pamphlet form. She said she was never so surprised in her life as when she saw a tall, turbaned Sikh cavalryman emerge through a snow blizzard. She also told me that the French as a nation hardly realize what they owe to the British Navy; and that there is a very good book of Memoirs of Lord Granville, Ambassador in Paris, who reports a conversation with Berthier, or another of Napoleon's marshals, in which the latter said: "Let us talk as sensible men—why go on fighting? You have the sea. Keep it—we will keep the land"—i.e. Europe.

April 17th. There is a real crisis going on which was not settled this afternoon—none of the Cabinet was

available, so Crewe sent Colebrooke to me to take charge of the House of Lords in case Devonshire didn't turn up. However he did, and the Government second eleven carried through the business very well. Devonshire and I had tea together. Lloyd George seems to be the real pro-compulsionist. I always thought he'd end by leading the Tories. I am in great doubts how far he has really been of use in munitions himself. What K.'s position is as regards compulsion I know not. I hope Asquith will let Lloyd George go. Better that than lose the Labour Party in the Country. And I believe the difference is very small between L. G. and one or two others. Curzon is credited with being with L. G., though he might if, and when, the Conservatives came in be a conceivable Prime Minister. But I am firmly convinced Asquith is the only man the country thinks capable of dealing with affairs. He gave a pledge about no more compulsion, and Bonar Law one about the support of the Unionist party. Bonar Law is represented as being in a very difficult position. Why they give pledges I can never understand.

April 18th. We had quite a full House of Lords in appearance; about 140 people came to hear Milner. Of course one could have made his speech before he began. But it was an interesting occasion, and crisis being in the air every one was running about asking his neighbour what was going to happen. His reply was laconic: nothing as regards immediate fate of Ministry. Milner I thought long. Crewe moved adjournment of Debate as he said he couldn't reply one way or another. Milner made a semblance of protest because many Peers had come on purpose to support him. However, the thing was adjourned to to-morrow. By arrangement with Salisbury he was to put his questions after Milner, as so many wanted to hear M. and proceedings had already been delayed three-quarters

of an hour by a Government Bill in charge of Hylton who, though not a clear speaker, learns up his business. I did not think the reception of Milner's speech as warm as I expected by the Tories—though of course they cheered some well-worn platitudes. But Milner did his work well enough from his point of view.

April 19th. Yesterday appeared information that Wilson, President U.S.A., had sent, or was getting a joint session to ratify, an ultimatum to Germany on submarine warfare—we shall see. But it does look more like business this time than at any other period—moreover there is published a description of diabolical designs to blow up aqueducts in Canada, invade Canada and arm Germans in New York by V. der Goltz whose real name appears to be Taylor—all this is a confession and, of course, Van Papen is concerned. Explosives were made in an interned ship, *Frederick der Grosse* (Taylor seems to have carried quantities of dynamite about with him), to be used for blowing up bridges, ships, and setting fire to ships in mid-Atlantic.

The Crisis is still acute—Labour pulling one way, Lloyd George and Bonar Law another, Asquith and Lansdowne keeping their heads straight. It is said that, while Lansdowne and A. J. B. do their best to keep the thing right, if there is a severance the Unionist Members will act together. All I hope is that the Prime Minister will not definitely cut himself off from Labour. Labour against the two old parties would be a terrible misfortune. And Henderson, the leader of the Labour people, and in the Cabinet, has played the part as far as I can learn of a big and good man.

Asquith had to postpone his statement on recruiting again—he and Lansdowne both made statements similar in nature of which the keynote was that the falling to pieces of the government would at this moment be a national

calamity of immense import. Looked at from one side this is distinctly humorous, but happily House of Commons took it seriously. Carson behaved very well.

April 21st to 24th. A sign of the times: a man, sending advertisement of a concert to Nelly, puts in "this night a full moon"—which means no chance of Zeppelins.

Trebizond has been taken by the Russians, which prevents the Turks getting stores and relief from Black Sea. Erzeroum and Trebizond—these are indeed steps. Poor Kut is still holding out—they are gallant in the extreme and now I hear our aeroplanes have managed to drop in some food.

April 25th. A very interesting day as we had the secret Session of Parliament; House of Lords very full. I got there at 4.30—about three hundred Peers present, some thirty in khaki. Proceedings began by Crewe moving a resolution that the House should sit in secret session. Salisbury agreed, but said the House was already closed—and criticized the Lord Great Chamberlain. However, in a quarter of an hour we got to business, the Resolution being of course passed *nem. con.* I had understood Lansdowne was to make the statement, but not so. Crewe did it and do it he did in a speech of two and a half hours. Middleton followed and one or two others. K. made a good little reply to some queries and Cavan a manly little speech—cheers all round. Then the thing fizzled out.

Dull, except for the novelty and anticipation of a Secret Session, and commonplace as the House of Lords proceedings from 4.30 to 7 had been, more was to follow. When I got into the Prince's Chamber a friendly opponent came up and said: "You can tell me if this news is true?" I said: "What news? I've heard none, except that a

poster said a German boat had fired shots at Lowestoft." He said: "Why, my dear friend, Dublin is in revolt. Sinn Fein have got the bank, blown it up, and are encamped on Stephen's Green; they have taken the Castle, and the German flag flies on the Vice-Regal Lodge, Wimborne, the Lord-Lieutenant, having fled to Ulster." This was to be a combined effort in conjunction with the Lowestoft marine engagement and the landing of Sir Roger Casement in Ireland. This latter had landed from a German submarine, and was promptly taken prisoner. I went to the Library to see a newspaper. Of course there was nothing like what my friend had said, but there had been a rising and I did later ascertain some 12-15 mortal casualties and that the Rebels still held part of Dublin. As to the Castle it is a Military Hospital and anyone could have taken it.

April 26th to 28th. It transpires now that there was an émeute, that a number of the ruffians had assumed the offensive and got to work before they could be stopped, that the G.O.C. was at Holyhead and couldn't get back—Birrell, the Chief Secretary, of course in London. Dublin I suppose was denuded of troops and they had to come from the Curragh—that the National Volunteers had behaved well and taken the side of the authorities—that Sinn Feiners were armed and that their officers carried revolvers—that the Lord-Lieutenant had never left Dublin. But the situation is described as being well in hand and Dublin is under Martial Law. Birrell has returned to Dublin. I wonder he doesn't resign.

The Press say they knew about this intended outbreak and if it had not been for all the censoring and muzzling the British public would have known and Government been warned. But what about the ordinary channels of Government information? What about the police? It is said that there was no concealment about the whole

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matter. As to Sir Roger Casement, he certainly deserves hanging.

There is a story that Admiral Hamilton, head of the Naval Intelligence Department, was inspecting on the coast of Ireland, saw the party land and simply went up and "took" Casement and two friends. Casement had expected to be met by a fast motor—and he was. The Rebels in Dublin had severed all telegraph and telephone wires and I'm told the only way Government, or anyone, heard anything of the rising was that a boat went into Kingstown and discovered what the state of affairs was. Anyhow, the so-called naval battle, Dublin émeute, and Casement escapade were evidently arranged to take place simultaneously—and they did. Casement's submarine had in attendance a German cruiser disguised—the crew scuttled her and were taken prisoners.

April 29th to May 1st. Kut has fallen. I never thought there was a chance, from what I heard, of their being able to hold out and, to make matters worse, a relief boat of food, etc., stuck in the mud in the river—but the pity of it. Townshend and his men have made a gallant stand.

The method of paying sick soldiers seems to be almost breaking down—I hear constant complaints of the delay between discharge from hospital and receipt of pension. I have letters to me to-day from Salisbury and old Fred Milner—the latter says he has been fourteen months trying to get the money for one man and failed—and I hear this kind of thing constantly. These complaints have been rife from the moment I began answering for War Office and I have had many cases brought to my knowledge by friends and others. We'll talk to K.

Anything more ludicrous than the Government's short-sightedness as to their Recruiting Bill it is difficult to imagine. It really is absurd that their united wisdom

should produce *the* Bill on *the* subject of the moment and get it abused and laughed out of the House in about an hour—and what next?

I hear that lots of officers and men have pets in the fighting line—especially cats; some terriers, useful for rats, and one man has two ferrets, also good for rats. They see lots of partridges and pheasants; the small birds twitter away and mind nothing, while a family of small owls were made as much of as they would allow by every one.

May 2nd to 10th. How beautiful is the spring. We have had seven cloudless days. The woods are carpeted with primroses and bluebells and the fields with cowslips. And the birds, especially the larks, are delightful.

The émeute in Dublin is squashed—a thousand prisoners. Sackville Street is said to be in ashes and shops ruined by looting. Seven ringleaders and others have been shot, but Conolly, the “General,” is wounded. Sir Roger Casement is to be tried for High Treason by a court of three judges and the proceedings will take a little longer, but evidence has to be produced which will be of an interesting character.

The Compulsion Bill (2nd Reading) has passed the Commons by 292 to 36. Two years ago who’d have thought it! The authorities were apprehensive on Monday last (May 2) about unrest in East London, soldiers were in readiness, and the guards at Palaces doubled. At Liverpool precautionary measures were also taken, but nothing happened.

On May 4th we dined with Horace Farquhar—quite a feast. Princess Arthur of Connaught came in a very short frock she said she’d bought for a fiver in Brompton Road—a war economy; Westminster told me there is a certain Freemasonry on the part of German airmen to English airmen—i.e. the Germans drop messages over our lines to say if one of our men has fallen—if he was unhurt,

or wounded, or killed, and, of course, a prisoner. Whether our men do the same he didn't know. And Loulou Harcourt told me Salisbury, when a boy at Eton, was taken by his father in some capacity as a secretary to the Berlin Conference in 1878, and when he returned to Eton they could get no word out of him, not even as to whom he had seen—Gortschakoff, Bismarck, etc., etc.

Birrell and Nathan, chief Secretary to Lord-Lieutenant and Under Secretary have resigned—no other course was open to them. Birrell, somewhat moved, made a speech which had the sympathy of House of Commons. Redmond also was quite good, taking blame to himself for having perhaps misled Birrell as he, Redmond, didn't believe in the rising. I saw Donoughmore in House of Lords, who had been struck by a bullet but not hurt. He was in a motor going through Dublin to catch the Kingstown boat. Another young man was taken out of a motor, put against a wall and shot at five yards; left by the Rebels for dead, he was picked up by a lady in a car, taken to a hospital and is doing well.

We had a two-hours' Debate, initiated by the Bishop of Oxford, on Conscientious Objectors. He was backed up by the Bishop of Winchester. They both hate the C.O.'s, but their point was, and they had something to say for it, that though these men might be misguided they should not be brutally treated—and my Brother of Oxford gave instances, saying incidentally that the object of military discipline was to break a man in and break his spirit. This was too much for me and as I had to make the official reply I rounded on him, asking what anyone would think of a Battalion in which some half-dozen men might do what they liked. I was cheered all round on both comments—that is a few old gentlemen said "Yah-yah." K. appeared and threw his ægis over Townshend and his gallantry in holding out at Kut. Some one said to him:

"What are you going to say about Conscientious Objectors?" He said: "Oh, I don't know; Sandhurst will take care of that all right."

Young Hugesson has been flying at a height of 22,000 feet—he said the great charm up there was the silence when he shut off his engine, and the disadvantages intense pressure resulting in acute earache as he descended. When up there he could not see the earth, nothing but blue mist.

May 11th. We had Loreburn's vote of Censure on the Government yesterday. I did not get there in time to hear him—but Middleton was vigorous, while I hear Loreburn was peevish; Crewe very laboured; Donoughmore light in hand and quite good, but very bitter, and a sad speech from Desart. These Irishmen feel the inaction of the Irish Government very much and small wonder or blame to them. Crewe announced Wimborne's resignation—he could do nothing else—and the names of the Commission of Inquiry into the Riots: Hardinge, Shearman, a Judge, and Mackenzie Chalmers—a very good Commission. Several peers said Ireland should be disarmed. Donoughmore said that sounded very well but it meant the loyal people would give up their arms and the Sinns hide theirs. Donoughmore was rather quaint at the expense of the Commission. He said a Mesopotamian inquiry would be asked for and Hardinge looked primarily responsible for the policy and organization there. If he was to be Chairman of the Irish Commission, would Birrell be Chairman of the Kut Inquiry?—respective objects being to whitewash Ireland and Mesopotamia.

It was a disastrous debate for the Government and Crewe wisely didn't divide against Loreburn's censure. The ground Ministers took, to my mind, was quite sound. They could not at that time discuss what was *sub judice*.

Lansdowne's speech was adroit, but not so good as usual; making bricks without straw is an evil matter. The Irishmen had the time of their lives—especially Charlie Beresford—for they certainly had a tremendous case against the Government, though it was not the time, in my view, to bring it on.

May 12th to 20th. On the 12th, I got a letter from Crewe asking me to take the Military Service Bill—a great compliment indeed, and I telephoned to Ascot where he was staying with Leopold de Rothschild to say yes. The idea then was that it should be read the second time on Monday, or certainly Tuesday. Well, rather a short notice, especially as we had to go to Windsor for the week-end. After 12 on Saturday you can find no man and no book and altogether it was rather disconcerting, so I hunted about for an hour and then let the thing slide. I could do nothing. But Crewe, whom I had sat next to for a week, might have given me some idea I might be wanted. I thought the Bill must be brought in by a Cabinet Minister. Lansdowne was kind enough to say that as I had all the small work to do I might as well take a big job and have a show. I want no show and I don't care a damn, but if I can be useful I am very glad—and this is my only, perhaps *supra*, ambition and we shall see how it maps out.

We reached Windsor by tea-time: Lady Bradford, a friend of thirty years, Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Baring, Hopwood, Prince of Wales, Sir Arthur Nicholson, Lady Bertha Dawkins, Sir William and Lady Robertson—the chief of the Staff and a good fellow—I liked him very much; Derek, Stamfordham, Fritz and others. After tea we strolled towards Queen Adelaide's cottage. We had the rooms prepared once for the late King as Prince of Wales, the view lovely, but not so extensive as from the

windows of those over the Queen's, which we had for Ascot—but as rooms I liked them better. A prodigious walk to the dining-room along the corridors. King and Queen delightful—also Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. Princess Alexander of Teck came to dinner on Sunday. She lives in the Castle in the house formerly occupied by Lady Biddulph, where I stayed for Ascot thirty years ago. We straggled into dinner, not leading in; Nelly one side of the King—self on the Queen's right. I never saw the Queen looking better and the Prince of Wales was the picture of health. The King looked well; his riding does him much good. We had a long stand after dinner and then, 10.30, to the billiard-room. Teetotalism was the order of the day. I didn't miss the wine at the time, I wasn't tired and the air had been a tonic, but I didn't feel any difference in the morning—rather tired than otherwise. Fritz told me they had three ladies there with Rosebery and Soveral—one of the three ladies said: "We are the Merry Wives of Windsor, but who shall be Falstaff?" Rosebery growled: "Rather difficult to find a Falstaff on seltzer water."

On Sunday we went to church in the private chapel. I hadn't been there since the Duke of Albany's christening. Service well enough, but the sermon quite inappropriate. After lunch, about three, King, Queen, Prince of Wales and Princess Mary and all the guests strolled away to the gardens—rather early for them and the cold winds had kept things back, but it was very delightful. Princess Mary, with whom I walked a bit, full of chat, also the Prince of Wales. Nicholson drove down. The interesting person to me was the Duc de Brabant, now at Eton. He is the heir to the Belgian Throne, the eldest son of the King—a delightful little boy, so good-looking and such a gentleman—rather a sad face and small wonder; they say he is popular at Eton, has taken to his cricket

and swimming in a wild way—a very interesting young personality.

Next morning I went early to London, very much fussed about my speech. I lunched with Lansdowne to talk about the subject and Salisbury came in—very much fussed about the Conscientious Objector.

On the 17th I moved the Bill be read a second time, and made a speech of very nearly thirty-five minutes to a fair and altruistic House, who received me very cordially and quite cheered me now and then, and warmly when I sat down. Both friends and opponents were very nice about my speech and Salisbury, who followed me, was especially complimentary: K. quite effusive for him. “The Times” report said Lord S. moved the second reading of the Bill!!

All this week the Prime Minister has been studying the situation in Ireland for himself, including visits to Cork and Ulster. The situation is very disagreeable, and there may be some Courts Martial.

Sir Roger Casement’s case has been heard by Sir J. Dickinson, the senior police magistrate at Bow Street, as a preliminary and now, I understand, will be tried by three judges of the High Court.

May 21st to 30th. The peaceful revolution of the Summer Time Bill has come and gone. Everybody forgot all about it in twenty minutes—I got up by the clock which had been put on an hour at midnight (or before)—and never gave the thing a thought. It is an immense boon to the boys who play cricket in the Parks.

My excitement has been the Military Service Bill, now an Act. I had the Committee on Monday and got the Bill through by 8 p.m. Lansdowne was so kind. Every one was so complimentary I was quite pleased—one old friend said to another: “Of course he could get through second reading, though this he did very well, but what astonished

me was he knew his Bill in Committee, thank God." I was glad I had had the chance to do it, and Lansdowne was very right to insist on not rushing it through the Lords. Salisbury was anxious about the Conscientious Objector and also very critical of our Labour Clause 6—what is known as Labour Compulsion—the Labour Party really apprehensive about it as to the C.O. Kitchener said the prisoners after Court Martial would be delivered over to a civil prison. The military prison is luckily full so it was really Hobson's choice, and the concession was warmly received. K. goes soon to Russia and the Prime Minister takes the War Office. He hasn't the time, but he will, time or no time, be an improvement.

The Prime Minister made a statement about Ireland deprecating discussion; its upshot was that Lloyd George is to be general negotiator and if possible pacificator between all parties. The Irish Government come very badly out of Hardinge's inquiry—it shows there has been no Government, which I knew well enough—deplorable. There are to be public Courts Martial on the officers concerned in shooting Sheehy and others—rather an ugly business.

Last week Nelly gave a tea party—the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, nine or ten of the nicest girls imaginable, and several boys, all except one in khaki—he is wounded.

I left to go to Chelsea Hospital to see about some of those unfortunate sick and wounded who can't get their pensions settled though pay and allowances are stopped—it is deplorable. I think the new plan, 10s. per week and 20s. if there are dependants, will help; and it looks well on paper, but even with this there is delay. I know there are difficulties—one cannot give out money right and left—documents have to be got and looked into—the soldier sends his without the most important ones; then reference has to be made to paymasters, who don't reply for a month—and so it goes on. But all the same it leaves the poor

soldier in the very greatest straits—and, while some old soldiers are wily old birds, there are terrible cases—and I quite dread certain envelopes which I know contain the often too well-founded complaints.

May 31st to June 1st. Asquith announced that Whit-Monday, Bank Holiday, is to take place on August 8th and no holiday now is to be observed. During the Easter holidays it was noticed the provision of munitions sank amazingly. Labour cordially acquiesced. We have had considerable debates in both Houses on Army, War Councils, English Prisoners in Germany. On the last of these Newton happily was able to show that treatment was at any rate not so bad as some made out, that parcels were received by prisoners, and if prisoners were dead parcels were returned. This was corroborated by McDowell and Harris as regards Irish Ladies' Parcels Organization.

June 2nd. Away to Swansea. The last time my wife was here she had to wait at the Swansea station, a God-forsaken place. She wanted some tea, so the waitress said "Put a penny in the slot and you'll get it." She put it in, but in the wrong place and out came a dish of Irish Stew! We had a pretty drive to Fairy Hill along commons—views beautiful and any number of wild Welsh ponies of all sorts—foals and all. The country we passed through was looking lovely and the hillsides in Wales the same.

June 3rd. H.M.'s birthday, and bad news. The German Fleet has been out—forty vessels strong—and a terrific battle took place last Wednesday, May 31st, off Jutland. The German losses are said to be serious, but nothing like ours in men and ships. The report speaks of a German attack under invisibility (?). So far we have only the Swansea papers—a later report to-day says our destroyers lost were

eight; enemy's losses: a battleship, Kaiser class, blown up—another believed sunk; two cruisers, one sunk another seen to be stopping, badly damaged; one German light cruiser and six German destroyers sunk and at least two more disabled—but it looks a very bad business.

June 4th. I was much surprised to see that Jack Tennant said K. would receive members of the House of Commons to talk over matters. I think I should have let them alone—nothing they say can make any difference, or be of the slightest help. I would not have turned the other cheek after the House of Commons speeches. The meeting took place in Committee Room 14, formerly 15, where the Irish party had their rows after Parnell's divorce case blew them all up. There was no press report of what was said. But there is an element of humour about the proceedings. Apparently K. went with all his principal Staff. I wish I had been there.

Yesterday we drove down in a taxi to the Worms Head—a day from Heaven and a north wind; the coast rocky and precipitous cliffs very high—several black divers and gulls, and everything of exceeding beauty. Lundy Island and the coast of Devon were clearly visible. This place is on a peninsula, the Burry river to the N. West, Devon to the S.E. All very beautiful. In the afternoon I had a long, delightful stroll over common down land—wild ponies, sheep, birds, etc.—to Arthur's Stone with H. Benson, most enjoyable.

I received yesterday three telegrams—from Brother Harry, the Middlesex Hospital Board, and the Secretary, Greenwich Hospital—on the mention of my name in H.M.'s Birthday Honours List. I know no more of it than a dead rabbit and we have no papers here except Swansea locals. Nelly saw "The Times" at a neighbour's, but found nothing. Some mistake somewhere—but it leaves me calm.

June 5th to 7th. We started in very low spirits, with a long cold drive to Swansea—even the droves of ponies on the moor or common and nature at its best—birds of all description—couldn't lift the load. But at Swansea (5th) we found a local paper which put a very different complexion on affairs. Even this report showed us that the victory was ours—so far as ascertained the German loss was seventeen or eighteen—later said to be twenty-two—while ours remains at fourteen. The loss of life is tremendous—about 5,000. War is war and this is not so much as we have lost in the last few days, or fortnight or so in the trenches in France. This actual battle lasted about eight hours at its height. The German Fleet came out and met Beatty with his Cruiser Squadron—he engaged and held them; he was then reinforced by Admiral Hood, whose flagship was sunk and himself drowned—but he brought the aid. Beatty still held them and, as soon as the main Grand Fleet was observed, the Germans turned tail. No doubt Beatty stopped their getting out either to destroy harbours, or to get at the Grand Fleet—or to loose two or three *Emdens* on the Atlantic. Whatever their object was, it was foiled, for the Germans were driven back into port, and at Wilhelmshaven no one is allowed into the docks; they dare not, in spite of their vaunting words, let the world and, above all, their own people know what a fiasco their affair has been. Our Admiralty was cautious and would publish nothing till they knew—at least so it strikes me—and the Germans got their report abroad first. It takes a long time to catch up a lie—at least so Northcliffe is reported to have said long ago and he should know—and certainly for twenty-four hours, or more, England had lots to ponder over. But I know the Admirals and Admiralty are very pleased with the general result—though the loss of ships is very great, no doubt, and of life heart-breaking.

Each day's news becomes more reassuring, in spite of the German Chancellor's speeches and the Kaiser's. A. J. B. said at a luncheon the Admiralty had told the truth and I believe *him*. Winston got a communiqué into the Press on Monday morning—with his views. How it was done I know not, had I been First Lord I wouldn't have passed it. And now I understand A. J. B. takes full responsibility for it.

June 8th to 11th. A Privy Council and all overclouded by the great calamity. On Monday 5th, or Tuesday 6th, I learnt that the *Hampshire*, a very fast Cruiser, having on board Kitchener and Fitzgerald, O'Beirne (late Secretary or Councillor of our Embassy at Petrograd), General Ellershaw and three or four more concerned with munitions, on its way from the N. of Scotland to Archangel, had sunk with those passengers and all hands (transpired later some dozen saved on a raft) a very few hours out off the Orkneys. The ship blew up, whether owing to a mine, torpedo, or infernal machine will never be known and it doesn't much matter. I incline to the first. But there they are, poor men. Whether K. was a specially good War Secretary, or not, whether his work was finished with the advent of compulsion and the end of the voluntary system, where he had excelled in inflaming the enthusiasm of the country to enlist, doesn't now matter—he was the great outstanding figure of the war, and not only on our side. He stood for much with the Allies. The country called him, and his appointment as Secretary of State was hailed with enthusiasm. He was on his way back to Egypt, indeed I believe he was already on the Calais boat when the Prime Minister's telegram of recall was handed to him, and back he came. And for eighteen months he did whatever he liked.

I was associated with him for the last few months as I did his work in the House of Lords; my relations with

him were the happiest and most cordial. The last time I saw him was on the big W.O. staircase after the Volunteer debate—he was in very good spirits and asked me: “How do you think *we* got on yesterday?” I replied: “Well, better than I expected.” But it was everything his going down to the House to make his statement, for though I had had my speech ready for a fortnight (the question had been two or three times postponed) it was far better his making his authoritative statement than deputing it to me. He said: “Well, perhaps it was, but I was in a fright. However, Rutland by giving his case away made it easy for me”—and added his recognition of my help. I never saw him again.

Of course some of the town say it was the work of German spies, and one rumour is that O’Beirne’s servant made a muddle of instructions and ran from terminus to terminus asking where K.’s special train started, as he was going to Russia. The man may have done this and I believe O’Beirne had to take a special train to the N., but *I* don’t believe in results therefrom. Fitzgerald was one of the very best, understood his great master thoroughly and was especially devoted to him. I delighted in Fitzgerald. It is indeed a tragedy—but it will not make any material difference. The country is staunch enough and this sort of catastrophe only makes people clench their teeth the more. Now the question is who will be the new Secretary of State. Meantime there is no dislocation. It had been arranged three weeks ago that the Prime Minister should take charge and I doubt if the question really agitates any but politicians—the soldiers at the War Office must have a free hand and they will. Rumour is busy with the names of Bonar Law, Austen Chamberlain, Bob Cecil and, amid conflicting aims of the two parties forming Coalition, French!!! How it will eventuate I don’t know, nor does it much matter. But it is very likely that I may lose my interesting work

in House of Lords vis-à-vis the War Office. But this won't matter either; some one will, no doubt, do it better.

I was astonished when I heard K. was to go to Russia. He is S. of S. for War and his proper place is in the War Office—why he should go trapesing about all over Europe and Russia I could not make out, but I understand it was the special wish of the Emperor of Russia he should go and he had been looking forward to this trip very much. I have been told Lloyd George was to have gone too on this ill-fated expedition, but couldn't get away. They say the corruption in Russia surpasses all belief, even in these days—that no firm can get a Russian official to pass goods, munitions, etc., without his commission, which is usually a large one—that boxes full of ammunition are lying about at Archangel—whether K. was supposed to be capable of putting all this right, I know not.

The Press comments about K. are interesting—the enemy's so bad that they are not published, though what they can say, or why they should not be published, I know not. But in the papers of the Allies and throughout the United Kingdom the comments are very laudatory and generous. He had unquestionably struck the imagination of every class. He was a great man, no doubt, and in his own unconventional way he did his work.

Coming away from the Privy Council I ran into Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg on his way to see the King. He was fresh that morning (8th) from the Grand Fleet where he had seen all the Admirals and many others. He was full of conversation and I told him I wished I could be under the sofa while he talked to the King. He said he had a good deal to say, that Beatty could not be absolutely sure what ships of the Germans were sunk—the light was so bad and they were shooting at 19,000 yds. nearly eleven miles (moreover I see to-day Jellicoe could only get in six minutes' firing as the Germans made off),

so he could hardly locate this or that ship—beyond the fact that immense damage was done to the enemy. The *Lion* had a hole made in her big enough to drive a motor-car through and the ship was saved by Major Harvey, I presume a Royal marine, who was in the turret. He was almost blown to bits himself, but he had time and strength to call out, "Shut the doors and flood the magazine," and then died, but he saved his ship. The *Lion* got back and Prince Louis said laconically when I asked if the *Lion* was sunk, "Oh, no, she's all right." Prince Louis's son, on the *New Zealand*, said the submarine attack on us absolutely failed. He played two (12 inch) guns on them and they never got within 6,000 yards, and I wish I had had more talk with him.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's book is out with a preface by Rosebery. A gem. He has the pen of a magician. The book is full of interest and to me very instructive, especially about Labour and dilution of labour. She sent me an advance copy "from the author."

June 12th. I had orders to be at Buckingham Palace at 10.30: Admiral O'Callaghan and Stamfordham, G.C.B., self, G.C.V.O.—His Majesty extremely gracious and kind, saying, in return for so much very good work it was a great pleasure to confer his highest personal honour on me.

Speculation is very rife as to the new Secretary of State. I don't think it very much matters as the whole thing must be in the hands of the soldiers. We want no reformer or Bull-in-china-shop of a Push-and-Go man. The work runs well there now. But we must wait and see. Do what we will we cannot get away from this phrase.

Amazing Russian successes in Galicia are reported and this has been going on for a week. I hear the German ammunition at Verdun, which had deteriorated, has now improved again, and there has been heavy fighting at and

about Ypres in which the Canadians have covered themselves with glory. Reports from Dublin and Ireland generally are bad. Officers in uniform or out of it, I'm told, are ordered always to carry a revolver, and a few days ago, an officer, looking over a bridge, was stabbed in the back. They say that the rebels mean to murder Maxwell, that no stone is to be left unturned. Meanwhile Lloyd George is said in the Press to have suggested a basis of settlement. He has been over to Ireland as a sort of plenipotentiary pacificator to see what he can do and make proposals. And the Press says the idea is that the Home Rule Bill, already passed, should take effect, Ulster being left out. But already the Press is beginning to carp and crab and I question if any real settlement will be arrived at. Carson and young Londonderry have gone to Ireland, it is said, and have announced that in view of the war they will not factiously stand in the way as Orangemen, and this I believe. But to give self-government with the country in revolt, and Redmond the constitutional Leader practically without power, seems a rum go and a leap in the dark, as was said by Lord Derby of his Reform Bill in 1867.

June 13th. To K.'s funeral or memorial service. Music very good and cathedral filled, but somehow I think K. had ceased to fascinate the public as he did a year ago. His object was duty and not advertisement. Far the most moving incident in the service was "God save the King" at the end. I believe the King went to Scotland in the afternoon; selves to Barley End where the cold and rain are damnable. Disraeli's 4th Volume most interesting. Mary Ward's "The Effort of England" very favourably reviewed, I'm glad to say.

A lady friend of mine at some races at Derby a while ago, hearing the saddling bell, remarked: "I suppose that bell is to call the jockeys to dinner"!!!

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June 14th. Day of peace, rest and Disraeli.

June 15th to 16th. Still as cold as Christmas. Asquith's speech at Ladybank (Fifeshire) was concise, well reasoned, confident in tone, and is said to have occasioned much confidence and satisfaction with France and the Allies. The most striking passage was almost a parenthesis—when he alluded to the necessity of reconsidering the Government of the Empire after the war—meaning, I presume, Ireland and the Colonies.

He then went to the Fleet, to see the ships and their intrepid crews as he called them in his speech. His movements are noted in the Press. All knew that he, being in N.B. with his constituents, went a little further to the Fleet. But the King, having to stay for K.'s memorial service, left on Tuesday June 13th p.m. and no one, except those immediately surrounding him, knew his intentions. I was told in the office next day, that he was going, and I replied he had been gone twenty-four hours. I had found it out from the Curate at Albury who had observed the preparations of signalmen, etc., on the L.N.W.R. as he walked by the line. I suppose this precaution is necessary, but the mystery is a pity, for the public doesn't know how hard His Majesty works and no one deserves better of his country.

Lloyd George lately received a deputation about work on Whit-Monday, i.e. no holidays: strikes threatened, etc., etc. He knew nothing whatever about the subject or about the men and hardly why they had come, but he picked it up as they went along, made them a speech and sent them all away perfectly satisfied. His power of dealing with this sort of matter is amazing, for I've heard similar tales before.

The storm in the newspapers is to my mind growing, and now the Orangemen are getting rusty as the real idea is that the exclusion of Ulster from a settlement, or in other words Home Rule, is to be conditional and temporary.

June 17th to 20th. No news except that Russia advances and the Press says Cernovitz is taken. Part of the Austrian army escaped by Carpathians and part to the west.

Kitchener might have been useful after the war for negotiating with the Allies, which will not be the easiest thing in the world. They all liked him, and then he never said too much. I believe he said at the time of the Vereeniging peace, that Chamberlain and Milner might be good hands at making war but they were the damnedest bad hands possible at making peace, and this I can believe.

Very cold each day and warmer to-night (June 20th). We had the funeral orations in the Lords re K. this afternoon—not very good, at least I'd heard better—Lansdowne very delicate—Derby not bad but loses much in delivery. I thought French on the whole the best—very direct and soldierlike, and, if half I have heard is true, the ice was very thin.

The Irish difficulty is still ominous and "The Times" does its best to increase the difficulties. I rather understand Redmond has queered the pitch by saying the Government had determined this and that, whereas the scheme is Lloyd George's.

June 21st. Longest day, very pleasant, but I could have done with a good fire.

June 22nd to 23rd. Asquith's speech on K. was truly admirable, but the papers made a mistake—they quoted a line and made him say instead of "all powerful Jove" "all powerful God." Nelly said: "Yes, he has a great religious side to him."

A friend was lately with the Empress Eugenie in an Hotel from which the only remaining part of the Tuileries can be seen, and the Empress said: "In that room the Prince Imperial was born." She gazed long at it and the

friend was very nervous of an hysterical breakdown. Suddenly the Empress laughed and said: "*Deux ruines se regardent.*"

Rumours over the town are that at Cork they put out flags and cheered for the German Navy—also because K. was dead. Another story is that a Sinn Feiner was in charge of the telegraph office at Cork; he went to lunch and a message came through: "Dublin has risen—let Cork rise." But the *remplaçant* was a Unionist, so the message never materialized. Every kind of lie is about—and if there was no war the excitement about Ireland would be intense.

I am told that a new airplane, Rolls Royce 900 horse power (if there is such a thing), left Dover with the Boulogne post-officer on board and a young pilot. They flew away amid loud cheers: in a few hours the pilot saw an aerodrome and descended in fine style—it was Lille! The pilot and post-officer are prisoners and the Germans have sent letters of thanks for a brand-new airplane—perhaps a lie, but possibilities of truth. The pilot may have easily lost his way.

Rumours about the town of our advance in the west—one fool asked if it was true that we had taken Liège. But I cannot help doubting our intention to advance, as it has been advertised in London for a fortnight. The Germans exploded a big mine yesterday, but their success was short-lived.

A message from St. Bart.'s secretary came through on the telephone to ask what the reply was to be to a message from the War Office—how many surgeons we could send to France at twenty-four hours' notice for ten days. And my answer is to fall in with any suggestion we possibly can. We have orders also to evacuate every possible bed to the extent of 80 per cent.—in the country at local hospitals I found that orders and inquiries were to the same effect.

This presages great efforts. I am told Petain says he can hold out at Verdun to the end of the month. Men are becoming scarce, but while the French have got their 1916 men in the line, the Germans have got their 1917 men already in advance—so rumour says.

I hear my cousin has got her English butler in Vienna and no one minds at all—he is not insulted; and where there are Englishmen in racing stables, or as domestic servants, they may be interned, but it only amounts to surveillance—anyhow their treatment is good.

June 25th. I find since I became attached in a detached way to the War Office I hear less chat and seem further from the War than ever—possibly I don't hear so many lies, but at the same time lots of interesting gossip fails to come my way. The latest development financially is interesting. Some time ago every one was urged to sell their American securities and invest in Treasury Bonds—now all securities are to be held at Government's disposal if scheduled by them. That means, as I understand it, that if a possessor of £10,000 L.N.W.R. stock sees the stock scheduled, that stock is liable to be taken and sold by Government, the owner receiving the quoted price—the idea, I suppose, being that he will invest in Government Bonds. No doubt my fault, but I don't see unless he does so invest where the advantage to the Government comes in. The confusion will be great, but it can't be helped.

June 26th to 30th. A lovely afternoon off. We took a taxi to Kensington Palace and the Zoo; Nelly enjoys driving so much. I bore it with equanimity. The Zoo and new Mappin terraces were interesting and the gardens charming. The Mappin terraces are very ingenious and deer of all sorts were climbing rocks and jumping down precipices. Caged eagles make me rather sad.

Middleton, Cromer, Salisbury write to "The Times" deprecating the suggested scheme—which we don't really know yet—for Ireland. It may have no chance, though indications were a little more favourable yesterday. But the opposition of these gentlemen should help us.

We have had a short and sharp debate on Ireland. Salisbury, who is a very good and I think a very delightful person as well as able, was rather violent in a waspish way. Crewe's dissertation I could hardly follow. Then Middleton who, though less violent than Salisbury, had more stuff to say—he is a good speaker and knows Ireland, but he seemed to me to labour and not to be very happy in himself. He was followed by Lansdowne, whose intervention was interesting, for it showed he had not resigned. And then, after having sat on the bench nearly four hours, we all—about seven or eight of us—trooped out into the rain. I was with Salisbury talking C.O.s; Lansdowne joined us; Crewe and Middleton together. Lansdowne ranged up alongside of us, and said to Salisbury: "No wonder with that speech in your pocket you wanted to let it off. I should have wanted to." We were all five smiling—a wonderful country we are. Salisbury said if an Election in Ireland were held a pro-German majority would be the result; that while we were talking, Sinn Feiners were organizing—that several Sinn Feiners released, had gone back in their uniform—such as it was—and were also organizing. That there was no government and that, owing to the Censor, no real news came through from Ireland. I understand thinking Tories fear two things: (1) in the interest of the Empire the break up of the Coalition. (2) The break up of their party.

July 1st. We have no Secretary of State for War, though the "Daily Chronicle" points to Lloyd George, which I learn is correct, and to Derby as Under Secretary.

The latter is admirable. There is no Minister for Agriculture, and the Ministry of Munitions must be in what Lansdowne would call a fluid condition. Meanwhile, the country goes on. We are entering on a new offensive stage of the war and whatever the politicians may be thinking or doing, the soldier at the Front is all right. But the irreverent say we have no government. We have a Prime Minister and this is all that matters.

I had an interesting talk with Chennell, tenant farmer next door, and learnt something from him. His field of mustard turns out to be wild and has come up because he had to plough for his barley one inch lower, so got up all this stuff which is a weed. The oats are just beginning to make headway. As to birds—on one part of the farm the pigeons have done him great good—on another harm. Small birds do harm at times, but his father once shot a sparrow, and on opening the crop, found it full of caterpillars and grubs, so he never shot another. Chennell was anxious about his wool, but I was able to reassure him as to being able to sell to his old accustomed buyer and to his getting promptly 75 per cent. of his money. He hates women workers.

July 2nd to 8th. A week of excursions and alarums with rumours of resignations—Lansdowne, Long and others—still about. July 7th found us with no more resignations—Selborne had resigned previously. Various people, including me, are wondering why Selborne resigned, and I hear a rumour that he may return, but I doubt it. Prophecies are almost always wrong. One salient point stands out and that is the amazing skill, patience and success with which the Prime Minister has met and guided the situation and kept his men. We fairly understood—that is, it was substantially rumoured—Lord Lansdowne would on no account stay. But Lansdowne has proved himself a fine

fellow and a real patriot. He has stuck to the ship, and on him the situation turned *to my mind*. Had he gone I think others might have followed.

On July 7th there was a meeting of the Unionist party which was held at the Carlton Club. Eye-witness, as the saying goes, described it to me. Arthur Balfour, Bonar Law, Lansdowne, Austen Chamberlain attended, and a vast crowd, some 200 odd, M.P.'s. The proceedings lasted about five hours, with adjournment for lunch—Bonar Law in the Chair. Out of the five hours I am told, Lansdowne, A. J. B., Bonar Law and Chamberlain occupied three hours—so there was not much room or time for fifty others who wanted to speak—cleverly managed. There were no Reporters. Bonar Law was tied by the leg as he had, when the Coalition started, declared that, if he wasn't supported by the Unionist party—i.e. the majority of it—he would not remain in the Coalition and would resign his leadership. So at the Carlton Meeting he wisely said (I'm told) there was to be no Division!!! The result was apparently satisfactory, as the papers say Lansdowne and Long left smiling together, and all have put England and the War before anything else in the world—the Nationalist leaders the same, though I should like to know more of this. I had heard that Redmond had queered the pitch by a premature speech in Dublin.

But now comes the most extraordinary thing of all apparently. Lloyd George's scheme, or something like it, is to be accepted—which means a modified Home Rule at once and a Bill to be brought in to amend, or make now practicable the Home Rule Bill already on the Statute Book but awaiting the end of the war—the fact being recognized that England has at last woken up and will not have wrangles during the war. It is a most amazing story.

Meanwhile, my eye-witness said to me: "You know what it means?" I said: "No." He said: "The break-up

of the Unionist party." My mental comment was that there is no Disraeli to work for thirty years, or near it, as he did to educate and reform a Tory party. But these matters will right themselves, parties will reform. I mind not much what happens as long as both parties do not unite against Labour—but this will hardly happen, for Labour will be in time increasingly strong and leaders each way will bid for it. Of course Labour is the party of the future, distant though that future may be.

In politics I should doubt if, for those who really know, there has ever been a more anxious or fuller week. To those who knew the true inwardness of the whole affair, the changing moods and temperature of this amazing and unequalled week, the interest must be immense and hardly less than the relief with which the Sabbath greets them. Asquith, I can't help repeating it again and again, stands alone, but Lansdowne may have saved his country. Why Selborne went, we ask ourselves. As C.B. said of Hartington in '86, he may wish us well, but cannot take the responsibility of sharing. Edward Grey comes to the House of Lords as a Viscount, Lloyd George is Secretary of State and Derby Under Secretary for War. He is, in his line, as outstanding a figure of the war as Kitchener was in his.

The Minister for Agriculture is an important office and has become more so during Selborne's tenure of that office. He has made much of it and it is a pity he is out. Selborne has been a good and energetic Minister—a hard worker, though I daresay, with the agricultural exemptions, he was a thorn in the side of Derby as recruiter. But Selborne had something on his side.

This week Hardinge's Report on the Irish émeute appeared. It exonerated Wimborne, the Lord-Lieutenant—rather pitiful, as it makes him out a nonentity. The whole blame is laid, as far as responsibility goes, on Birrell, Nathan comes in for his share of responsibility too. But

there could have been no severer judge selected than an Indian Governor or Viceroy. There has been no government worth the name in Ireland for years and it has amazed me—if an Indian executive allowed this kind of thing for two days there would be an end of him and every white man without delay. The Report shows, what I knew well enough, that there has been no government in Ireland since Birrell went there.

I was at the Privy Council when His Majesty gave that amazing little man, Lloyd George, the War Office Seal. I expect he will do well enough—he is wonderful with men and the machine revolves smoothly enough now, though we shall have trouble with the Conscientious Objector yet. The Archbishop wants the Prime Minister to make his action retrospective for all. I am not sure whether that would be effective, for I doubt whether there are many, if any, in detention barracks, because if they misbehave they are tried by Court Martial which means, if convicted, imprisonment in civil prison. Besides, I thought the point of compulsion was making those serve who don't want to, and if you let 'em off, what's the use of it all? The 200,000 dwindles tremendously and the result will be that all the hubbub was for an idea—viz.: fair treatment all round and the numbers gained not remarkable.

Whilst all this has been going on in England great happenings have taken place in France. After weeks of bombardment with every sort of gun and mortar up to 12 inch, Douglas Haig has made an advance, of course in co-operation with the French and, in four or five days, we have done more than the Germans have done in four or five months at Verdun. Our new armies have done very well—K.'s armies and especially those units from the north. We have really moved. At the same time Russia surges on and Italy has improved her positions, but let us not be in too much of a hurry. The end is by no means yet.

I have a very cheerful letter from Arnold Whitridge, who had not yet gone up to the fighting line. He was in a very comfortable billet, had entertained his C.O. or Brigadier at dinner, who said he remembered me at Kirk's. He had fresh peas, new potatoes, real lobster, strawberries and lots of Burgundy. Arnold was furious because a cock wakes him up by crowing. What price the shells?

Rabbits in N.B. are making fearful headway owing to the scarcity of keepers, and Lady Breadalbane is picking her own fruit, of which she sends hundreds of pounds to the sailors at Invergordon.

July 14th is to be a France Day. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, is organizing a dinner at the Ritz on the French behalf and asks us to join. We shall, but I don't think she has ever done such a thing before.

July 9th. At Barley End—a lovely fresh day and the country divine—I read and wrote, lazed, strolled till 6.30 and then went a delicious walk through woods with flowers and birds; but nothing divests one of the thoughts of those battle-fields.

July 10th. We had a very pleasant dinner here to-night: Sir W. and Lady Robertson, Lady Willingdon, George Curzon of Kedleston, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, Lucy and selves. War was not mentioned, except that G. C. let fall the remark that all we should do would be to win it. He was very entertaining after dinner with his account of his visit to Abdur Rahman, the Amir of Afghanistan, who he described as a great man. Curzon took with him a letter from Queen Victoria to the Amir. He (G. C.) wanted to make the best impression he could. So, after advice, which was to cover himself with as much gold lace as he could, he visited Nathan, a Jew costumier for theatricals, etc., and purveyor of uniforms and anything else in the

world, and asked him if he had any Orders. He said, yes, of every kind. So Curzon paid a deposit of £20 or £30 and borrowed them—of every description, Russian, Japanese, etc., etc. He also had made an immense pair of gold lace epaulets. When he went to see the Amir he covered himself with all the stars and gewgaws and his epaulets and, before mounting his horse, put on an immense pair of spurs. He much impressed the Amir and his entourage. The Amir asked what was this order (Russian). This is given *only* to the distinguished by the Czar, which was true, but Curzon hadn't had it given to him!! *This* for the greatest influence. But the things on the shoulders?—those are a token of the greatest nobility—and so on. This had the desired effect and he stayed for some time, being treated not only with safety, but with honour. He was all alone, not another European in the country. The pet aversion of the Amir was Lord Roberts—he said Roberts had hung his innocent subjects on manufactured evidence; that he (the Amir) would go to England, to Westminster Hall, where he should see the Queen on her throne with the Lord Chancellor on one side and the Lords, the Speaker on the other with the Commons; that he should say nothing but tell the Queen to send for Lord Roberts and then and there accuse him of these murders.

My brother (Colonel Honble. H. W. Mansfield), the old dragoon in command of the Reserve Regiments of Scots Greys and Royals, is to retire, owing to age—he has done his utmost to be of use.

July 11th to 13th. The Shereef has turned (some time ago) the Turks out of Mecca—the result is Indian Moham-medans are very fidgety—they prefer the Turks to the Arabs and the situation may present difficulties, and further Arab successes make the situation worse as regards the Indian Mussulmans.

It is reported that a German torpedo boat has shelled Seaham harbour from near the shore; one or two shells fell a mile inland—result, one old woman killed.

In the House of Lords, Haldane made a long, interesting speech on the need of preparation for the next war—from the point of view of the competition in science, necessary for holding our supremacy in the commercial world, and also that of the building of character. He pointed out that no child of the lower classes after thirteen had a chance—their abilities, moral, intellectual and physical, were suffocated in “Blind Alley” occupations—while the German system of apprenticeship has great advantages—that a German boy was encouraged to say what trade he would pursue when he left his elementary school at the age of fourteen—a year later than our boys—and then the apprenticeship combined with further school instruction followed, and, if pursued, there were concessions as to Military Service—I think compulsory service for one instead of three years. He finished with a very powerful appeal, and “there is a tide in the affairs of all men,” etc. A very fine and interesting performance and, though the House as usual became thin, he maintained the greatest interest for an hour and nearly forty minutes. The Duke of Buccleuch, when Haldane first rose to speak, also rose and asked that before he began he (Haldane) should explain how and why he had misled the country before the war—a silly performance. H. merely said that on every point he courted the fullest inquiry. I thought better of the Duke.

Haldane commended the Boy Scouts, praising Baden Powell and suggesting there should be compulsory Cadet corps. His text was Matthew Arnold on this country’s inaptitude for new ideas.

Redmond is making a great hubbub on Lansdowne’s speech of July 11th—on my part not unexpected. And now I hear Government will not produce any Mesopotamian

papers. They have been much pressed to lay them on the table and I expect Brodrick and Co. will kick up a row. I learn the misconduct of that campaign has been prodigious—no foresight whatever—troops lacking in necessities—and this in India, which one was led to believe was always mobilized and ready. The Prime Minister's difficulties seem to me to increase. The Mesopotamian business is disagreeable. In any other times I should say the writing on the wall was very visible indeed.

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres is the Minister for Agriculture. He has played his part well in the R.A.M.C. in France, mainly as a stretcher-bearer—private, corporal and, till two days ago, Second Lieutenant. His wife says in eighteen months she has been the wife of a private, a corporal, a Second Lieutenant and a Cabinet Minister. He is artistic, *instruit* and clever—a fine judge of pictures, Trustee of National Gallery, but as for agriculture, I was told last night he doesn't know the difference between a carrot and a turnip—now *ça ira*, no doubt, though I should have thought Agriculture was the one Department where knowledge and experience was necessary owing to contact with those who do know. In the Army and Navy the Minister is surrounded by experts—I am not confident this is the case at the Agricultural Department. More evidence that Selborne was good.

Crawford used to be Tory Whip and a bitter politician—politics, as well as adversity, makes strange bedfellows.

I met "Dick" Norton at dinner—head of the American Ambulance in France—straight from Verdun, to which he has to-day been summoned to return and goes without delay. He said a friend of his, a liaison officer, had told him that a very high French authority had said we could give up Verdun, or sell it, without a pang—the price 600,000 casualties; that price was paid a month ago. But, if we did give up, it would be a stimulus to the Germans,

so we hold on. He represented the French loss as not more than two to three. There was but one road whereon supplies of all sorts pass day and night—the Germans do shell it and holes are made, and if they kept at it they could cut off supplies, but they don't—why not, incomprehensible. This is Norton's story—but while the Germans do every sort of clever thing, now and then they do something incomprehensibly stupid. He (Norton) said the spirit of the French was unquenchable—the only idea *en repos* was to begin again.

I am to undertake the Home Office in the House of Lords and begin with a Police Bill. I anticipate a stormy Tuesday.

July 14th to 15th. France's Day of tedious worrying by flag-sellers—a Requiem where I represent the King—dinner at the Ritz. I would willingly pay double to be in the country.

The Requiem Mass was a stately ceremonial, the chanting good—though not so good as at the Farm Street Chapel. The Cathedral is magnificent, the service impressive and the setting superb and appealing, if R.C. ceremonial appeals, which to me it does not at all. I did not think it compared well with the impressiveness of the service in St. Paul's to K. But then I am not R.C. The Cathedral was crammed: rows and rows of khaki, but whether the soldiers were all R.C.'s I know not. The service lasted one and a quarter hours.

The dinner at the Ritz produced a number of people I hadn't seen for over thirty years, and their pretty daughters and granddaughters were quite a feature, though some made mountebanks of themselves by their dress. At our table were Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and the Mr. Gibson who had been American Consul in Brussels and had done his best for Nurse Cavell. The banquet was in

aid of French Red Cross I understood, though how it will benefit beyond a portion of 35s. I paid for a useless bag for Nelly I fail to see. However, these things are in other hands.

I heard early, as a great secret and as portending to great things, that our cavalry had moved up as a result of the advance. I learnt later it was all over the town yesterday, as is the case with most secrets.

Lately there was a strike of 75,000 workmen in Berlin. The authorities settled it in a characteristically German way by saying if the men didn't go back to work they would all be sent to the trenches under guards—so they went back. The papers have accounts of outbreaks at Cologne and the mobs charged by Uhlans—and I've learnt, on what I consider good authority, that the neutrals are advising all people living in good houses in Germany to clear out. Further, that there may be signs of demoralization in the German Army. We seem to have got on so fast and possible traps make one apprehensive. The advance to-day is really material and large numbers of prisoners taken.

And now to study my Home Office Bill called a Police Bill, but it embraces "welfare of factory hands," "Miners" and arranges for mad M.P.'s. I know nothing about the police except that they wear blue suits and used to be supposed to have a partiality for cooks—but I do know they are the Friends of All—none more patient or polite, or really helpful.

July 16th. I heard Derby returned from the Front in the best spirits yesterday and said it had been a lovely day in France—glad to hear it because this constant rain adds so to difficulty of moving guns. The lists of casualties among officers and all round terrible—long lists every day. Friends write that the German trenches are not the abodes

of luxury generally believed—they harbour fleas and vermin, and Arnold Whitridge says “Keating” (flea powder) has made a great name for himself.

July 17th to 18th. Boys write home in the highest spirits from France, and Derby described our men with their tails right over their back. There is a rumour on the placards of the Germans preparing to leave Belgium. Some Dutch paper had a story that the Germans were moving papers and records from Ostend. Early days for this. There was a rumour of a German surprise on Sunday, which many thought was a surprise by Germany. It turned out to be a surprise of Germany produced by our cavalry. A capital letter from Haig to workers to back the army up and a cheery response from the workers (referring to holidays).

In the Commons and Lords the Prime Minister and Crewe declined to give papers on Mesopotamia and the Dardanelles. I found Lord Loreburn in the Library—a dear old fellow—a radical, rather sentimental at that. He has thought for long the whole country has gone to the devil. He harps on to me that his view of foreign policy is that of Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone—an odd mixture, for Gladstone would have gone to war without an army in 1870 for Belgium against whichever power infringed on her.

Dick Cavendish had seen the Clerk of the Cumberland County Council on the new departure in Carlisle—drunkenness was so bad that no woman could walk alone in Carlisle—that the men go to the pawnbrokers, borrow money and deposit their bottles with them, and that these pawnbrokers have regular cellars and “pigeon holes” for bottles. The worst of these temperance efforts is that they all seem to drive the drinking under the surface and much more is drunk at home—i.e. bottles instead of glasses. At Gretna,

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I've been told, drink vitiates a third of the workers and output, but there again they had to scour the country for hands, and where there was once no population now there is one near 20,000.

Elphinstone has a cousin in the North who runs a munition factory, about 700 hands, making compasses, etc., etc., for the Navy. This cousin went to America to study methods—he found that there, in many places, they do not let the man go out on an empty stomach—they provide him with tea and bread and butter and make him leave his overalls, etc., which are covered with oil and filth, in the factory—the consequence is the man has not the inclination to go straight to the public-house; he feels fresher after the tea, is tidy, and goes off to see his friends or stroll in the town—and so does not get drunk. E.'s cousin followed this plan—it has been very successful and he has had only one case of drunkenness. However, it must be very expert work they do there and he may have a very good class of man: but the fact remains.

July 19th. Brother Jim dined here last night—says they can't make their non-alcoholic beer fast enough—indeed can hardly supply every one; the orders are limitless. They want breweries and will increase their capital and, as to the latter, Hatch expects no difficulty, while the Beer Bill may help re Breweries. They say, in addition to providing a temperance drink, they will make their fortunes. I have heard this before. I hope so—they certainly won't do it in wine.

July 20th to 22nd. Yesterday our Educational Debate in Lords continued and at the end of a sitting of three and a half hours adjourned again to Wednesday next. The "Westminster Gazette" remarks dryly: "We suppose for the future the House of Lords will discuss Education, train-

ing, etc., on Wednesday." The Archbishop began with a speech which lasted three-quarters of an hour. Curzon made an admirable speech in form, manner, language, quite a picturesque masterpiece, in defence of Oxford University—very good indeed, but though Haldane had given him a sort of a chance Curzon was engaged in defending a citadel which was not seriously attacked.

A tale comes from Ireland: a man wanted to hire a boat by the sea; the boatman wouldn't let him have it, so he offered him 5s. He said, "No, I get 10s. per day for laying German mines." "Well, I'll have that other boat." "You can't." "Why not?" "It belongs to my brother—he gets 20s. per day from the British Government for taking up the mines as I lay them." An obvious lie, but *ben trovato*.

July 23rd. I hear Lady Wimborne is doing her utmost for the food supply by turning her Carnation Houses into a Zoo and breeding Belgian Hares. Derby had a great retirement from the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, which I suppose is dissolved. Henderson, the Education Minister, and a very good man, made a good and moving speech. Derby replied, his voice choked by his emotions, and all was very well.

I hear Lady Dudley's (Rachel) work in organizing Soldiers' clubs in France is beyond all praise; they are the greatest boon.

July 24th. Everything is in the greatest muddle about Ireland. When I went to see Samuel (Home Sec.) in his room at House of Commons about my Police, etc., Bill, I learnt that the Prime Minister had made his statement, which amounted to the fact that all efforts had so far failed, that he would bring in no Bill for Irish Government because he could not ensure agreement. At this Redmond was,

or feigned to be, furious and asked to move the adjournment, which was granted, and was to come on at 8.15. Asquith said: "Will you not wait till to-morrow?" Redmond: "No, not an hour!" Loud cheers from Irish. I found out that Asquith was going to the Opera with Arthur Balfour. However, neither went. My own impression is that Redmond finds the ground is slipping, or has slipped, away from under his feet and that the Sinn Feiners have immensely gained ground. I've been told that he would fall if he stood for Waterford, though this I don't believe—anyhow he had to make a bid.

Redmond made a violent attack, especially on Lansdowne, on the hopelessness of the thing being done by the Coalition Government, and warned the Government they would now be very critical as to the War and Ireland—he did say, however, that his attitude on the War was unaltered and unalterable—quite good and, no doubt, sincere, though at the same time he had his eye on his English supporters—but human nature could not do less. Carson followed with a generous, patriotic speech. Charlie Beresford said to me in the gallery: "He's sentimental like all Irishmen—and everything is the fault of the d—d Government," at which I smiled limply. But C. B. is still the C. B. of his youth, though an admiral, a peer by creation for his own deeds, and a G.C.B. Asquith was quite coldly received by the House. Lloyd George in effect had said the thing had failed, he was very sorry indeed, but couldn't help it. Motion for adjournment negatived without any decision.

I had met Carson in the passage by Samuel's room; he was very nice and very gentle—he is that till he blazes forth. I always like him when I meet him.

July 25th. My Bill in Committee got through all right. Balfour of Burleigh had amendments; he's a tough nut, but I got through fairly to my satisfaction for once—very

much helped by Lansdowne, who is the kindest and most helpful of men. He made two or three howling mistakes in his speech—but, as he said, he really knew little about it. Balfour of Burleigh found one and smiled—but all was well: B. of B. divided to exclude Clause 8 and I beat him 40-7. (Loud cheers.)

A terrible story of blundering and incapacity in India involving the death of fifteen young soldiers from heat in a train—it is incredible that they should have been sent three or four days and nights through the plains in India at this time of year—i.e. from Karachi to Lahore. Government of India again—a clean sweep of army administration is needed there, also of the excessive centralization organized by K., his besetting and fatal fault. He was fought on this by Curzon of K. and latter was beaten—and now, in time of stress, the whole thing has broken down. Soldiers are good executives, but a civilian is the better Administrator. Haldane could put the thing straight, but I don't suppose the country would have him. The country generally is right, but about Haldane hopelessly wrong. Haldane as an administrator is as far superior to K. as Bismarck to Bethmann Hollweg as a German Empire Maker.

The other day Jim Mansfield and his wife came to lunch. He told me the Navy adored Louis of Battenberg and you could see his work if you went up the Clyde. He also told me something of the Jutland Battle. Arbuthnot lost his three ships, but the object was to draw the fire from a heavily beset ship. He drew it on himself, knowingly of course, and sacrificed himself—very gallant—some say rather foolhardy, but you can always hear people safe at home say this.

Jim was interesting about our shooting and said it was better than the German because when things began to go a little wrong they fired wildly and got all abroad. As Jim remarked: "They've no experience and no tradition."

The sea was quite smooth to begin with, but the heavy shells and ships' wash soon churned it up—a shell going into the water sends up a jet 200 or 300 ft. high.

Jellicoe is supposed to have said that the Almighty held the scales evenly in the battle for, while mist and night enabled the enemy to get away, the smooth sea enabled us to see the torpedoes and avoid them. On one occasion they were watching a torpedo—veered the ship and all hands were leaning over the side (as a landsman would say), then the look-out man yelled out: "Look out, Sir, here's another"—happily it missed the ship. Jim says Jellicoe is a most active little man—on a golf course a nuisance as he always runs after his ball, so either the game in front has to go very fast too, or let him through. I remember a Scotchman in India telling me that a man who ran after his golf ball must be mad. I wish some of the military Administrators in India suffered from the same complaint.

July 26th. I had a letter from Egypt from Needham. He has been working in France, Mediterranean and Egypt since war broke out.

The news is good from France—Pozières is taken by us, which is supposed to give us flanking advantages to the west, i.e. Thiépval. The territorials have come out magnificently and have beaten back the Brandenburgers and the Prussian Guard—all Haldane. A pretty little story comes from the Front: A boy (lieutenant) had got some prisoners, among them a German officer. He took off his Iron Cross and said: "Take it. I give it you—you have done what we thought impossible." The Englishman thanked him and said: "But we would never deprive a brave man of the honour he has won."

July 27th. This afternoon my Police Bill in report and

Muir Mackenzie took exception to its short title. I agree with him nothing could well be worse of the kind. It comprises Police, some amazing changes in Factory legislation, a provision for Miners, and a mad M.P. But, as I told him I had fully explained all that on Second Reading; he said he wasn't present, to which I remarked, that wasn't my fault. However, I must see what can be done. Then came Stanley of Alderley (Lord Sheffield) with a question about Russian Jews and enlistment—his point being that if they didn't enlist they were to be deported—and then the shibboleths of Political Asylum and all the rest of it. It is interesting that while England has to send back French, Belgians and Italians to serve in their national armies, Russians may enlist in any of the Allies' Armies. I gave my answer and one after the other fell on me, Russell and Loreburn, Courtney cheering them and John Morley watching me like a lynx. Stanley quoted the case of Mr. Sarno. This poor political refugee had been here since he was sixteen, and for about seventeen years had lived with thieves, prostitutes and bullies, said even to live on the prostitutes' earnings and to keep a brothel or two. So Stanley had got hold of a bad egg.

July 28th. Up early and to Swanley, to Bart.'s Convalescent Home—very delightful, but the trees and undergrowth want thinning badly. I saw all the seventy sick and wounded soldiers; and went over the laundry and found the miserable girls standing in the water, so I took steps to provide them with goloshes, or something of the kind, and other stockings to be used on the principle of the trench kit.

Haldane and the Whitridges came to dinner—Haldane very interesting, showing how our first contract of 160,000 men for France had been absolutely prepared and ready, that preparations had begun in 1906; and he told Whitridge

much of what he had said in his National Liberal Club speech one and a half years ago. But what he did say new was that he had been to Berlin and discovered how the Germans divided civilian responsibility and military command and responsibility. And this is the man all England abuses. Those who know are dying to make revelations, but the time will come.

July 29th. To Barley End for peace—where I find the garden more lovely each week. It seems to get on very well without gardeners.

A lot of Russians have been over who can talk little else but Russian. McKinnon Wood says the Russians will win because they are a most persistent race—one general says every five minutes that all Russia wants is hundreds of thousands of tons of ammunition, explosives, guns, rifles, etc., etc. McKenna gravely assures him that it would take U.S.A. three years to furnish it and the fleets of the world couldn't take it. However, no matter, he resumes—we want hundreds of thousands, etc., etc.

July 30th to 31st. The whole world is reeking with another outrage. The Germans have shot a Captain Fryatt, skipper of *The Brussels*—between Flushing and England—whose only crime was trying to save his boat. The Germans paid no heed to the American intervention.

French and Belgian families, especially girls, are being deported for forced labour and no doubt worse—beyond the frontiers of Belgium, or at any rate close to them. With the pressure on them the Germans are entering on a still more savage phase of war.

Weather *very* hot. On the 28th (night) and early morning 29th several Zeppelins approached the East Coast—two went inland to Norfolk and Lincolnshire—and one or two turned towards Yorkshire. London was warned and

my Bart.'s nurses got up from 11.45 p.m. till 3.45 a.m. No damage done, though many bombs dropped.

Aug. 1st. Last night Asquith made a speech about Irish Government and announced Duke, K.C., M.P., to be Chief Secretary for Ireland—an appointment which should have been made weeks ago; Chalmers Under Secretary. He tried to justify the appointment of a Lord-Lieutenant, but seemed to be unable to get anyone to undertake the job. Thank God, he did not look in our direction.

Another Zepp Raid last night. A fruitless visit to Home Office and then to Lansdowne who hadn't been very well, but as anxious to be helpful as ever. The question of the Russian Jews is quite troublesome and Muir Mackenzie has, at eleventh hour, an amendment to my Bill on Third Reading to leave out Clause 11.

Aug. 2nd. We have had raids by Zeppelins three nights running—singularly free from human damage. I believe an old woman has been killed, but of the one last night news is not yet to hand.

Casement should have been hung by now—and a good job too—but he's a horrid creature and, beyond the fact that he is hung by now, he doesn't interest me. If it had not been for Parmoor's amendment to the Defence of the Realm Act, which necessitated a civil trial for a man in his position, he would have been shot long ago.

There seems to have been a twenty-four-hour lull on the Somme in the very fierce hand-to-hand fighting, though artillery has never ceased. Our gains are substantial and are being solidified.

Aug. 3rd. Yesterday Edward Grey took his seat as Viscount Grey of Fallodon. I wish he had called himself Earl of Fallodon, but it's his business. I believe he hates it and certainly Sir E. Grey, K.G. takes beating—I believe

the first K.G. Commoner since Walpole. He is very distinguished and looks it—a perfect gentleman and the simplest man that ever walked. I hope he may come sometimes to the House of Lords, though I doubt it unless absolutely necessary.

Hayes, Secretary St. Bart.'s, came to me two days ago, with a letter to sign to a Mr. Harrison who had given a lot of money away lately to War Funds, etc. I told Hayes I'd never heard of Harrison. However, I signed and posted the letter. By return of post I heard from Harrison sending a cheque for £1,000. I found he was an old Rugbaeian. Floreat Rugbaeia! God save the King—as a one-legged soldier wrote to me t'other day for whom I got an increase of 2s. per week to his pension.

My colleague on the Advisory (Theatres) Board, Sir W. Raleigh, lately went to America. The inevitable interviewer met him. Raleigh is 6 ft. 5 in., but he got hold of the wrong tall man. Interviewer asked him: "I believe you're Sir W. Raleigh?" T'other man: "No, I guess I'm Christopher Columbus. You'll find Sir W. R. with Queen Elizabeth in the bar."

Petrol restriction has agitated many. All English people are for stringent restrictions as long as they don't affect themselves, as I found out to my cost in the plague times.

Aug. 4th. A more or less restful day. I hunted about for petrol for wounded soldiers' drives, went twice to Mansion House to see if Lord Mayor would help to get money for Officers' Extension of Y.M.C.A. Hut, and finally walked home from Mansion House and looked in at St. Paul's—saw a girl feeding the pigeons and half a dozen of them settled on her.

Aug. 5th to 12th. I have had a long chat with an ardent canteen worker—the stories (true or not) about the way

the young soldiers are drugged, robbed and worse by women and men are terrible. These harpies wait and pounce on them leaving the stations, if they've money—and they all have—it is taken from them. These unfortunate young men calculate to go on the spree and are drunk for two or three days and then roll out—it is deplorable; the women are in regular mobs. The military police cannot interfere and the civil police seem to be unable to. The stories are pitiable and show what a lot of blackguards there are among my countrymen. I had no idea of it.

A nice story of a young Highlander fresh from the trenches, clothes in rags and covered with mud, met at station by a sympathetic G.R. (G.R. is a volunteer so called because of G.R. on sleeve): "Well, my lad, can I be of any use to you?" The Highlander: "Weel, ye may—can ye show me a conscientious objector?" clenching his fist. Lucky for C.O. he was not to be found at the station.

Lloyd George has gone gallivanting to Paris. I suppose these Ministers know their own business and I should think this Minister for War is as well in Paris as here, or elsewhere.

Louise Beaufort's two girls milk all the cows at Badminton, or some of them. And Lady Falmouth and her daughter milk cows at Competitions, Lady F. with sleeves turned up—the farmers' wives were nervous about a strange cow, but Lady F. milked the cow at once. The girl is learning to cook. The second son, aged about twenty-four or twenty-six, is second in command of a Battalion of the 60th. Lady F. went to one farm where the farmer's wife, quite a young woman, milks, makes the butter, etc. Lady F. saw two fiddles hanging up, asked why they were there, and was told when the day's work was done the farmer and his wife played them together. Such are Cornish people. St. Levan's daughters go over several miles to milk, etc., or nurse or cook at the hospital.

At the last moment, before leaving for N.B. I had to busy myself about a practical reply to a circular from the War Office Nursing Department for extra probationers, and went to see Miss Belcher, the Head of the Department, and Sir A. Keogh, the D.G., R.A.M.C. They both say the want of nurses is deplorable—indeed he had had four ships of 1,000 sick and wounded each and totally, except for a few sisters, without the necessary assistance and skilled nurses. Moreover, they had asked for respectable women to come to help, the only qualification being respectability. I believe the stock of V.A.D.'s had almost failed. They wanted probationers of three months' training, but here there is a difficulty because it would interfere with the getting of the certificate, which is the passport for livelihood for those who enter nursing as a profession.

After St. Bart.'s, where matron had gone away for her week-end (of course), I wrote to the Middlesex; there the thing had not been considered as their matron was on her holiday. Miss Belcher is a London Hospital trained nurse. I asked her what Miss Luckes, their great matron, said about the scheme and she laughed and said she would look at it. This won't do—we must help and I think the difficulties can be got over—indeed they must. But I do believe much might be done by reorganization—and that there are crowds of nurses on soft convalescent jobs and isolated and miserable in the hospitals where respectable women might do equally well and liberate the skilled and expert. However, this is not my job, but I've ventured to call attention to the idea—so ends my session with a visit to Samuel to say Hylton would do my work—Samuel very polite about it.

Aug. 13th. Away to Scotland—train one hour and a quarter late.

Aug. 14th to 16th. Forty years since I shot my first stag and came to Scotland on my own. Everything seems forty years ago. Forty years in House of Lords. This time forty years ago I was quartered at Windsor and this particular month at Cove Common, Aldershot, for a month under canvas which I enjoyed amazingly—the only officer who did, or said he did.

Again Asquith has got through another crisis about which the Tapers and Tadpoles were chattering. He really is an amazing person—such true sense of proportion—utter selflessness, calm, patient to a degree, which quidnuncs, for the most part fools, mistake for callousness. He treated the Parliament Extension Bill and the Registration question as if it was the simplest thing in the world, admitting of only one solution in which all will naturally agree. I am not sure this has not been his *chef d'œuvre*. I daresay Salisbury may spit a bit, but he is a good fellow—even when he spits. Carson, who was by way of being the Opposition protagonist, had really nothing to say, and, amid loud laughter, said “he should wait and see.” The Registration Bill, they say, has no friends—what it is I know not. How they propose to give votes to soldiers and sailors at war I know not. Then there are the women who Sir J. Simon says are as brave as the men—in some ways braver, but this does not qualify them for the vote. Tom Sayers, the prize-fighter, or Gully of sixty or seventy years ago were brave men, but this courage didn't qualify them for the Archbishopric of Canterbury—but we “must wait and see.”

The King has returned, having been in the trenches. As one soldier said to another: “If the Boche knew who was here they'd turn on like they did two days ago.” The visit seems to have been in every way a very great success and I'm so glad. H.M. indeed does his best.

Aug. 17th to 19th. A lovely walk over the moors, a

view of Ben y Gloe, the Atholl Deer Forest and over hill after hill and moor after moor—divine—a long, but not difficult walk, grouse getting up at one's feet quite close to the track—but I never see an eagle here.

The struggles on the Somme go on, but we keep our gains. But I hear on the best authority that the Russians in Mesopotamia are being hunted out of the advance posts they held, or hold, by the Turks. In the late hill battle the Turks lost half their force of 18,000—i.e. about 9,000 killed, wounded and prisoners.

Aug. 20th. I complete my 60th year to-day. Good God!! 61 to-day. At this age Mr. Gladstone was in the second year of his great Ministry, 1868–74, when, as Childers told me years after, they were all young and could all work.

Aug. 21st to 24th. A report of a Naval scrap—we have lost two small cruisers; all saved in one and three missing from t'other—caused by torpedoes. We rammed one submarine and believe we sank another. And a submarine has come in, saying it twice attacked a German battleship and twice hit her, and when the submarine came up again, having fled from the protecting cruisers, the battleship was not to be seen.

Parliament up and all agree in thinking Ministers have got out much better than was expected. The Coalition is going stronger than ever. Birrell, Selborne, and Winston gone. At the time of the Irish crisis and after the close of the active rebellion it looked as if it might break up. Everything seemed to me to depend on Lansdowne who, as I expected, behaved like a gentleman and a patriot. He saw things in their true proportion and stayed and, coupled with Asquith's unsurpassable skill, saved the situation. It was believed Long would have gone—but he stayed. Sel-

borne acted with precipitation—but however that may be, there the Coalition is—and well it is.

Aug. 25th. Very wet. Last night we heard various explosions at Pitlochry—Zeppelins—Germans, etc.—it turns out that some new spirit was being tested at the local garage!!

Aug. 26th to 28th.—I hear from London that they had a long Zeppelin vigil on the 24th—11.30 to 3.30—and that the damage done was far greater than reported. At Deptford the electric generating station was hit and caused stoppage of trains (electric) on the Brighton line—a large flour store was also wrecked, and it is rumoured that Greenwich Station is no more. A bomb caused damage and loss of life among wooden huts erected at Blackheath for Woolwich munition workers. A large number of horses were on the heath, going to the Front; they broke loose and tore madly about the locality. The extraordinary thing is that the damage was done where our most powerful guns are. I think the guns are futile—they don't hit the Zeppelins or, if a stray bit of shell does hit, it does no effective damage unless the engine or a vital part is struck, and the chances of that are a million to one.

A man who is supposed to have seen this Zeppelin says it was so high as to look the size of a cigar and was out of gun range—this again is imagination to my mind. The truth, I believe, is that this Zepp had luck and did hit something other than a field or a church.

My pouches are full of rotten plays and revues—really the twaddle is contemptible—a smart thing in which Gaby des Lys acts—but she wants looking after.

Aug. 29th to 30th. The "Scotsman" announces Rumania has come in on our side—this should be a matter of first

importance, and whatever other effect it may have, it must interfere with supplies even if they can't cut off the Turks, and it may hasten the degradation of that nation of ogres.

Whitridge neglected to register his arrival here and consequently we have had a police inquiry—and not very polite at that, in fact rude to the last degree. I don't know what the law is in Scotland, but if it was England I'd have some one over the coals.

The papers publish rather veiled agonized shrieks and curses from Berlin over Rumania, and one interesting article has appeared as to the doings of our auxiliary trawler fleet and the way it protects us against German submarines—100,000 fishermen, etc.—a noble, self-sacrificing work which I hope will be adequately recognized. I saw some of them at Deal last week—many from East coast (Norfolk).

A farmer over by the golf links told me he had shot six stags with a shot gun; they were destroying his turnips and had come from Atholl's forest.

Aug. 31st to Sept. 4th. On September 2nd London was again raided by Zeppelins—thirteen or fourteen of them. One was brought down in flames near Enfield. The papers report no military damage.

Greece seems almost in a state of revolution—rumours of abdication of the King, who is said to be ill, but whether he went away in care of 300 Uhlans as reported, or not, cannot be said.

Sept. 5th to 10th. Lieutenant Robinson, who brought down the Zeppelin, has been decorated with the V.C. by H.M.

Hindenburg has replaced the late man as the Chief of General Staff in Germany with, it is said, supreme powers: he has been on a tour on the West—i.e. Verdun, and I daresay his inspection may have included the Somme. But

while he may be their best man, he is not a magician, and he cannot stave off the results economic, as well as the constant all-round steady and inevitable pressure exercised by all the Allies.

Meanwhile the Germans advertise a great victory over the Rumanians—two generals, 20,000 men prisoners and a fortified town taken, but after a day or two this is said by Allies to be all exaggeration as there were not so many troops in the place. I expect Rumania had a knock—but also we cannot expect to march straight through.

Sept. 11th. I hear the Archbishop of Canterbury, when Parliament rose, went to the French Front.

The prices being realized by farmers for stock are enormous—a black-faced ram fetched £300 ten days ago and two at Perth £167 and £180—lambs, usually 23s., sell for 47s. and 52s. and all else in proportion—oats instead of 22s. fetch 28s. The hay here (N.B.) was splendid and the harvest is the same—the late weather has been the best for getting it in. They say the harvest in Germany has been first rate too and all got—of this I'm not so sure—it is likely, but one can't believe a word said.

Humphry Ward, from his Oxford point of view, deplores the feeling that must and will exist in regard to Germany, German scientists and German books—e.g. for the last thirty years all the real research work has been done by Germans. In his tutor days reading with pupils at Oxford he always had to refer them to German authorities and books for research. When Germans undertook a subject they visited every library, public and often private, in pursuance of their object—British Museum, S. Kensington, Oxford and Cambridge, Manchester, etc., etc.—thorough to the last degree. Englishmen, as he said, would not take that trouble and preferred to pay Germans to do it for 'em. Now they will have to do it for themselves *if they can.*

H

Sept. 12th. A certain Colonel was some time ago tried by Court Martial and cashiered, what for I know not; I suppose an error of judgment which might be otherwise interpreted. He joined the French Foreign Legion, which I understand is the roughest of the rough—his gallantry was such that he was decorated by the French Government, kissed on both cheeks by General Joffre and has now been reinstated as Lieutenant-Colonel in his regiment—very good indeed.

Sept. 13th to 24th. The National Liberal Club and the Constitutional Club, two political caravanserais, have been taken over by Government as Record Offices. I wanted the Committee of the former to propose it long ago. There seem to have been protests by some members, but Lincolnshire, the President, with more than his usual skill, which is saying much, has managed the affair, and difficulty and protest, if any, disappeared. Just as well, as there is no option but to agree. There is a spiteful article in the "Daily Mail" about Pacificists and Little Navyites.

On the 20th we went to Eastbourne, where we arrived at a lodging, an execrable place, every door and window opens and shuts with a shriek and a squeak as if it were having its favourite tooth out. The stairs are pitch dark. Food!!! I took some wine from Hatch Mansfield, I derive no pleasure from it. The air is superb, better than Mansfield's Extra Dry and far cheaper. I am rapidly becoming a teetotaller. The landlady is the cook, save the mark! There is one slavey who is housemaid, parlourmaid, everything, including boots I believe, combined. What a mercy for these people the Insurance, etc., Acts. As for valeting, of course there is none, but my wants are few. However, Nelly spends most of her day busily buying food, and having sent for towels, dusters from home for her, having bought cans, etc., etc., all is well. The

books I brought from the Libraries are for the most part unreadable. However, I get up very early and come down to the sitting-room with three open windows, room bathed in sunshine, a large jorum of coffee made by ourselves, smokes and paper; I am all right and I think existence divine.

This last week the Somme battles have continued with renewed and increased vigour. The death roll is terrible. Asquith's eldest son, Raymond, one of the most brilliant creatures, has been killed. He was very popular indeed. Playing bridge with the Prime Minister a month or two ago he told me the last thing he ever thought of was Raymond in the Grenadier Guards. On one occasion his legal knowledge and practice was of use to a brother officer who was tried by Court Martial. The prisoner could not have a Counsel but he could have a "prisoner's friend." Raymond Asquith played the part, tore the case of the prosecution to ribands, annihilated the prosecutor and won hands down. After that he was known as the Darling of the Guards. Poor Prime Minister! This in addition to all the weight he has to shoulder!

Feversham, who, I believe, was a really good and useful man, young Edmonstone, Francis Knollys' son-in-law, Bertie Laurence's second son—first killed already—Henderson's son also killed and hundreds of others. But they have not laid down their lives for nothing this time, the gains have been great and important all along the lines. The British sprang a great surprise on the enemy. They have now some huge armoured motors, land men-of-war, which according to accounts are so constructed that they can cross chasms and trenches and mow down small trees in their stride as it were. They were, I believe, constructed by the Daimler Company. They effected for the moment a great moral blow on the enemy, and the Germans, it is said, are protesting to the Geneva Red Cross that they are

not instruments of civilized warfare. Not bad after all the frightfulness! Lloyd George in a speech said the praise for forcing these conveyances on the Army Council belongs to Winston Churchill.

The Guards Division were right up in the late engagement and suffered very heavily. The Londoners (pure Cockneys) behaved with the greatest gallantry. Before they entered the Army their principal weapon had been the pen, which though said to be mightier than the sword is not so in the trenches and needs a very different training. Every kind of the simplest heroism is shown by all.

At Eastbourne there are a vast number of convalescent soldiers, all I've seen looking very well, and they are of such a good class, nearly every one looks like a gentleman. The moral and spirit of our troops is splendid indeed, beyond all praise; to praise is impertinent.

This place is crowded, though the season is over, lodgings and everything at famine prices and not good at that.

Sept. 25th to 26th. Last night about eleven our lights began to go low and then out. This meant local notice that Zepps were on the move. I had to finish getting to bed in the dark as happened at school. Nelly heard a roar in the night and said she knew it was a Zeppelin. The same roar was going on at 7 a.m. to-day, it turned out to be the water running in and the draught by the window. We did hear an aeroplane rolling North, I suppose to scene of action. But the raiders did have a regular go as we discovered in the morning. Twelve machines came, killed about thirty or forty, and injured between ninety and a hundred innocent unarmed people and children. Two Zeppelins brought down this time by gunfire. A good deal of damage done at and about Streatham. The lights in the street are shrouded, but the tram lights remained and a Zepp went each side of the track destroying houses.

One soldier arrived from the Front this morning and found his mother and sister killed, his father senseless and dying, and the house demolished. One Zepp fell in flames and all the crew are dead, the other let itself down and the men are prisoners. Their officer is said to have asked for a telephone office to give himself up and said, "I suppose I am about six miles from so-and-so?" He was right.

London is very much excited by the raid, and small wonder. It is said of the Zeppelin that alighted—it was dark of course—the officer and men jumped out as soon as it touched ground; they had revolvers which they let off to empty them and then threw away. A policeman or Special Constable heard the shots and went in their direction, met the party, talked to them, blew his whistle and "surrounded" them; another constable came and together they took the party to "safety."

Sept. 27th. I was all day in London; Nelly here having a day of pleasure: a long walk on the Downs, saw four aeroplanes, two seaplanes, the airship, the pack of beagles hunting and Captain Kettle dive. London, of course, very full still of the Raid, but its notoriety only lasts a day or so, things succeed things so rapidly. It seems the Zepps nearly made a coup at Sheffield. I am told five bombs were dropped on munition factories, but none exploded—if true, one of the luckiest things that ever happened. It is said the Zepps followed the Scotch express, the railway people refusing to stop it without orders, and just after it left Sheffield the bombs were dropped. Local feeling in Sheffield very bitter and they swore they would tear up the line.

Had lunch with one of my most prominent colleagues. Government is well satisfied with the doings on the Somme. They have so far done—and a little more—what they laid themselves out to do in the early spring and during last

winter; but as for the end being in sight—never was greater nonsense talked. Apparently we have now got the superiority in guns and ammunition and perhaps in men, and our moral rises as the enemy's, for the moment, dissolves, but Germany's position is tremendous. She has nearly all Belgium, Serbia and Russian Poland, and she will sit still and, as she is saying in Belgium, turn us out. Meanwhile this country steels itself more and more, its spirit is magnificent. The lists of casualties are, of course, awful. What sacrifices made by all! The Coldstreams have suffered terrifically—how many times per cent they have been killed—officers and men—it is impossible to say!

The Reichstag opened yesterday. The Chancellor spoke bitterly of Rumania joining the Entente, but as far as reports go there is no account of uproarious proceedings.

Sept. 28th. The "Daily Chronicle" has an excellent and graphic correspondent in Philip Gibbs. His accounts of the battle of the Somme have always been of very great interest. He has admirably described the amazing system of underground labyrinths which allowed of parties of Germans, left behind by their main force, being able to fire by machine guns at the rear of our troops at Thiépval. Of course the Germans ultimately had no chance, but their action was extremely disconcerting. There was no limit to these underground passages, all made by the 180th Regiment, and the Germans were very proud of them and called it their underground world. Thiépval was thought to be impregnable, and nearly was so, *but* our men beat it and the Tank played a great part. It underwent a great attack by machine guns, Germans swarming all over it, battering it, shooting at it, but making no impression on it. At last it was liberated by our infantry and then waddled away. It stuck once or twice, but kept on grunting along.

Such is the fancy of the modistes to be up to date, that now they advertise a Zeppelin Nightgown.

"The Zeppelin Nightgown."

"If the Moving Finger has written your death sentence, it does not much matter when the Zeppelins come whether you stay snugly in bed, or descend to the cellar, or take shelter in an improvised dug-out consisting of a shallow trench in the garden, roofed in by the kitchen table and a couple of mattresses. But it *is* important that, wherever you are, you should feel as comfortable as possible; otherwise you are in danger from shocks and chills and other unpleasant after-effects. So the Zeppelin nightgown is inevitable. The idea really comes from America, where it was invented for autumn camping-out. The garment buttons up to the throat, is cut something like a coat frock, has a hood, pockets on either side at the hem into which you can thrust your feet, and is made either of the finest flannel or a very thick crêpe-de-chine."

At luncheon Crewe, who sat next to me at the Turf Club, was very interesting about the war, its duration, K. of K., etc., etc. Kitchener, it seems, thought our staying power and superiority would be really asserting themselves in summer 1917!!! That all this Somme business had been planned carefully of course and that we had not only realized anticipations, but had done more. Meanwhile we keep creeping on.

A paragraph in a German paper seems to show that Germany first of all thought of the "Tanks" and that ours are feeble imitations.

Sept. 30th. To-day I spent a most interesting, instructive two hours at the Convalescent Camp of 3,000 men, run by Col. Bostock, who is a remarkable man. He has found the keystone of the situation from arrival to departure of his men—the human element, which he runs for all it's worth. How different is the treatment of soldiers now to forty-three years ago when I was gazetted, and how different *the class* of soldier. They all look like gentlemen. The whole system was explained, also his administration, the

expenses of feeding, bill of fare, economy of fat, all shown to us—the fat we extract from the odds and ends sells for 35*s.* per cwt., which goes to make glycerine. And his Quartermaster, Captain Paynton, a dug-out of 40 years' service, returns now over £1,000 per month out of saving. Last year (not a full year) he returned £7,000 or £8,000—the saving is thus increasing. There are workshops of various kinds, gardens run by the soldiers, and a very large massage establishment whose early days were fostered, indeed it was started, by Mrs. Almeric Paget. The various "streets" between tents are of course Park Lane, Ypres, etc., etc., and several huts have been painted by the men, and well at that—in this army they have men of every profession, and among them signboard painters. I believe they were beaten when they sought out a piano tuner. The men have route marches when fit and we saw eight or nine hundred played in by the band, having had a 9-mile trudge—the band playing them out and playing them in. It was an exceedingly profitable, well-spent morning.

To Beachy Head as usual and lovely stroll down. Some tiresome plays. Gaby des Lys is more trouble to me than all my money and will be the death of me.

A holiday of four days has been given to Woolwich munition workers, which is good for them and enables the machinery to be overhauled. There are a very large number of them here, and the sea is studded with rowing boats, while shilling emetics, sailing and electric, are doing an immense trade. We see motor chars-à-bancs crammed on the way to Beachy Head. These fellows, men and women, deserve a holiday indeed!

Oct. 1st. Alas! the Summer Time Bill has worked itself out by now. A Committee has been appointed to consider how far the new arrangement should be modified. It has been delightful, at any rate from my point of view, and to

my infinite regret we return to Greenwich. I suppose this is in the interest of the milkmaids, by which I mean agriculture, which I hope may profit by the change, but I think it might have been postponed a fortnight.

Oct. 2nd. A Zeppelin was brought down last night near London, many airships, no damage—none at any rate reported.

Rumania has had a great licking apparently, allowed Bavarians to get round and take them in rear and flank.

All day spent in packing, never such a move for me, for I had to do it all myself for myself. A terrible day, like that of a S.W. monsoon.

Oct. 3rd. We left Eastbourne, the weather holding for the departure—train crowded, our parcels endless, a regular case of a family removing, cans, kettles, utensils of all descriptions. I felt like a tinker shifting.

News of another Zeppelin brought down near Potter's Bar. Eight or nine had invaded us.

Oct. 4th to 6th. There are, of course, varieties of pictures and diagrams of the fallen Zeppelin. On the day of the first victim the roads were impassable for carriages and motors full of sightseers, the railways almost unapproachable. Every one took away a bit of aluminium, nickel or what-not as mementoes, and consequently no harvest of the precious aluminium was reaped, and the farmer on whose fields (certainly two) it fell filled his stockings by admitting sightseers at a bob a nob. However, on the last two occasions as soon as people were about, and went to the scene of action, they found authority had woken up to the value of the prize, the site was surrounded by soldiers and special constables, and they could get no nearer than a mile or more. The Government, I believe, have generously

given the wire, which means tons, to the Red Cross to make up and sell as mementoes in aid of their Funds.

During my day in London I read and passed a variety of plays, the piffle is beyond words, but there was one bit of Irish Drama, by the author of the "Man who stayed at Home," good; everything else miserable.

Each night here, Barley End, Tring, I hear guns going. I understand the idea is to get the boys in the Camp at Halton accustomed to the din, and I'm also told that at the end of October all lights in London are to be shrouded at 5 p.m. as the Zeppelins may be expected at that time and onwards.

My cousin, Vicar of Shotesham, Norfolk, seven miles south of Norwich, writes he has the Zeppelins constantly over him but singularly little damage done. But on one farm six horses were killed one night by bombs and a huge hole made in the road close to the house at Easton. How strange it seems that such things should be in that quiet little place that I've known every corner of all my life.

Oct. 7th to 10th. To Prestwold, Loughborough, a modest little shoot—interesting and very pleasant indeed. One man, Haggatt, late R.A., who had lost one son and certainly one more wounded, said that he had raised in and about Leicester three howitzer batteries, that in eleven and a half months and with 1,200 men he never had one "drunk," and when they went abroad there was not a single absentee. There are great munition works all around, notably an aerodrome at Loughborough.

On our way to Loughborough we stayed an hour at Rugby and made a lightning visit to the school, called on the Headmaster, Dr. David, who of course was out, through the Headmaster's house, and Nelly peeped into the awesome study where her grandfather, Dr. Arnold, in the early forties, sat and administered stern justice; then through

the School House passage, past my study, down the dark staircase, down which we used to race to get in time for big school at 7 a.m., through "hall" to big school, where calling over had just finished, found an assistant master, Mr. N. W. Wilson, who was very kind and took us to the Chapel and through the close to the new Big School, all very interesting and a well-spent hour.

A letter from John Gladstone who hears of the amazing work of the Tanks and the way they barge through entanglements of every description. Hedworth Lambton (Meux) tells me he has lost at Theobalds three quite valuable yearlings by bombs, etc., and his stud ran away all over the country beside themselves; ten or twelve bombs dropped on his stud farm.

At the opening of Parliament, Asquith made an admirable statement, ending with allusions to our sacrifices, giving freely what we could least afford, which, under the circumstances of his own son's death, greatly moved the House and even "The Times" was civil about him.

The *Olympic*, with Camden and his West Kent Yeomanry, 7,000 on board, had an exciting time being chased by a submarine. The *Olympic* got two 12-pounders trained, lined the side with machine guns, and put on full speed zigzag; happily they saw no more of submarine, at which they had two or three shots; the weather was very calm, and the submarine disappeared, though unlikely to be hit. Had there been a catastrophe not a third could have been saved. When the *Olympic* arrived at Mudros they were asked, who are you? They were not expected and it was nearly a week before they were landed and dispersed, each of the three brigades going to a different place.

Oct. 11th to 16th. The Somme struggle slowly but surely continues and indications of many kinds show the

difficulties of the enemy, but he will fight on. Letters, diaries, reports found on prisoners and picked up all tell the same tale, especially as to the results of our artillery. We are now slowly approaching Bapaume, but this is a terrific job, weather so much against us, the soft ground, owing to heavy rains, making moving heavy guns a matter of the utmost difficulty, and the Germans are trying to get out of range. Meanwhile we have—French and English—taken 70,000 prisoners and large numbers of guns of all sorts since July 1st.

The Italian reports for what they are worth, say that they are within twelve miles of Trieste. We so often heard a similar report as to Gorizia, but it held out for a year or more.

The vivid story of Gallipoli, by Masfield, tells us graphically what went on. The tales of sacrifice by those from every quarter of the Empire, English, Irish, Scots, Australian, New Zealanders, Maoris, Indians, are wonderful reading, but in places so painful. The positions won read as impossible to win and the ingenious devices of the Turks suggested and carried out by their German overmasters are striking, but one phrase from the mouth of a Turk, if true, spoke a volume. "The Germans, no; English, yes; we have chosen the wrong friends." The accounts of battles, the carrying of stores, ammunition, water, the start from Mudros of the troops, the three battles at last all so near yet short of victory, the help expected from the Suvla army which did not come, make pages of history; the sufferings of the heroes and the lonely deaths, the struggles in the dark, the heat, the cold, make one's heart bleed. Victory seemed so near. I suppose politically the sacrifice was necessary, but what a sacrifice it was! Surely for effort, overwhelming difficulty, heroism, there is nothing in any history, military or other, to approach it. All should read this book.

General Lake's despatch on Kut and its surrender is out. Again a history of heroic efforts entailing colossal sufferings and failure to relieve Kut. The physical difficulties of floods, etc., and deficiencies of the necessary means to counteract them are again the story; incomplete units sent out and so little apparently foreseen. One thing arises clear cut and it is the lie given to those who croak over our decadence, especially of our youth, and to the tedious *Laudator temporis acti*. Never have more superb qualities been shown by any race.

There has been a terrific storm in N.B., in Argyll and Inverness-shire. It is said 430 tons of rain fell in twelve hours, bridges broken and streams full of dead sheep and deer and debris of every kind—very hard on the crofters—Craig cut off, and coming through Inverness-shire the prospect was that of a sea. The West Highland Railway is wrecked in several places and bridges swept away; Fort William isolated.

The war reports are of slow, but steady progress. Slow it is, the Germans stick to every inch. Every officer comes home in highest spirits, the number of German prisoners of war now well exceeds that of English prisoners of war.

Oct. 17th to 25th. Grumbles rumbling about Lloyd George and the War Office. I hope he may not prove himself a Bull in a China Shop. I'm told the soldiers are cross with him: it will not do if he mixes himself up in army matters of which he knows nothing. Again he is said to be what he calls reorganizing the service of King's Messengers. The General in charge is displaced, and he has established Sir Eric Geddes, lately knighted, at its head with about thirty clerks in a Château. This is administration and may or may not be right, but if Lloyd George goes interfering with Haig, he is abrogating Haldane's principle, already too much set aside by K., of

keeping distinct administration on the one hand, and tactics, strategy, discipline, etc., etc., on the other. Haldane schooled himself into being a very great administrator, while Lloyd George is none at all—or at any rate has never shown himself so to be.

I continue to hear great complaints of the way Tribunals work. The local bodies made up of farmers, grocers, etc., do lots of log-rolling, i.e. they let their neighbours' men off, knowing that in time their own will be similarly discharged.

Rumania is ruined. The enemy has got Constanza, the Black Sea port, which means oil and wine, and really what is more useful, wheat—the consequences of this may be far-reaching and will help to prolong matters.

Oct. 26th. Walking with Haldane from the Lords to his house we were beset just outside the entrance of House of Lords by five or six infuriated women who kept on yelling "Traitor! go back to your spiritual home!" etc., etc., all the way from House of Lords to 28, Queen Anne's Gate. A sleepy policeman came, but if the women had meant it they could easily have assaulted Haldane. I never was more surprised than at this outrage; he said he had protested to the police, and I have written to Commissioner of Police to tell him of the circumstance. Two days ago he was covered with dust or powder. He said, with a sad grin, "I am getting accustomed to this kind of thing, but," he added pathetically, "I don't like having my clothes spoilt." I had never considered Haldane as a Beau Brummel before. One day he had 2,600 abusive and threatening letters, and this is the man to whom England owes everything as regards the Army, to which ample testimony is borne by Field-Marshal French! Never has there been a greater or more shameful injustice done. I had tea with Haldane and a very interesting talk for over

half an hour. But these women, there is no word bad enough for them!

To-day Arnold Whitridge was received by His Majesty and decorated with the Military Cross. His Majesty was so gracious and kind and talked to him for ten minutes about war, guns, ammunition, America, the Presidential election, etc. The boy and, of course, his family enchanted.

Oct. 27th. The enemy raided the Channel with the intention of interrupting our transport service, with fourteen destroyers. They lost two, and probably others damaged. We lost one destroyer, the *Flirt* and many of her crew, had another damaged which was towed in; the *Queen*, an empty transport, was sunk, crew saved.

Went at duty's call to the Alhambra to see the Bing Boys. Nothing else could have taken me there: not indecent, but in places vulgar and, to my mind, tedious to the last degree and idiotic, no pretty music. However, the house was crammed and business done for six months immense and continuing, but it all shows how decadent is public taste. Lots of soldiers in the stalls, and in the galleries or circles crowds of excellent second-class people, all enjoying it hugely. George Robey and Lester, Comedians, the draw. It is there that a female orchestra is being tried.

Oct. 28th to 30th. Haldane told me on the walk when we encountered the women, that Von Donop, the head of the Ordnance, told him he met a lady at dinner who said she could never forgive Haldane for reducing the Artillery. Von Donop: "But he did not." Lady: "I know he did." Von Donop: "But I am the head of the Artillery and I know that not only did he not reduce it, but he all but doubled it for the Expeditionary Force," and added, "one hundred and fifty batteries for the Territorials, indeed he

quadrupled it." Lady: "Oh yes, I know all about it, it's your loyalty makes you say that. I know he did reduce it!!!" As Von Donop said, "You couldn't argue with a fellow like that."

I told Albemarle to read "Vindication of Great Britain" and he said he would, and said he had a great appreciation for Haldane and liked him. "But why, oh why did he reduce the Artillery by one hundred batteries?" I told him the truth. He said he'd take it from me, but he thought I must be mistaken. I told him he could find it all in official figures. He promised to read the book. And this is the way the best and most useful man in England has been vilified and traduced.

There is a great deal of gossip and muttering, led by an Admiral's letter in "Times," as to the amazing discrepancy between the German and English accounts of the Naval action in the Channel, vague assertions that our Admiralty is not telling the truth. I hope for something from A. J. B. to-morrow, as there is sure to be a question or two in the House of Commons. Hitherto the Admiralty have not been happy in their communiqués.

Interviews with Home Office and Charity Commissioners in view of Charity Bills in House of Lords, where the Commissioners have no representatives, so the Home Office, which for the moment means me, has to undertake it. Very interesting.

Oct. 31st. It turns out that the sinking of two Germans is not much better than a sort of rumour from a trawler. "Reason to believe," nothing could be more lame. I suppose the Admiralty having been criticized for being too cautious re Jutland, now err in the other direction. Of course the other thing was true: that we lost one destroyer and another was disabled and towed in, but also six drifters were sunk—these are fishing boats for mines, nets and

other purposes. The town is agog because of this raid, but if the truth were known it may well be that the Germans have been there before, only this time a dark night and bad weather favoured them; as far as I can make out they were eight or ten against three or four and our ships not remarkable at that. These things will happen. The Admiralty is a close borough; as Lord Salisbury said, the Navy is the darling service of the country, but a little more light and air would be very useful, and tend to better administration. I hear very many complaints, also, of roughness. I question if it is any better than the War Office; but whereas every one is a bit of a soldier and has been for generations—regular militia and volunteers—and can ask absurd questions which help to keep people up to the mark, no one knows anything—except sailors—about a ship except where the spittoon is, and sailors are splendidly loyal.

Nov. 1st to 4th. The Rumanian news is better, it is supposed Russia has rushed up. The Bridge Head said to have been taken is, I understand, a system of viaducts over marshes—valuable indeed I expect from the strategic point of view. Of course Austria has, as usual, lost thousands of prisoners (Italian reports). Haig's reports are modest. The weather has interfered; fog and swamp handicap operations by land and air, and no news comes through. The French victory at Verdun appears of greater significance than ever.

I've taken a great deal of trouble about my covey of twelve Bills on behalf of the Charity Commissioners. They are interesting. I hope I shan't make a mess of them, which is more than likely.

George Lambton trained the winner of the Cambridge-shire and also preceding races for D'Abernon. I'd backed George's horses for twenty years and of course did not do

so on this occasion. Hedworth won two races and George won a third, and Green won a race, he trains for the stable which was in charge of poor Frank (Pickles) Lambton—a good Lambton week!

William Taylor, my butler thirty years ago and more, and now Head Steward (?) for Directors at Gresham House, E.C., came to see me. A very good old fellow. He had had a telegram from the King and wanted to know how to answer it. His son had been killed, Lieutenant in the London Rifle Brigade.

The Duke of Roxburghe is a Lieutenant in the Blues; one of his shepherds joined a Scotch Regiment as a private and is now a Captain; Bumble Roxburghe ought to salute him!!!

Nov. 5th to 7th. A tremendous gale sprang up last night, and to-day is one of the very worst days I've seen in London. This rain, while bad enough here, is awful in France on the Somme. The trenches are veritable canals, men are drowned in them and the mud is so bad that a battalion going to rest took "hours" to go two miles. I fancy it is up to their knees, and one night the wind went round and there were 7 degrees of frost, and there were these wretched men, wet through, caked with mud. Meanwhile we manage to get on, though, of course, progress is all but impeded. The Verdun victory is more productive than at first gathered.

The squabble goes on in the House of Commons about Air and Admiralty. How quickly the hero of the hour becomes the target of ignorant criticism. Nothing was good enough for A. J. B. when he first assumed the Admiralty, now nothing is bad enough for him, but he can take care of himself. M.P.'s are anxious to make known their own fads, but are very jealous of others, e.g. Outhwaite was howled down this evening and a very good job too. Our

Constitution, though very safe, does not suit a real war, and the wretched Ministers who have to conduct the Departments are badgered to death by a pack of fools. Even Derby with all his energy and cheery good will can't be in two places at once, and I had to read his reply to a Question for him to-day in the House of Lords as he had to leave. I made a little speech about my covey of Charity Bills; it seemed nothing, but I had to take a lot of trouble.

I went with Elphinstone to his office (Munitions) in Whitehall Place, where he went from House of Lords to put away his tall hat. The building is a new one and joins the Hotel Metropole which Government have commandeered for offices. His room is a second-floor bedroom of the hotel.

Nov. 9th to 13th. As regards the election for the President of the United States, there seems no doubt that Wilson, Democrat, is re-elected. It leaves me cold, except on the adage "Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know."

The Lord Mayor's Banquet was very much the same as usual, though it struck me that it was better attended by high personages. I was well placed between Mr. Justice McCardie, a cheery little bird, and Hardinge. Fisher got the best reception. I could hardly hear the speeches except A. J. B. and the Lord Chancellor, who was very good indeed. The Chief Justice was good also; he was close to me. He took me back as far as the Turf Club, and was very interesting, in the few minutes we had in the motor, about his trip to America, with two others, to negotiate the First Loan. He said the difficulties were very great, the main one arising from the fact that the U.S.A. had never issued a loan to a foreign country before.

To His Majesty's Theatre to see the piece which Smith Dorrien says is indecent. He is wrong again. The best

way to judge of a piece is to observe the audience, in this case an admirable sample of a successful show's audience, most excellent class of respectable people—smart set absent—the house was packed and has been so for weeks. I thought it tedious and felt so ill I went away after two hours, but it is *not* indecent. A great show of colour, and it is true some slaves might have more clothes on their backs, but there is nothing indecent or suggestive in it whatever. I was bored with the thing, but I am old.

Nov. 14th to 18th. The Battenberg wedding—Prince George, R.N., son of Louis, and Countess Nada Torby, in the Chapel Royal—was very pretty and bright, and a love match. Leaving the Chapel, Bluejackets hitched ropes to the motor-car and dragged the couple up St. James's Street. Four Queens were present—Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the lately deposed King and Queen of Portugal and Queen Amélie. The Chancel where they sat was very full and crowded, the more so as the Queen, to the King's great amusement, was found to be sitting on two chairs. The show was admirably arranged by Osgood (Lord Chamberlain's Deputy), every one finding their seats. The Grand Duke gave Osgood a very good cigarette case in recognition of his untiring energy and good humour—it was well earned.

There are very circumstantial stories from diplomats and others as to scarcity of bread in Berlin; and the most cruel tales of Belgians in pen cattle trucks being taken away from home to Germany and elsewhere to work, and throwing out notes or scraps, saying where they are being taken, in hopes they may reach their relatives.

There is a nice story of Cavan, when General of a Brigade or Division. He saw a soldier without a hat going in the direction of No Man's Land. Cavan asked what he was after and the private said he had lost his hat and his C.O.

had told him to go and find it. It was certain death, so Cavan gave the man his own hat, and told him to tell the C.O. that he had the General's hat and that the following morning if the C.O. liked to call for Cavan they would go together and look for the missing one.

The views of certain Churchmen and others being that young soldiers are demoralized by the plays and revues (the greatest rubbish, in my view), I have been thinking what could be done to keep a better look out as to variety in gag, putting in stuff directed to be left out, and so on. I had a conference with the Home Office authority, who did not agree with my suggestion that perhaps local mayors might be circularized. It was said, and with reason, that the only available agency would be the police, which for more than one reason would be obviously objectionable, so I made a suggestion that perhaps I might work through the Provost Marshals. This was thought good if I could get the War Office to agree. I went across and talked the thing out, conversation resulting in concurrence. I formulated a letter to the War Office, and showed it to the King who very cordially approved, so there it is "in case."

Announcement to-day that "The Times" is to cost $1\frac{1}{2}d$. in future.

Two Bills were introduced this week, one for Pensions, Henderson, who is to be the Minister for Pensions, introducing it. I hope the plans may work, but pensions are matters of administrative order and system. There is to be a Board of officials from three departments, but while I believe the Admiralty are represented, the sailors do not come into the scheme. The Admiralty set and those to do with them are difficult. I expect on the other hand there are good reasons for the sailors not coming into the scheme on the principle of let well alone. The Navy is a small family compared with the Army, and the savings, according to Macnamara's speech, enormous.

The other Bill is to constitute a control on Food, the counterpart of the German Food Dictator. Runciman introduced the Bill in an admirable speech. The Controller is not yet nominated. I don't envy him, whoever he is. They say in Germany they are out with shot guns after their Food Dictator. They call him the "First Lord of the Larder."

Ladies now drive motors; one, well known, put out her hand as a sign she was pulling up and a man seized and kissed it. She complained to a policeman, who gravely replied, "We can't take no notice of nothing of that kind above the waist."

We continue to do well on the Somme and last week had a great success, but it's a case of "How long, O Lord, how long!" The weather last week was good, which was generally, they say, a help, but the early success was gained in a dense fog, on Monday the 12th. This is what the Russians tried to do at Inkerman.

When the King was giving honours yesterday, one D.S.O. was given to a Chaplain, and the King said, "There's the South African Medall!" The Chaplain said, "Yes, I was a private there." A V.C. was given to a man who by himself had "surrounded" and brought in over 100 German prisoners.

Nov. 19th. Arnold has arrived, after a very tempestuous voyage on the *St. Louis*, from New York. The one thing he told us about the Presidential Election was that Roosevelt, with whom he had lunch and who was a great supporter of Hughes, said the only difference between Hughes and Wilson could be removed by the barber. (Hughes has a very hirsute face.)

Nov. 20th. This day and hour in 1879 I arrived on my pleasure trip in Bombay to stay with Sir Max Melville, one

of the most distinguished of Indian Civil Servants, a judge of the High Court. His house on Malabar Hill was a "Chummery." One of the Chums was Sir Charles Sargant, the Chief Justice, who was the first to receive me when I arrived as Governor in 1895. Melville had suggested I should go out as Governor and he would be my Councillor. It was beyond the dreams of my ambition then, and when it came about poor Melville was dead.

Nov. 21st to 25th. The news from Rumania is very bad, and great fear is entertained that their granaries and oil supplies may fall into the enemy's hands.

This week the long-drawn-out tragedy of the Emperor of Austria's sixty-eight years' reign ends. He began his reign in bloodshed, he lost every war, his wife and sons were assassinated, and so he ends.

I learn from a South American quarter that the German submarines are very busy in their seas. Lately a skipper, after his ship was sunk, was taken on board a submarine and very well treated, but he was astonished at the size, comfort and convenience. There was a regular mess and they were waited on by men in a livery of sorts.

There is much underground grumbling about A. J. B. and Admiralty Administration, on the ground that when he retired from the leadership of the Unionists he said then he was too old and that was five years ago. Just for the moment a certain section has the jumps and the cry once more is for "a man." Poor man, in three months they'd want to hang him, whoever he is! The call for "the" man is a very common one, and, like many other very common things, idiotic.

In a certain sense socially matters have been agog this week: a restaurant made fashionable by a certain class and called *Ciro's*, after the well-known Monte Carlo Restaurateur, being raided by the police for selling drinks out of

hours. They were found with jugs full of champagne, called ginger beer. All sorts of people who should have known much better were there and I think their names should have been put in the papers. They deserve no consideration.

Nov. 26th to Dec. 3rd. We have had a very nervy week which has culminated in something like hysteria and every sort of rumour is afloat. The "Observer" (to-day, Dec. 3rd) has an article—Reconstruction or Crash (for Coalition). All one can do is to wait and see.

Asquith has had a cold. He had a long interview with the King yesterday and went into the country. A. J. B. has influenza. Meanwhile the Food Minister is not appointed and I believe five or six have refused it. The Man Power Bill or Scheme hangs fire. The Government were forced to change the basis of their pension scheme. Other hysterical persons shriek about the Air Board, and Charlie Beresford made a characteristic speech in the City. What suddenly developed after the House of Commons rose on Thursday I don't know, but I do know that I said to Chesterfield leaving the House of Lords on Thursday, that I was sure something was up to judge by Lansdowne's face!! Perhaps I was more right than I knew, and all we can do is to wait and see. One day, Derby made a manly speech in reply to a Question by Peel as to why General Clayton had been removed from post of chief of Communications in France and Sir E. Geddes put in; the underlying idea being that, which had been whispered about the town for weeks, it was a job of Lloyd George's. Derby blew it all to the winds. Haig had seen his—this—proposed answer. Geddes had been sent to report on roads, railroads, etc. Haig had seen his report, had cordially accepted it, and proposed that Geddes, a former manager of a great railway, had better come out to carry out his own

suggestions, which Geddes, much against his will, agreed to do. Derby also flatly contradicted all the rumours and smashed the intrigues going on for weeks as to Haig and Robertson, saying that the working and feeling was harmonious, and that the Army Council and War Council had complete confidence in Haig—in fact, a very useful speech.

As to roads. One friend says our roads are so bad owing to incompetent mending, and that you step off a road in English charge which is unusable on to a road in French charge which is like Piccadilly. Another friend, also just come back, says the French roads are quite as bad as the English. So you may take the information or leave it. But I do believe our roads, at any rate owing to rain, are practically not roads at all, but mud swamps; that our rails are unusable, and that if the Germans had retired or were to retire forty miles we could not follow them; but this country is always a swamp at this time.

Considerable commotion has been caused this week for twenty-four hours by a day air-raid over London. A bomb was dropped on the Victoria Music Hall near Victoria Station, one in a Mews between Belgrave and Eaton Squares and one in a baker's shop opposite Harrod's. It is said that the aeroplane was a captured English one, manned, of course, by Germans, and being of English pattern it escaped suspicion until it dropped its bombs. It was shot down at Dunkirk. It contained, it is said, two German Lieutenants with a large scale map of London, and it is conjectured it is the new Rolls-Royce, which on its first trip across the Channel lost its way and descended in the German lines, or behind them, and was, of course, promptly taken. Another reason for hysteria!

The bomb on the Victoria Music Hall, Butt, the licensee, tells me, fell on a 4-foot girder, and so little damage was done that the Music Hall opened the same evening; if it had missed the girder every seat would have been demolished,

and if the theatre had been filled all in the Auditorium would have been killed.

Early in the week there was a Zeppelin Raid in East and North-East England. Twenty Zeppelins said to have come and two were brought down and fell in the sea, both reduced by airmen. Four boys under twenty-one went for one of them, all Army planes; one fired at it, but his Lewis gun jammed owing to frost; it is said, another got within 200 ft. and fired at it, setting it on fire; another shot at it and another, being rather late, looped the loop by its side as it fell. I wish the authorities would publish this Report which I understand is accurate. I know a man who has seen it and who told me.

The King gave away a great many posthumous V.C.'s to relatives this week, to mothers, widows, etc.

The Government have taken over the South Wales coal-fields and have begun by yielding to the men's demand for 15 per cent. increase. And Derby brought in a Bill to aid the Volunteers; this is satisfactory. I had pressed the same thing on K.

So passed a very unpleasant week, ending in a possible crisis. The whole town is agog—as far as anyone takes interest in their proceedings—with possible reconstruction of the Government. One Sunday poster I saw about 4 p.m. was "Lloyd George Resigns!"

Dec. 4th. This morning there is a Communiqué from Asquith to say there is to be some reconstruction; the Harmsworth press say it is all Lloyd George's "push and go" and speculate on reduction and reconstruction of War Council—Carson and perhaps another Labour man to join.

A long stroll with a friend opened my eyes a good deal as to what has been going on—the gossip being that there has been afoot for a long time a deep intrigue to get rid of Asquith and to replace Haig by Ian Hamilton, but I

should have thought this would have been rectified by Derby's speech in House of Lords last week. Asquith will take some displacing, and if the House of Commons stand Lloyd George against Robertson—Haig *during a war*, I shall despair of my country or at any rate of the House of Commons. The truth to my mind is that the Secretary of State for War, except to reply to Questions in the House, is a fifth wheel on the coach. I believe the House of Commons is frightened, like an old woman with the influenza. The past week has been too much for their nerves, knots of excited busybodies and cranks talk themselves almost into hysterics. I wish the Prime Minister would say, "I run this show and to make sure I'll take a Vote of Confidence (getting some one to move it so that he could speak last); if you think you can manage better, vote against me."

Dec. 5th. Asquith's announcement in House of Commons was merely that His Majesty had consented to the reconstruction of the Government, and the House was adjourned till Thursday. He was, at rising, received with enthusiasm.

Amazing suggestions are put forward, e.g. that the new War Council is to be four: Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Carson and Henderson. This is funny enough, and the next proposal is that Asquith, Prime Minister, should not be actually a member but able to attend and see to anything. Again that the Unionist members of the Cabinet had written to him to say he must resign—jolly colleagues to go on with—but that after receiving a note from him they withdrew. Lansdowne was at Bowood.

Unless there is a redistribution A. J. B. gives up the Admiralty, e.g. the First Lord is not to be on the War Council, if not so serious it would be Gilbertian. I thought Derby had disposed of the gossip and intrigue which, he

said in so many words, were around the town. Then his intimates say, "Of course he'd say that, but who believes him!" On the other hand he is upheld by the Press as being the one honest man of the show. Such is the delight of being a Minister.

I wonder how long it will be before all now yelling for him are cursing Lloyd George. I can't say I feel great confidence in an hysterical Celt, and he has never proved himself a big man bar his speeches.

Bucharest is on the point of falling and pæans are being sung in Berlin.

The situation in Greece goes from bad to worse. "Grave words by British Minister." And that is as far as it goes at present.

Jellicoe has got the Order of Merit from the King and influenza from Beatty, a good double event.

Dec. 6th. Last night Asquith, after conference with his principal friends, resigned, so the Coalition comes to an end and with it Asquith's eight and a half years' Premiership. I can hardly think a Prime Minister has ever had such a time. Bonar Law summoned and declines. A conference of various Cabinet Ministers at Buckingham Palace resulted in Lloyd George undertaking to try to form a Government, which it is thought he will accomplish, of Conservative people in a small Cabinet. How the position will be improved it is difficult to see, except that Lloyd George improves his by being Prime Minister. So we are all out.

Asquith has cut a calm and fine figure, but what his life must have been—impending Civil War in Ireland, and then the greatest European war in history!

Dec. 7th to 8th. It is reported officially that Lloyd George has kissed hands, so he is busy forming a Govern-

ment. Rumours all round, but nothing more yet. It is true that the Labour party, by a majority of nine, have promised support. I believe they refused at first, but his silver tongue (he received them, or deputation of them), coupled with the promise of one place on the War Council, two in Cabinet and three Under Secretaries, won the day.

On the afternoon of the 6th the King held a Council or Conference at Buckingham Palace. He sat at head of table and presided, Lloyd George, A. J. B., Asquith, Henderson and some others present. Asquith, I believe, said he could serve under no one (I think him right). A. J. Balfour said he would serve under anyone and take *any* office so long as it was thought he could help. Asquith's principal colleagues decline. If Asquith doesn't retire he will still be the most powerful man in Parliament, like Peel in 1847.

Dec. 8th. To-day Asquith held a meeting of the Party at the Reform Club at noon; we all went there in force. Asquith made a speech on the highest level of patriotism, temperate and dignified, explaining to a certain extent the negotiations between him and Lloyd George. He commented cynically, while dissociating Lloyd George from this, on the matter becoming public, and adverted to the campaign of calumny; again dissociating Lloyd George, though he said it was done by his supporters. He said he would, from the front Opposition Bench, support the Government and aid it, and he counselled others to do the same without recrimination. It was a very fine exhibition. Grey (Edward) spoke, testifying to the anxieties of the past and to the courage of Lloyd George, the abilities of Bob Cecil and of A. J. Balfour—who, he understood, was to have the Foreign Office seals—and said the latter would deal with the Allies with sympathy. It was an interesting occasion. Asquith said he had not influenced his late colleagues individually or collectively as to joining the new

Government, his theme being that all must help in whatever capacity or whatever their powers by speech or act.

I sat next to Winston, who came in unobserved. How different to three years ago!!!

I strolled to the Club: a story of Lloyd George. He went to Shorncliffe and the Brigadier-General was asked to call on him by a mutual friend because he might like to play golf with him. No notice was taken till one day the Brigadier-General went home and found Mr. Lloyd George's card, on the back of which was written in pencil: "The Chancellor of the Exchequer requests your company at a Badger hunt at 9 a.m. to-morrow." An amazing invitation from any quarter and especially from a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The truth was the pet Bear of a Regiment had been lost and this was the search, but the bear had got so drunk on beer and eaten so much jam that he lay down and went to sleep and was easily taken two hundred yards from his lair early next morning. However, the Brigadier-General sent a similar invitation to the Chancellor of Exchequer in pencil to hunt a bear. The two met a few days after and Chancellor of Exchequer was much amused.

One story begets another. There is still alive a remarkable old General Tucker, notable for his violent language, as to which Kitchener said in South Africa he was not to use the telephone or the wire would fuse. He was driving his gig and a coster got across the road, whereupon the General let fly with a violence and coarseness which fairly frightened his companion. The coster smiled and when the General stopped for want of breath, the coster said, "Well, if I thought you was clean in your 'abits in the 'ouse, I'd take you 'ome as a pet." The poor old General had no rejoinder.

I understand the new Cabinet are to kiss hands to-morrow. Well, it is interesting. I wonder how long?

Derby, they say, is to be Secretary of State for War, but nothing is supposed to matter except the War Council. It was suggested Asquith should not be Chairman of the War Council though Prime Minister. Asquith said to-day that for a Prime Minister to be an irresponsible spectator of the War would be impossible, and that it must be so is evident. Lloyd George is to be that head, the very post which he said was incompatible with Premiership he will now undertake. Want of knowledge and experience will beat him, and to compare him with his predecessor is a case of

As Pitt is to Addington
So London is to Paddington.

But Lloyd George will no doubt bring in measures, he is said to have gone some way to meet the Labour party re nationalization of industries; he may not carry his ideas out or have time—but there's a future.

In the meantime I've received £149 from members of a Worcester Club, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., for smokes for Worcestershire Regiments, i.e. from descendants of Worcester men. Very nice idea!

Dec. 9. There was to have been a Privy Council to-day, to swear in new Ministers, but things were not ready; I don't think there is any real hitch. Old Finlay is Lord Chancellor, quite good; but to my mind by far the most interesting appointment is Dr. Fisher, of Sheffield University, to be Education Minister. Sir A. Stanley, the Managing Director Speyer's Tubes, is President of the Board of Trade. He may or may not be a success. Milner joins. Some one said the situation of Lloyd George and the Conservatives is that of Dizzy over again. I don't think so; though for some time Dizzy was a mountebank he always was for the aristocracy. This Prime Minister

is the opposite in every way except that, having been abused by them, he dominates his old enemies.

Dec. 10th to 12th. With hardly an exception the Press is loud in praise of Asquith and his speech; murmurings at the baseness of the intrigue are very rife, but we shall start afresh.

Ministers have met Parliament—Crewe, Buckmaster (late Lord Chancellor) and others on first Opposition Bench, and, for the first time since 1868 I think, Lansdowne sat, not on a Front Bench but below the Gangway on Government side. I have an inkling I am to continue.

Dec. 13th. Buckingham Palace Hotel has been taken for returning soldiers by Government, 500 beds, and I see them clustering in. Not before it was wanted. Twenty-five slept in Victoria Station without blankets, I'm told, one night, and more accommodation was given in Royal Mews.

No special news, but interesting proceedings at Privy Council, Buckingham Palace, when a number of Ministers of subordinate ranks became Privy Councillors. Quite a regiment of them. I thought at one moment they were going to enter on a congratulatory conversation among themselves. G. Curzon presided as President of the Council. He said to me he devoutly hoped I would go on, and that he observed the tact in speech with which I managed the House and he hoped I would help him in some important way. Very polite. I congratulated him on his approaching marriage, on which he spoke in very touching terms.

Dec. 14th. Devonport made his first appearance as Food Minister, and said he was studying the situation and resources. He couldn't say anything else.

Arnold Whitridge appeared from his school of instruc-

tion. A peace kite also appeared from Berlin. This was at once flung back by all the Allies of the Entente, indeed it is waste of time to write about it.

To-day Bonar Law moved for a further vote of credit, four hundred millions. His speech was wired to New York in bits, and one phrase, that "we could not go on paying indefinitely," without the context, caused a panic in Wall Street. A tolerably obvious statement, but it might have been differently put or left out. McKenna, of course, supported Bonar Law.

Lately an aviator came down near Nottingham, who said his machine had gone wrong. He was taken in and very hospitably housed, saying he came from Aldershot, stayed a day or two and flew away. It was discovered on inquiry that he was unknown at Aldershot. Shortly afterwards Nottingham was effectively bombed by Zeppelins, the inference being that the said aviator was a German.

Dec. 15th. More appointments out and I am Lord Chamberlain in a third Government in 6 years, the others in His Majesty's Household retain office, except Allendale, a Lord in Waiting, who resigns.

Dec. 16th to 17th. Quite a thick fog for twenty-four hours.

The French have had a great victory at Verdun, capturing 7,200 prisoners and many guns, advancing nearly two miles on a six-mile front. So away goes any advantage the Germans acquired after months of fighting and the sacrifice of at least 600,000 lives, to say nothing of wounded and prisoners. This feat was achieved by General Nivelle, who replaces Joffre in the Chief Command in the Field; Joffre, becoming a Marshal of France, is the head of what I suppose amounts to the War Bureau.

There are to be changes after the New Year in the train-

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service: fewer expresses and they say the competition will be annulled, i.e. instead of a train to Manchester from Euston at 2, from St. Pancras 2.30, and Great Central 2.40, there will be something like one train to Manchester a day, the Companies taking it in turns. Fares are, they say, to be higher.

Dec. 18th. When I got to my office I found a letter from the President of the Council about a Question in House of Commons by Swift MacNeill on the subject of G.C.B.'s, etc., given to enemy Princes, asking what reply should be given. I had to post off to Buckingham Palace as His Majesty is the only person who can decide such a point, and the result was, after Fritz Ponsonby had taken His Majesty's pleasure, Fritz and I concocted a reply. The King's view, as usual, was very sensible: that there were hundreds of such compliments exchanged between neighbouring countries, that the Allies had not thought it worth the trouble to take any action, but that if there was a strong and large volume of feeling in the country, steps would be taken to scratch all enemy holders of such honours, it was impossible to make distinctions and one rule must apply to all.

An interesting dinner at Oxford and Cambridge Club with Brother John and Parmoor. Walked there and back. So dark coming back I tumbled over low rail by flower beds in front of Buckingham Palace and ran into a pillar-box.

Dec. 19th. A very full Gallery in the House of Commons to hear Lloyd George's first speech as Prime Minister. From the way the speech was boomed one would have thought there had never been a new Prime Minister before, nor that such a Minister had ever had to lay his policy before the Country. Lloyd George fully rose to the occasion, he spoke for two hours, referred to the German

peace proposals, justified his Cabinet arrangements, foreshadowed a system for enrolling the whole nation for war works of sorts, more or less on the German idea and as a reply to Germany's action in the direction. Asquith, who received a great ovation, made a high-level, patriotic speech. He stands very high now, higher than when Prime Minister, I think. Redmond referred to him generously and enthusiastically. In House of Lords Curzon spoke for $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours and scored a very distinct success, compliments from all quarters. He began with a reference, graceful and true, to Lansdowne, now sitting below the gangway, having been leader on one side or the other for so long; very well done and most cordially received.

Dec. 20th. I received a letter from Asquith suggesting, with His Majesty's approval, I should become a Viscount on resignation of the late Government. Very flattering and gratifying.

The newspapers say Lloyd George's speech has been *very* favourably received in U.S.A., and with chagrin in Berlin and Vienna.

It is rather amusing to see how our institutions are being Germanized with the Heads of Departments constituted as they are. I doubt myself whether either Milner or George Curzon will loom much in the public eye, it will be all Lloyd George, who will have a Bismarckian position, or at any rate that of Chancellor of the Empire.

Dec. 21st. An American peace kite which has set the town agog, repudiated by the entire British and French Press. I pay the same attention to it that I paid to Bethmann Hollweg's speech.

Dec. 22nd to 27th. Quite a peaceful, cold Christmas. Scores of letters from friends of all kinds—the best from

Bobby Spencer and Lincolnshire, but many I value from all sorts and conditions of men, including the schoolmaster in Aldbury village, and congratulations from Walker, on the staff of the House of Lords, who with his forty-two years' service beats me by two, and the old ex-sailor porter at Brooks's. Many came from East of Temple Bar and Hospitals; the family very nice about it, Derek and all my men in the Lord Chamberlain's Department the same.

Arnold Whitridge, M.C., R.F.A., was with us for Christmas at Barley End, also Brother Jim; the latter and I walked miles three days running; the former returns to France and the 130th Battery on 28th, God preserve him.

Dec. 28th. Yesterday the fog was so dense in London that all traffic was suspended in the evening, here—Barley End—nothing could exceed the beauty of the day: sharp frost, hot sun, blue sky without a cloud and perfectly still. I walked five hours in and around Ashridge.

Dec 29th to 31st. Haig's despatch on the Somme battle is out: a tremendous history of preparation and performance on the part of the new armies. In some cases new battalions came under fire for the first time at dark, a hard enough trial for seasoned troops, and the way these new troops behaved is marvellous.

New Year's Eve, what a year!! What will the next bring forth? This one ends sadly indeed. The death of Fred W. Whitridge is cabled from New York. He was the kindest of men, a great break-up from many a point of view; a remarkable man and so thoughtful about small things for small people, all his poor neighbours always in his thoughts.

1917

Jan. 1st to 7th. I have been much engaged communicating with War Office about Arnold's resignation of his Commission. There can be no doubt but that he is quite right, his duty now lies in his own country, his own affairs and family. He has done very well, he gained a Military Cross in circumstances of gallantry, he has for over two years given this country, not his own country, of his best, in a very short time he would have become a Captain (in two years' service) for which he had been sent over to qualify by going through a technical course two months ago, indeed he had just returned. His C.O. sent for him to the office, told him his father was very ill and he had better return, so then and there he climbed upon his horse and rode straight back, fifteen miles, to the railroad. His experiences will remain with him as long as life—trenches—observation posts—dangers of the greatest and heroisms the most sublime, all will ever be present to his mind: every episode of a soldier's life in this, the greatest of wars in which the artillery play so great a part, all this lies now behind him with the knowledge that his self-imposed duty has been bravely done and now only ended by what has occurred.

No political news this week except that Lloyd George and Milner have gone to a conference with Briand to Rome. Schemes continue to be broached in head-lines, but we must wait and see.

I learn of an interned German—and a true story—who sent a curate £5 to spend in charity as he had been so well treated in an Internment Camp. Also that a young man

who some little time ago was birched by order of the magistrates is now swaggering about as an officer in the A.S.C.

Jan. 8th to 14th. A quiet week except for the visit of Lloyd George and Milner, Briand, etc., to Rome, where everything is of course said to be satisfactory. Also a fresh loan, on very advantageous terms to investors, is advertised as the "Victory Loan." They'll have to wait yet for a bit.

George Warrender and Benckendorff died this week, the latter a nephew of Mde. de Lieven, a charming personality, very popular here and I doubt whether, under the circumstances and at this time, we could have had a better ambassador.

Balnakeilly is given up by Mrs. Whitridge, a pleasant chapter closed. The shooting answered my brother-in-law Whitridge's purposes, though it was only a four-hundred-or five-hundred-brace moor, but the moor, hills, etc., were of exceeding beauty. I could see, or fancied I could see, the hills on the West of Black Mountain from the top of Ben y Vrachie; my favourite walk after tea was going east as far as time permitted and returning facing the setting sun which lit up the hills often with a golden light, and further the lights and shades on the heather, and not infrequently some rocks a rose colour like Mont Blanc at sunset. I shall never forget, and for me now the shooting is not the principal affair.

Jan. 15th to 21st. Another quiet week, weather, snow, etc., preventing operations.

German submarines have been very active and another raider under British colours has escaped from Kiel and, like the *Moewe*, has done much damage. She started with

a cargo of hay on decks, steaming slow by day, fast by night; when she approached a ship she threw down the bulwark and disclosed two or more guns. Her turn and hour will come.

Arthur Balfour has sent a covering despatch to peace proposals to the U.S.A. President, which in style and force could be surpassed by none.

Elgin is dead. A good man much better than people thought or he knew, a good Viceroy, and owing to his action as Colonial Secretary, 1906 (when I went out with two others to report on the system of responsible government to South Africa), South Africa is now fighting with us instead of against us. He did an enormous amount of invaluable work in India; at home settled the Wee and Free Church quarrels; and presided over the post-war South African inquiry with great skill, tact and rapidity, securing a unanimous report in a year. But his shyness amounted to a disease. I remember Benckendorff saying he had never met him, though he knew all the other Cabinet Ministers, so I arranged a day and a dinner which turned out very pleasantly. I put Elgin next Benckendorff. He never spoke! I must say I regret him very much. I remember H. C. B. saying to me when there was a lot of intriguing going on, "The worst of Elgin is he thinks every one is as good as himself."

A terrible and terrific explosion took place at Brunner & Mond's Munion Works on January 19th. An immense sheet of flame was seen to shoot into the sky, an explosion shook all London, and then all was still. I believe rows of houses in the neighbourhood were entirely demolished, about 1,000 killed and a similar number wounded. I hear a window was broken in Buckingham Palace, ten or twelve miles from the scene, and windows in Carlton House Terrace. The cause is not accurately known and I suppose never will be.

Atholl reported dead to-day, what a week of friends—
Elgin, Atholl and Benckendorff!

Jan. 22nd. The devastation resulting from the explosion, though not so great as at first rumoured, is immense, now they say some sixty lives were lost and some hundred injured; many killed and injured, including some soldiers at Blackheath, by falling houses, walls, projectiles of iron and brick, and no doubt, I fear, many children killed and buried in debris. Many casualties occurred because the workers remained gaping at the fire which began the whole thing. There was some ten minutes' interval between the fire alarm and the explosion: of the factory itself nothing remains, a two-ton boiler was moved up like a paper bag, a mill blown up and burnt which contained 2,000 tons of flour (a serious loss), the big gasometer near by had the roof blown up with the result the gas escaped, caught alight, glared for a few moments and subsided instead of exploding. Had the wind been blowing from the west instead of east it is thought nothing could have saved Woolwich. The head chemist, Dr. Angell, and the firemen behaved with the greatest heroism, the former, after getting the workers out, returning to help fight the flames. The bill to the Government for compensation must be very heavy.

The roads here are all ice. I've never seen the like, the frost not really severe, but it rained and froze the last night or two.

Jan. 23rd to Feb. 4th. A naval engagement off Zeebrugge is reported. Outside information, i.e. Dutch sailing ships, say hardly more than one of the enemy squadron escaped, we know of two badly damaged; one of our destroyers sunk by an enemy torpedo. As usual both sides claimed to have damaged the other most. The German

squadron of some twelve vessels, supposed to be leaving Zeebrugge because of the ice, ran in the dark unexpectedly into our patrols.

Germany has now made the gambler's last throw—justified if she wins, but I can't see that this is possible—by practically declaring war on the world. Neutral ships found within her declared war zone to be sunk at sight. She prescribes a route by which an American vessel may run once a week from Falmouth, and indeed issues an order to the world. America declared to be wild, and to-day (4th) appears information, after last night's cable, that she was to await an overt act, that Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to U.S.A., was to be sent away and the U.S.A. Ambassador to Berlin to be withdrawn. So at last the American fat seems to be in the fire and Wilson's efforts to keep his country out have failed. This must have an immense bearing on the position.

The position on the fronts in this hard weather remains the same ostensibly. I hear of many German deserters coming over, they seem to be put down as prisoners, about 1,200 came in last week, poorly clothed as they are so short of wool.

A friend who has lately been round parts of the front with a party of Swedes, came to a place once known as Coutre Maison. He saw a man and woman looking about, who said they once had a button factory there; not a stick or a brick of it remains; there had been a walnut tree, it has absolutely disappeared and could not be located; every bit has disappeared, as even the bricks of the ruins have been taken to make roads with; the only sign of a former civilization being part of a kitchen range found in a ditch and a portion of what had been a reaper and binder. The fort Douane, near Verdun, was in hills surrounded by trees, every vestige of the timber has been swept away by the guns.

I hear some Frenchmen applied to their neighbours for water. The reply came: "But you've got a great pond." "Yes," they said, "but a Bosche has just appeared floating on the top."

Derby lately made a very good speech on Territorials, frankly regretting that the organization had not been more really used in formation of the new armies (Kitchener), but he omitted all reference to Haldane, who invented and developed the whole thing. It is curious how every one, including old colleagues, ignores his part. If there is justice in Heaven it will be done him in time. No one ever was so cruelly and unjustly used, and without his organization the Germans would have been round Paris two years ago.

Devonport, the Food man, has issued an imaginary ration— $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. meat, 4 lbs. bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. sugar per head per week. Grocers tell me the sugar won't go round. Devonport puts the country on its honour. Not a bad idea: he can't do it otherwise.

How about Clubs!! Indeed a conundrum. We have been doing our best to economize at Turf Club, asking members to order toast instead of having it provided for each member at each meal and repeated till one got so bored with it. The first week we saved £1. Brooks's followed the plan and they saved 19s., quite good, and it "just shows." I believe we've run the Turf Club with only £130 deficit, also good, but more of this anon.

Feb. 5th. As against the further "frightfulness," reprisals, as on former occasions, are suggested, and this one is more practical than many. It is that fifty German prisoners, including officers, should be put on each ship, and if the Germans like to blow up or sink their own countrymen they can. I don't think they would care about the rank and file, but they might as to officers.

Lunching with a Jew yesterday he said he knew that the shortage of food and the sinking of ships was far more serious than admitted. He has city relations and may be in touch with Lloyd's. Jews are not infallible, but they are very often right. However, I think the housewives will be put on their mettle and if so, much will have been accomplished. I suppose for months we shall hear of nothing but ounces of meat, bread, coal, drops of milk, etc., etc., but the said housewives will get to understand it, which is more than they or any of us do about warfare or war politics.

The remaining neutrals, especially Holland and, I think, Switzerland, are pretty perturbed by the new developments, which they say greatly affect their food supplies.

Feb. 6th to 9th. As Chairman of Turf Club House Committee, I am calling a conference of Chairmen of Club Committees, and in some cases Secretaries, to consider Devonport's food suggestions. Albert Gray, K.C., Chairman, lends us the Strangers' smoking-room at Brooks's, the best Adams room in London. I saw Devonport for 20 minutes—he was very polite, and obliged to me for issuing the invitation to other Club managers, because he said it was saving him trouble by dealing with a branch of food control—he had already had many interviews with Restaurateurs. The position of Clubs and Restaurants differ, the latter are out for profit—the former for economy, giving cheap and reasonably priced meals and amenities to members, towards which they pay an annual subscription. The object of my meeting is not economy in Club expenses but economy in foodstuffs consumed.

I learn that the German transport is very bad, a great proportion of the rolling stock in railways being beyond repair, but one is always hearing such things. The shipsinking by German torpedoes goes on apace—and America's patience is spent—diplomatic relations are

severed. Whether this really means war or not, I cannot say. Meantime, Gerard, U.S.A. Ambassador in Berlin, is, the Press says, not allowed to leave Germany nor the thousands of American Citizens there, being kept as hostages to see what becomes of Bernstorff, German Ambassador to U.S.A.

To-day His Majesty opened Parliament in person with the Queen. The Queen looked most handsome, I never saw her in better looks. Very lucky in the day—cold but bright, and the sun appeared for once. The show was severely Military and Naval, in the carriage procession were French, Robertson, Jellicoe, and His Majesty was escorted by Australian, Canadian and Indian officers, whom he received on return and entertained at a light lunch, about 100 of them. The Speech was all war. Stanhope moved our Address in reply nicely; Hedworth Meux, in Admiral's uniform with G.C.B., in the Commons. They were delighted to see the uniform and gave him a cheer when he entered the House.

I took my seat as Viscount, supporters Herbert (Viscount) Gladstone and Falmouth, the latter was Adjutant of my Battalion 40 years ago. Crewe made a long speech—Curzon longer; he told us six Peers had been killed, over sixty heirs, and eight Peerages wiped out and about 140 sons of peers wounded, a great record. His allusion to Cromer was very good, but of Elgin, rather disappointing.

Feb. 8th to 9th. The cold still intense—coal very difficult to get.

Yesterday, 8th, Henry Graham, K.C.B., retired from Clerkship of Houses of Parliament, he has sat at the table of the House of Lords for 31 years. Very nice things said about him by Curzon, Crewe and Lord Chancellor, and a touching little speech by Lord Muir Mackenzie, all the speeches very good and not a word too much.

Masters of hounds held a meeting to-day and resolved

to restrict hunting, foxes to be shot, and in some cases hounds to be killed, because of difficulty of food for them. The Duke of Beaufort came up for the meeting. I expect this is the knell of general fox-hunting. Well, I enjoyed it very much—but I've seen this coming for years and it was hastened by the war. The ostensible reason for shooting foxes is the poultry farming, but England is the only country in the world where they are not killed as mischievous vermin.

Feb. 10th to 11th. Yesterday at my invitation, the Chairmen of the following Club Committees met at Brooks's: Turf, Marlborough, Arthur's, White's, Boodles, Guards, Travellers, Garrick, St. James's, Pratts—to discuss war economies. I found all very keen to do their utmost, indeed Arthur's has already laid itself out for two meatless days per week. We agreed to recommend one (per week, to apply to members as well as staff) meatless day to our Committees and obtained various useful hints from each other; these were most minor matters of housekeeping, but the spirit was excellent and admirable. The difficulties are considerable, because of the varying amount of custom, e.g. White's had ten to lunch one day, eighty the next. However, it all went very well. All were pleased at my having taken action, and this I hear from other Club men who are not Committee men. As usual the two men I especially asked and expected most from, as I know them to be most expert managers, were useless and as Mr. Gladstone said of Bob Lowe in reply, as helpless as a beetle on its back. We separated to meet again on March 5th to compare notes.

When I saw Devonport he told me to expect a further explanatory memo. as he had had a variety of inquiries from schools, training ships, hospitals, and kindred institutions on the points I raised. We discussed the question

at some length. He said he could not expect all, or indeed anyone to fall into exact line at once, but he wanted all to try; e.g. a big household with 100 lbs. of meat a week, if that could be reduced to 80, it would be much. I have had the daily amounts—9 ounces of bread— $6\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of meat—weighed—the meat means a small mutton chop, i.e. not a club or loin chop. While the steward at Turf Club says a boy, i.e. hall boy, would eat the whole bread ration for a day at breakfast, the $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. sugar per week is too much, and on that basis the sugar available would not go round. Servants are a difficulty in some cases. Mine are doing well on the whole, though they think it is a plan for some masters to save money; but it's not a question of money but the stuff, and waste is what I've been combating for 30 years.

English people with hardly an exception are no house-keepers. The butchers are furious with the meat regulations, and tell cooks it's all nonsense and no one is obeying them. Restaurateurs need looking after. I know of a soldier who took a lady out to lunch. They had mixed grill: on the lady's plate was a tomato, a sausage, a cutlet, a kidney, the economy being only one sweet; she said there was more than enough for two men. I am putting Butt, Manager of the Palace Theatre and one of the Comptroller's assistants, on to this.

I've detected a ruffian opening his theatre for money on Sunday.

The reports from the Front (France) as to the moral of Germans are very encouraging, last week they seemed incapable of effort. Our soldiers call our raids "going winkling." They spit two or three Germans on their bayonets, the rest give in; and a lot of prisoners in the last 10 days have been thus made. The German private soldier hates his officers, who sometimes are brutal to them. An instance to hand—an English officer in charge of a band

of German prisoners heard a good deal of scuffling and saw a good deal of dust and found the rank and file had tied up two or three officers with ropes and were dragging them along. The French Poilu loves his officer, and our men's terms with officers are very good; but as now, at all events, they mostly come from the same class, the officers "ask" men to do this or that, instead of "order," a remarkable instance of social change.

It is wonderful how rightly Kitchener gauged the situation. He said we should be really getting on early in 1917; that towards 1916 Germany would make peace overtures which we should turn down, and later in 1917, they would make other peace suggestions which he hoped we should turn down, too. If only we can have a good weathered spring, we might do much. It is said that Nivelle, the Commander-in-Chief, is for postponing the push till probable good weather, so that it can be followed up, Haig wanting to move sooner.

Meanwhile the torpedoing goes on, but it is to be remembered that the vessels destroyed are those which were on the sea previous to Germany's announcement of free torpedoing and consequently were unarmed. Now all are to be armed. The *St. Louis* for New York has, I believe, sailed armed.

It is difficult enough to get coal here—though it is mainly owing to want of labour and transport. In Paris the need is very great. Electric light has been curtailed, only one globe allowed per room—eight total in a house. Theatres in some cases closed in consequence.

The King to dinner (32) with Derby, the first time he has dined out, I believe, since the war began. A very good move indeed and I hope to be repeated. Derby gave no meat!!—soup, fish, chickens, macaroni. His Majesty enjoyed it very much. No wine, but it is whispered after His Majesty left, the curtain was lifted, the

popping of corks followed and a thirsty soldiery regaled themselves.

Feb. 12th to 16th. Yesterday, 15th, a long day, starting at 8.30 (back by four and then to House of Lords) to represent the King at funeral of the Duke of Norfolk, a ceremony lasting in all one and three-quarter hours. My duty was to walk next behind the coffin, leaving the Church; I had to make room for the charger, a chestnut horse. I kept a sharp look-out for his heels, but he was very quiet. I had to stand close to entrance to the vault, and to the Duchess, whom I saw with her children for two minutes in the Castle. Back to London after a lovely day and very cold in Sussex.

There are many who will not play the game—not unaided by the newspapers, e.g. in advertisements for servants, after stating necessary qualifications, is added “no food restrictions”—housewives of middle class buying in large quantities flour, macaroni, etc. Upper classes *are* playing the game except, of course, a few selfish self-indulgent creatures, but they don’t brag about it. Lately a friend of mine had occasion to stay a night or two at an hotel at Bath—at luncheon everything was provided—hot beef, mutton, cold lamb, etc., etc. She said to the maître d’hotel, “You seem to do yourselves pretty well down here.” Maître d’hotel chortled and said he was glad she was satisfied. “But I’m not at all satisfied.” “Oh dear, what else can I get you, madam?—anything you wish.” “Oh, it’s not that, but what about food economy?” “Oh, that is nothing—the Regulations are not come in as yet, we are only on our honour!!”

First meatless day at Turf yesterday. Every one looked on it as rather a joke—liked their luncheons, which the Steward told me went very well—my macaroni delicious. I sat next to Harry Chaplin who had a baked haddock, which

he said was very good, though his short sight made struggles with bones rather much. He groaned a little for Porter House steak, but he was very good, and luncheon ended all right as I listened to much of his speech on Food, for next Wednesday, which he has been incubating for three months.

An American ship has been sunk, but as no lives were lost it may not be considered an overt act. I shall believe in their war when I see it.

The Queen went yesterday to Nelly's Huts, attached to No. 1 General Base Hospital, saw them at their fullest, as it happened to be visitors' day. The Queen poured out hundreds of cups of tea, out of which cups whole families tasted. H.M. was behind the counter—gave the loveliest pleasure to all those poor men, and spoke to each officer in the Officers' Hut. She is a genius.

Feb. 17th to 20th. Ten days ago George Curzon in the debate on the Address said it was evident that the Germans had found out that we could tackle their Zeppelins, and so they did not come. He left out of his calculations that life under any conditions in a Zeppelin 10,000 feet up must be almost impossible during our hard frosts as the temperature—in many places thermometer at zero—is at that height 30 degrees below zero. The thaw comes and they at once reply to George Curzon. Two or three Zeppelins were announced on the night of the 16th and early morning of the 17th. One was said to be over Brighton, one over Essex, and it was rumoured, one brought down near Scarborough. Alarm was given in London and the authorities at St. Bartholomew's were on the alert from 3 a.m. to 4.30.

Good news all round for once—from Kut, Maude has fairly (as McLish used to say at Black Mount of the deer) encompassed the Turks on one bank, and taken prisoner

89 officers and 1,900 men. On the Ancre in France, also good news, advances and many prisoners, officers and all.

Feb. 21st to 24th. Rather a good mot; they say all that has happened politically is that the Prime Minister (Asquith) has crossed the House.

Stories are cropping up of sorts. A soldier came back from the Front to marry, his girl waiting for him, but being a hero he was beset by darlings, and fell in love with two others which made three. In his sore perplexity he went to a Priest for advice—who said, “Go to chapel and pray for inspiration.” He went, returned to the Priest shortly and said, “Your Reverence has worked a miracle; I hadn’t been in chapel five minutes before I saw printed up, ‘Ave Maria.’”

Harry Chaplin, at 76, made us a speech of one and a quarter hours on agriculture, food supply, depletion of labour, etc., etc., he does the thing remarkably well. As some one, I think an Irishman, is said to have rather unkindly remarked, he is the best speaker on earth if you don’t listen to what he says; he might have said it all in three-quarters of an hour. Lansdowne spoke sensibly and well, saying the war is the first thing and men for it, without men a farmer may rub along, but Sir D. Haig can’t. Statements come in that economy of food is not being observed in the provinces in very many places. Propaganda will do it and should be undertaken at once.

Feb. 25th. Mary (Mrs. Humphry) Ward starts, on the 28th, with her daughter on her book-writing expedition—I hope she’ll come back alive, she is a lion-hearted person—to Boulogne, G.H.Q., then along Somme to Paris (three days) and then to wherever the French will send her, trip about 14 days. She has already seen A. J. B., Jellicoe and Robertson. God go with her!

There are all sorts of rumours as to the differences of the Government. I don't think there really are differences, for the simple reason that they never meet; if they did they would want a room about as big as St. George's Hall. Each and every one acts entirely on his own, never was such a state of things.

Feb. 26th. Another Dictator appointed, one Bigland, M.P., Birkenhead, to supervise certain commodities, and I hear Peel is to represent Chamberlain, the National Service Dept., in House of Commons.

There was a Channel fight between enemy destroyers and ours two nights ago, the enemy escaped in darkness, Ramsgate and Broadstairs bombarded for a few minutes by two or three destroyers, one woman and two children reported killed and a house or two demolished.

We have pushed the enemy back on the Ancre three miles, and two more reported to-day—very encouraging and the first real important retreat since the Marne.

Seven Dutch ships have been torpedoed together in Channel. It is said they thought they were guaranteed and paid no heed to cautions.

Feb. 27th. Great activity in making the component parts of so-called Tanks and there should be a very large number ready if and when needed; but if half what is told us is true as to the state of the ground, which is a chess-board of deep holes, I don't see how they can work. However, I suppose others do know or think they do.

Still good reports from Kut, our success seems to have been very great. It is now again in our hands.

In France the Germans when retreating are said, and no doubt it must be the case, to destroy all the roads, so as to increase our transport difficulties. The next few

months may bring forth great things, but we must also look out for disappointments.

Lunch at Crewe House to-day, a real war economy meal of curried eggs and fried fillet of sole, both excellent, just sufficient. I wish all classes would follow the example, many of us do, but I'm sure very many do not.

Feb. 28th. On the 26th Buckmaster in a very good little speech passed the Second Reading of a Bill to admit females as Solicitors. The Lord Chancellor personally opposed it. I never heard a speech of such piffle and from a Lord Chancellor deplorable. He tried to be a little humorous, which didn't succeed. His speech would have made me vote for the Bill, but it was carried nem. con. Lord Sumner made an admirable little speech pointing out there was no reason why women should not enter that profession, no one need employ them unless they wished.

Glenconner has sent me over a thousand pounds of sugar for St. Bartholomew's, a most valuable gift.

March 1st to 7th. The ways of the War Office are amazing! Lately a man was told to go out to take a command, to get his kit, staff, etc. He went to the War Office to learn all about it. He blandly remarked, "But I saw So-and-So was gazetted to this Command the other day." They said, "Never mind, you go!" He went. When he arrived the actual C.O. said, "I'm very glad to see you, but what do you want?" He explained and then wired to War Office, who replied, "Come back."

A very long, good sermon from Archbishop of Canterbury at Chapel Royal on Sunday. After first twenty minutes I slumbered peacefully.

Saw Berkeley Sheffield again who had just returned from Petrograd—cold intense, 73° of frost. He spoke

very despairingly of the Russian situation. The destroyer that went to meet the liner they were in was sunk by a mine and the skipper told them he had been warned there were seven submarines about, two laying mines.

Very good news from Kut. Maude has done very well—the War Office have succeeded where the India Government ignominiously failed—his advanced cavalry are within twenty miles of Bagdad and should be there by Saturday. It is hoped to smash the Turks up as the Grand Duke (Russia) will move in the Trebizond District in three weeks.

I hear deplorable stories of the treatment of our men prisoners by the Turks, marched miles in great heat and burning sand and some without boots, the lash used to make stragglers keep up and some shooting. The officers are better treated.

Sir E. Ward has written suggesting a meatless day for Clubs. He is more than three weeks after the fair. It was done at my suggestion nearly a month ago.

We are expected to have no potatoes in May. What is really needed are breadless days for the well-to-do. Meetings on housekeeping are taking place and a real effort is being made. I think the country has discovered we are at war, but it has taken two and a half years really to find it out. In the East End no one can buy potatoes without also buying a lot of rotten greens. In the West End the grocers tried the same game with sugar, i.e. it could not be bought without the customer buying other groceries.

March 8th to 10th. And now the Dardanelles Report is out, which is the biggest example of washing dirty linen in public I remember.

Cromer was Chairman, a shadow of himself, and he has died since it was signed. Kitchener, the prime figure in all

the narrative, was dead and so little could, or can, be said about him, and the responsibility ranges around Asquith and Winston Churchill. The position of Asquith must have been difficult in the extreme. Fisher's position seems to me to have been equivocal, and the Admiralty overborne by Winston, First Lord. But they were always wary, first thinking the thing could succeed—wrong—then if they failed that it would be a smashing blow to our Eastern prestige, happily quite wrong again. The greatest stress was laid on the shooting powers and effect of the guns of the *Queen Elizabeth*, which turned out totally wrong as regards forts. The scheme was based on what Winston observed at Antwerp as to the futility of Forts against modern artillery.

Oh, the pity of publishing it all! A real point made is that the War Council did not meet between March 19th and May 10th. My impression is that the War Council was replaced actually by the Dardanelles Committee.

March 11th. At the investiture yesterday, a boy appeared on two sticks (broken leg); the King asked how he broke it, and he said, "I fell with the aeroplane." "How far?" asked the King. "Only 8,000 feet," said the boy without a smile. His Majesty very much tickled. Another officer described the surrender of a Bulgarian officer who came hands up out of a trench; when he surrendered he said, "Wait a moment," and whistled. Two men put their heads over the trench and held up their hands to surrender. They were carrying his kit.

March 12th to 14th. Going to the India Office in search of some information about Cotton Duties from an old Bombay Civilian, I fell in with the hour of the Lancashire Deputation, so I squeezed in and heard all the speeches, which were vigorous and direct and the usual story about

an industry likely or certain to decline if the duty, extra 4 per cent., were imposed. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary of State, in the Chair. He made a most admirable speech, in tone, style and arrangement. He spoke with great vigour, though not overdone. I had no idea he could do so well. He crumbled the Lancashire case, though of course Lancashire did not think so. Bikanir said a few words, and Sinha amused the meeting by saying Bikanir, coming of one of the greatest fighting races, despised all questions of merchants, trade, bounty or otherwise. It was a very interesting gathering and occasion, India and Lancashire face to face.

The Duchess of Connaught is dead. She had very faithfully played her part, accompanying the Duke all over the world where his duty took him: India, Commander-in-Chief, Bombay, South Africa, Canada as Governor-General, and Inspector-General of Mediterranean. She was clever, with insight into character. A daughter of the Red Prince Charles of 1870 Franco-German War fame.

March 15th. Russian Revolution, abdication of Czar, his brother Regent—the above rumour was in the House of Lords at 5 p.m.—great secrecy. By the time I got to the Club of course every one had it. The Revolution is directed against the Romanoffs and not against the war; indeed, one motive is said to be greater war vigour. We might have had the same thing here had it not been for free discussion in House of Commons, and we did have our peaceful Revolution in the displacement of Asquith, who acted like the great gentleman and patriot he is. Free discussion is a great bore, but a great safety valve.

The House of Commons had a very short discussion on food, rabbits, sparrows, etc. Devonport descanted on merits of sparrow pie, but he left me unconvinced and I am not attracted by the London sparrow.

March 16th. This most amazing Revolution in Russia either continues or has reached its climax. The papers say the Revolution Committee came to the Czar at midnight and after a conversation he said, "What do you want me to do? Abdicate?" He would not separate from his son and nominated his brother, who in turn declined, so there's an end of the Romanoffs proper I understand. And now Petrograd is said to be quiet, the Banks open, the trams, etc., running. Former Ministers are under lock and key and the Royal Family taken to the Crimea. The Army and Navy at once sided with the Revolution, and it is said the soldiers in the trenches received the news with great cheering. Our Royal Family is profoundly moved by it, which is not surprising, seeing the affectionate connection.

March 17th. I was rung up at 10 by the King's Equerry saying Dawson was ill, would I see to the Duchess of Connaught's funeral. I saw the Duke in the morning and the King three times, every detail has to be submitted, also two visits to the Dean of Westminster re service in Westminster Abbey which His Majesty thought a very good plan. Dawson is a great loss, he has every detail at his fingers' ends, and at these affairs with his experience he is invaluable.

March 18th. To-day the Queen attended the Women's Work giant meeting at the Albert Hall. Her Majesty got the most tremendous ovations, notably when Hodge, the Labour minister, made a touching allusion to Her Majesty in his speech. All rose and turned towards her and applauded for minutes. I am so glad.

March 19th. Splendid news from France: Peronne, Bapaume and other places captured by the contemptible

little army and we are now only five miles from Cambrai, —a great way of celebrating St. Patrick's Day—and 14,000 tons of American shipping sunk without warning which some will consider almost as important.

March 19th to 24th. At dinner on 20th with Farquhar, Lord Steward, a very interesting gathering. The most interesting character there was Smuts of whom I saw very much in South Africa in 1906. He was loud in praise of our work and said without it we should have lost South Africa by now if Milner had had the matter in hand. It was entertaining to have a conversation with Smuts and Hedworth Lambton; the last time these two had anything to do with one another was when they were shooting at one another at Ladysmith in the Boer War.

I sat between Revelstoke and Lansdowne, the former had just returned from Petrograd, no idea revolution was imminent. The Czar gave Revelstoke a gold box engraved with his name and date of mission, probably the last gift he gave as Emperor, and perhaps the last gift of the last Emperor of all the Russias.

The retreat continues, but now and then the German rearguards put up a stiff fight. The British soldier is in high feather, but the Generals seem apprehensive, and well they may be. We come out into the open. Here the position is odd, people walk about as if we had had a reverse instead of now reaping the result of the Somme battles when we virtually broke the line. Weather has been awful there and here, greatly impeding operations.

March 25th. People are in a great state of suspense as to the situation in France after this retreat of the Germans, no one has an idea what the next move may be, and no one with any sense really believes anything they read in the newspaper.

To-day the suppressed excitement surpassed anything I've seen yet. It appears that on Saturday at 2 troops in London were confined to barracks, i.e. guards, etc., posted at the railway stations, all officers were intercepted and sent back to their stations, at the matinées on the films appeared notices to officers to return to barracks or station, all night at the various London termini trains of large numbers of trucks were held in readiness with steam up to convey troops in any direction. All this day, Sunday, the wildest rumours prevailed. The Germans had landed on the East Coast, in Scotland and elsewhere, that there had been and was continuing a great sea battle, that once more Beatty had been drowned, that an enormous fleet of destroyers and transports had been collected at Zeebrugge, food riots in the East, End and so on. Well, I thought it did not need the brains of a linnet to guess that the whole of the preparation was practice, and very good and thorough at that. Of course the suggestion makes some and especially one Friend furious. Bonar Law practically said it was practice in reply to a Question in the House of Commons.

However, I thought I would see what I could find out. I telephoned to the Admiralty to see if a confidential friend of mine was there. He was not. I went to the War Office to see if Brade was there. He was not, had been in the morning and gone, and might or might not return late in the evening (Sunday); so I then strolled down Victoria Embankment with my mind at peace.

By 5 p.m. or so the troops were released from barracks.

March 26th to April 1st. Russia seems still very uneasy, and I have heard that possibly the Russian Imperial family may come here, the refuge of monarchs in distress and others. Meanwhile I believe the Grand Dukes, etc., have given up their immense properties and one result is the Grand Duke Michael has to withdraw from Kenwood; his

wife, the beautiful and always delightful Countess Torby, bears the misfortunes with courage and equanimity. The thrones, except I hope ours, are all in jeopardy à la 1848, soon there will be none left.

The Germans' retreat was not premeditated, for I am told they had sown wheat in the areas they occupied and the Spring wheat is well showing.

A Privy Council was held at Buckingham Palace on March 30th, one item of business being to issue an Order about an additional Bank Holiday for Saturday, April 7th. Thus the Banks will have from Friday afternoon to Tuesday morning, well earned at that. A Manager tells me he usually had five weeks holiday in the year, this year he *hopes* for one!

On the hysterical Sunday Elphinstone was rung up by his mother-in-law to know if it was true the Germans had landed in Folkestone. He asked her to repeat as he could not hear distinctly. This done, he replied that the Uhlans were making such a row trotting up and down Brook Street that he couldn't very well hear.

April 2nd to 5th. America, which has been on the brink for some time, comes into the War. President Wilson has made a fine speech to Congress, so there it is—the moral effect is or should be very great.

The cry for doctors is tremendous, and now the R.A.M.C. want to take half the staff from No. 1 Base for France, where they are going to have more hospitals working up to 20,000 beds. This withdrawal of men means much to St. Bart.'s. I went to Keogh, Director-General, to try to learn the truth—as my informant led me to believe they were to start in 20 minutes—of course they are not wanted for 3 or 4 weeks and probably not then. I told Keogh all our resources were at his disposal, but of course there is the civilian population, which is ill as much as ever.

He was very good and also appreciative. He said the strain was very great, for as well as our own 5 campaigns he had Italy on his hands and the Portuguese contingent who were going to war in patent leather Jemimas—their medical officers had been here and had not the foggiest notion of organization or anything else—as well as all the sick. He was producing a convalescent home at Corfu and God knows what else besides.

April 6th to 10th. Snow every day, which doesn't lie but is as unpleasant as possible. At Barley End the peace is great and the only news available is from the papers, which are full of sensational head-lines of what America is doing and going to do: 3 or 4 millions new taxation; 100 millions gift to France as sign of gratitude to France for aid 100 years ago; loans without end to Allies; universal service hinted; talk of expeditionary force; a wooden electricity submarine catcher.

America has broken with Austria as well as Germany, Cuba sides with America and Brazil is expected to come in.

April 10th to 15th. Still at Barley End. Weather till yesterday, 14th, unparalleled. Snow daily and now frost nightly.

I am told that one of the grounds of the late scare was that it was supposed large flat-bottomed Transports were being filled with men at Kiel (perhaps for practice) and that it was discovered a telegraphic cable had been cut.

April 16th. To London to see about Turf Club and Food Controller's orders. All the members very good.

The Rations by order for Clubs, Restaurants, Hotels are 2 oz. bread and 5 oz. uncooked meat (lunch and dinner)—we've stopped all pastry, buns, cakes, muffins and crumpets. *But*, and this is the bait, I've reduced the

table money from 2s. to 1s. for dinner and from 1s. to 9d. luncheon. This is fair as we've had to cut much of what they get for their "table." It involves a loss of £227 10s. in their accounts, but I expect to save, from economies which may be set against it, at any rate £100.

April 17th to 21st. It is now announced, what I've known for 10 days, that Arthur Balfour and staff who had gone to New York have arrived. Edward Grey apparently has not gone. The staff includes Admiral de Chair and Lord Cunliffe, for 22 years Director and finally Governor of Bank of England.

The French have made great fighting on our right—are said to have captured near 20,000 prisoners and over 100 guns as well as an immense amount of war stuff. Rheims is being heavily bombarded.

Hospital ships have been sunk, so large hospitals are to be organized in France. The second son of my old friend, the late Sir R. Abercromby, was wounded and put on board the *Gloucester*, which was torpedoed, however all the passengers had been told off to their respective boats "in case" and he arrived safe and sound—his step-father Northbrook told me.

I hear of enemy submarines being damaged or sunk, one naval officer owing to sinking 4 and thought he had sunk 3 more but couldn't be sure; another had sunk 5 in 4 days, but the Germans apparently turn out submarines like hot cakes. A transport with 500 soldiers on board sunk in Channel, all saved but 30.

On April 20th, America Day, a service was held in St. Paul's for Americans—admirably organized and every seat full. There were about 10,000 applications for something over 3,000 seats. The only blot was the sermon by an American Bishop, twice too long and not very felicitous. The music was fine, a hymn to the tune of John Brown's

Body—the Stars and Stripes hymn—but “God save the King” beats them all, it always raises a lump in my throat. The War Council, ourselves and a *very* few others, including Asquith, had complimentary invitations. Elizabeth A. looked charming.

Arnold Whitridge has written some really good letters on the war in American journals, so he apparently has his wish of taking up journalism. His Grandfather’s mantle seems to have descended on him and I’ve seen some very complimentary letters on his work from experts.

Spring has set in—tho’ with discretion. Plovers’ eggs have appeared on the market.

On April 15 the Food Controller’s orders about Club Restaurants and Hotel meals came into force. Beyond seeing that they are carried out there is nothing more to be said. Formerly we had to wheedle members and servants—now we are all coerced. Rock’s ¹ face when he saw his allowance of sugar for an enormous bowl of tea was a study and a dream—we all shouted and rolled about with mirth, but he didn’t grumble—all are very good.

April 21st. Bonar Law has announced there will be a secret session, but I can’t see that people want it really—it is promoted and urged for by a ginger group, Winston, etc. Asquith has not pressed it as far as I know.

The French look on Nivelle as a real mascot. When a short time ago their efforts fell short of expectation they put it down to his absence, now he is back and they are forging ahead.

Robertson at dinner was interesting about the enormous difficulties of working with the Allies—not on account of want of good will, but owing to the inherent difficulties of difference of language, point of view, perspective, national habits, etc., etc. Even Page, U.S.A. Ambassador, said

¹ Marquis of Cholmondeley.

"we nearly speak your language." The way of looking at everything is so different—bad enough with one Ally, e.g. France, but here we have France, Portugal, Servia, Greece (the Venizelos section), America, Italy, Montenegro. I should think American views of discipline and co-ordination will be strange.

April 22nd. Another admirable letter (by Mrs. Humphry Ward) in the "National News"—the new Sunday paper said to be promoted by L. George—the 3rd of the Series addressed to Roosevelt—"Towards the Goal"—they will make a charming and instructive volume, even better I think than "England's Effort!"

The Germans dropped about 100 shells on Calais from the sea last night, killing a few civilians. I wonder they haven't done it before, and now they find out they can do it, no doubt more determined efforts will be made. C. Beresford told me Calais was safe from the seaboard—wrong again. And there was a naval scrap of 5 minutes off Dover, 5 German destroyers were attacked by 2 Patrol boats after the enemy had fired some shells into some fields behind Dover—two Germans known to be sunk. Our ships practically all right—gallant patrols. Our destroyers rescued over 100 Germans at imminent risk of being torpedoed or mined. Some of them fought like mad to get into boats, and some had to be knocked down. The Germans it is said hoped to frighten Lloyd George who was returning from the Continent, but they got wrong by 24 hours.

Two more hospital ships torpedoed and considerable loss of life, wounded nurses and R.A.M.C.'s. Now the Admiralty have given notice that as hospital ships are so distinctive—white, brilliantly lighted like a gin palace and with the Red Cross ablaze—and thus make excellent marks, they are to be discontinued, and the wounded are to cross

in transports without lights. The Admiralty also point out that there are certain to be Germans on board: wounded prisoners or officer prisoners.

April 23rd. Young Hartington married yesterday to Lady Mary Cecil—there could not be a more charming wedding from every point of view—they should be very happy and I hope they will be. They go very soon to Paris where he resumes his staff work.

April 24th. A King's Messenger lately home from Petrograd brings lurid news. First of all he says he should not have had a dog's chance of getting across the N. Sea had not his boat had an escort of 2 destroyers. Russia is in an awful state. It appears that in the Baltic (Russian) Fleet the sailors turned on their officers and killed any number between 100 and 150, it is said that they burnt an Admiral or two—let's hope it was only their bodies. One friend at the Club said he heard they had put their officers under the ice and he (the Messenger) replied "Perhaps so, or what was left of them."

It appears that hard by the Baltic Fleet land quarters are some convict prisons—not political—they were opened to celebrate the joyous day of freedom, and the prisoners killed nearly all in authority. In the Army, though at General Headquarters all seems or is said to be all right, they have abolished punishments, above all capital sentences—Siberia for political offences existing no more. The rank and file are to elect their own officers, consequently numbers of officers who haven't been shot have retreated to Petrograd where they creep about imploring Englishmen and Chancelleries to give them jobs. Jolly Allies to have in a war of existence all over the world, and rumour has it that the German Fleet not unnaturally has sailed for the Baltic. Results might be great. In reply

to questions whether the vast corruption had anything to do with the Revolution, the reply was: "Perhaps; but the only difference is that instead of giving one man a *douceur* of £1,000 to move guns, etc., etc., now you have to give 10 men £100—the idea seems fully recognized—when the Revolution broke out the bankers and merchants went to the head of the Government and said: 'All you've got to do is to buy these Revolutionists off—our resources are at your disposal—we must have order.' To their dismay they found an honest man who listened and spent only 3,000 roubles—but somehow as far *as we know*, the place was quiet in a week."

Arnold W. has written a capital and modest account of his exploit at St. Eloi, which proved of the greatest value, for which he volunteered and for which he got the M.C. Of course he doesn't allude to this—nor to the reception he got on his successful return which surprised him very much. It is very graphic and good.

Derby told me yesterday Suffolk is killed in Mesopotamia—I am very, very sorry. He organized, when the Territorials were first invented, a battery of Artillery complete—I believe mainly at his own expense—and got them very efficient. I asked him in early days how he was getting on and what sort his men were, and he said "First rate and doing very well, and when we began there were only 4 or 5 men who put the saddles on with cruppers towards the horses' heads." He had served in India over 2 years, I believe. Lord Shannon killed too, I see—his Grandfather was my friend. Suffolk's father lived in the days of the Hastings great gambling when £100,000 could easily be lost in a week. One of them told me once that eight of them totted up their accounts after a certain Houghton meeting at Newmarket and they had lost over £250,000 among them—two of them over £70,000 each—and he added, "How we lived thro' it I don't know"—all died

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ruined. He was a classic and a man of fine mind as well as a great sportsman. Turf, hunting-field, and all round—also a bit of a wit and weighed every one and everything at his own—he was a kindly humorous person. He was one of 4 who were known at the time as the Romeo Lords—not so very long before I began to go racing 1876 regularly—owing to their having an old selling plater of good class called Romeo, who was taken about as a Retriever in case of accidents.

A prominent merchant and financier tells me things are going very well in the City—there is lots of money—where it comes from we can't say, money is not like the widow's cruse, it does not come by faith alone.

April 25th to 26th. A variety of difficulties about doctors at St. Bart.'s: the authorities seem to think a doctor is a Doctor, i.e. they don't bother as to the slight difference between surgeon and physician. I understand from one of them that S.S. *Aquitania* sailed the other day with a lot of patients, 12 physicians, and no surgeon. Finally, just as the ship sailed, a surgeon was caught up, put on a lighter and dragged on board the liner. At Bart.'s we shall have two surgeons left to do the work of 20; however, as I told the Governors at this Quarterly Court which answers to an annual meeting, we must meet the demands and must worry thro' somehow—all agreed. The men are very keen to go.

April 27th. The urgent cry about potatoes, and every now and then an hysterical Note on peace from the Pope to the Emperor of Austria, remind me forcibly of Dizzy in "Lothair" or somewhere on the young Duke: "The Pope one minute, potatoes the next."

A long speech from Devonport on food—he has now taken to the prevailing shriek and said 2 or 3 times he must

tell the Truth. When officials say this with emphasis I always doubt. What is true is that, while compulsion is talked about, no one can say how it's to be carried out, and meanwhile Devonport has made another appointment—the refuge of harassed officials of all sorts and grades—St. David's to work out flour supplies.

April 28th. I attended at Guildhall yesterday on the occasion of Lloyd George receiving the Freedom of the City—a very fine gathering and dais filled with remarkable prominent men. I was asked as Treasurer of Bart.'s and was allotted and took a humble seat in the body of the Hall. Rather to my surprise, but I always do as I am told, my attention was called to a man beckoning me who said, "Friend, go up higher," so I was escorted to the dais, found Curzon, Derby, Milner, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Smuts, Baden, Bikanir and a host of others. L. G. spoke very well—his reception was immense. Four years ago, if he had been seen in the City, people would have spat at him!!! His speech was very good for the occasion and the audience, but I'd heard scores of such speeches.

April 29th. Spring seems to be on the move at last, everything a month late.

Some people are now beginning to grumble about Lloyd George and are betting he will be out in 3 months. I don't care one way or another as to the personality of the Government. Of course Asquith could turn him out whenever he chose. The one thing we want is a united front—and if and when the Irish question comes up, I hope we may have it.

I have seen a copy of a new order as to bread: "No member of a household to eat more than one quartern loaf per week." That is an *order* for the 4 lbs. of bread. Last

week it was stated that the amount eaten per head was 6 lbs. instead of 4 lbs. The order extends to no oats for horses except as regards breeding—and then only under licence from Food Controller. This may be changed.

April 30th to May 1st. Amid all the crash now prevailing, a lady, who considers herself great, complained bitterly to me of her want of petrol—!!! If she walked it would do her much good and her husband too, both of them colossal.

The 1,000th day of the war has passed. There were those who thought it would be over in November 1914. I learn the submarine figures are very bad again—they are bound to be so and it will go on. Of course the unfortunate Carson is blamed, equally of course the whole matter must have been foreseen by the Admiralty, for the meanest intelligence could see that the enemy would use their power to the utmost.

No more racing after this week and quite right too. But would I were at Newmarket for the 2,000 guineas! I believe there is a great deal of nonsense talked about racing and the breed of racehorses, much as I love both. It is claimed that racing is the only way to find out the best horses and mares, but very often indeed the best horses on the turf do not make the best stallions and sires, and certainly the same applies to brood mares. Of course good horses, e.g. St. Simon was a real good horse, no one ever knew how good a sire he really was. Hermit was a good sire, I'm not sure how good he was *really*—Bend Or, good up to $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, only got Ormonde as a real good horse—Ormonde got Orme, good up to $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in a bad year, he failed to stay the Leger Course—beaten by la Flèche. Veracity was a good horse—he developed so—but no sire; I could add to them—Robert le Diable, the same a failure at the stud. Desmond a *very* good sire,

I think, didn't prove himself a flier really as a 2-year-old, and, I think, didn't run after that—while great runner mares have equally proved failures. If I told Harry Chaplin¹ this he would have a fit. The Blood is the thing.

May 2nd to 5th. Lloyd George has been suddenly called away to France—I expect matters are not going quite right there. It is impossible for men to go on like the last 10 days unceasing, and it looks as if we had been successfully held up, and small wonder. Moreover, Derby looked very fidgety and red on the front Bench yesterday, not at all like his cheery self—and it could not be the stoppage of racing that caused this. Facial moods tell tales when one knows men well. I discovered the Asquith-Lloyd George crisis by watching, or rather observing, Lansdowne. But England is very highly strung and anxious. She cannot see her way through the submarine difficulty, and meanwhile the Admiralty come in for the criticism of all the damned fools and club strategists.

Arty Murray told me in one battle he had a bullet through his sleeve and another through the skirt of his greatcoat, which he didn't discover till he got back to his dug-out. One of the Studds (Coldstream Guards), one of the really great cricketers, said: "You've been bowled twice, but the bail didn't fall."

May 6th. Many a man à propos various matters has said to me: "Poor old Asquith would have treated this or that situation better and acted with greater discretion and foresight." They are beginning to find out. In the higher and upper middle class he is disliked and for two or three reasons with bitterness. One reason is that he has never troubled his head about them—he is not good at answering or having letters answered for him. Gladstone

¹ Viscount Chaplin.

and Salisbury never omitted them. I understand Asquith's following in the North is tremendous, and Mary Ward says that even in a little village like Albury, where there are only a few Liberal voters, the feeling against L.G. for jockeying Asquith is very bitter. Mary Ward is desperately keen against Woman Suffrage and is working against it in the new Suffrage Bill, which it is expected may be introduced before Whitsuntide. But Ireland will overshadow everything domestic.

May 7th to 9th. Rumours of taking of submarines by ingenious plan of light nets and electric bells and launches going 40 miles per hour which dart out and drop bombs at full speed on the submerged submarine, which can go only 12 miles p.h. under water—they are easily discovered by the oil on the water. The launch takes half a mile to pull up and on returning finds bits of submarine floating—if the quarry has been secured. They say lately they got 3 and one of the biggest and newest.

His Majesty and the Queen have returned from Windsor and have sent Bart.'s glorious and large quantities of daffodils, the only profusion of flowers I've seen.

The Royal Academy opened. Nelly says Orpen's pictures come near caricatures, an admirable one of Bryce which makes him look as if he had been dragged backwards through a hedge.

May 10th. Yesterday was view day at St. Bart.'s for 2 hours and a half. I went through every ward and spoke to every one of the 200 soldiers—I never saw the wards look better—it was a flattering afternoon. Lots of sun and the daffodils sent by the Queen in masses and picked specially by herself and her friends at Windsor lit the place up splendidly.

To House of Lords by 5.30, and found Haldane enter-

ing his second hour on educational organization—followed by Bishop of Oxford, who spoke with vehemence and well.

May 11th. Last night I went to a good play "General Post"—Madge Titheradge, a most finished and delightful actress. Lilian Braithwaite very good too—it was quite a treat. I met my party at the theatre. Dining at the Turf Club I saw lots of friends. I'd have liked to stay there.

There is a great storm in a teapot re cessation of racing, Derby apparently totally disagreeing with the policy. We shall hear more of this. And a Sinn Feiner has beaten the official Nationalist for S. Longford. This will make the Irish settlement doubly difficult.

A long visit to Lady Breadalbane, who was very full of the orders about killing deer in July. She and B. are all ready to assist—but she rightly says—as in other matters—how are these things to be done? The idea is to kill deer and despatch them for food—the organization is mapped out, but here the difficulties begin.

1. To shoot the deer—they are easy missed and on the first shot, to say nothing of their getting the wind, they are then away to the real high tops.
2. You cannot in July and August leave them out a night as you can in late September and October. But where are the men to get them off the hill?
3. Having got them off the hill—how is the venison to be distributed? Railway services are totally upset and reduced and the best forests are miles from railways.

It is easy to do things on paper.

A delightful little dinner at Hylton's in Manchester Square, in a house opposite to that in which I began married life just on 36 years ago. Hylton called my attention to the knockers—bronze or brass dolphins—and said how good they were. I said I was glad he'd liked 'em as I had bought them in Venice about 35 years ago. The Dutch

Minister, formerly Dutch Minister for Foreign affairs, and his delightful wife, *née* American, were there and the Edmund Talbots.

May 12th. Ribbons and decorations always give immense trouble and never more than now. Of course vast numbers are required for War services and these silly things have statutes which the instructed regard with awe. The jealousy in respect of the different values of these things is amazing—the more democratic we become the greater the craving for ribbons and insignia, e.g. there is to be a new Order, the British Empire, for men and women, and 5 grades of it. Then all the ladies want the Royal Red Cross; but I am glad to say this, at any rate the first class, is to be kept for matrons and nurses who do the practical work of nursing.

May 13th to 16th. Derby is appealing to the public and hospitals especially for more nurses; but we are very short ourselves—instead of 675 applications to enter our service as probationers in 4 months, we have only 425. Further, crowds of our nurses are down with measles, and also as our house physicians and surgeons are young and inexperienced there is more need than ever of experienced Sisters in our Hospitals. I explained all this to Derby and promised to do what we can.

We woke up one morning to find a bus strike which, on 16th, is still continuing and the bus people threaten to bring out all other transport workers, trains, tube, taxis. All very tiresome from small point of view of convenience and very disquieting to my mind from the larger. Some rumours that the men here and there are relenting, and some strikers have been roughly handled by some big convalescent Canadians—it is said knocked down where they stood.

Dined in the Royal Gallery, House of Lords, at the dinner

to Smuts—French in the Chair. The first time such an event has occurred. Smuts made a very good and interesting speech—too long—casting a sort of political horoscope of the future, and making a very clever defence of Kingship. He also said he once let French slip through his hands in a train in the dark—and that in a place called Murderer's Gap, all his party were killed, he alone escaping.

News to-day that Choate is dead, Ambassador here for 6 years—a very distinguished American.

May 17th. The visit of the King and Queen to the North has been an unqualified success. They will have slept six nights in the train—I know the discomfort and the trouble of it well. Dick Cavendish is very loud in his praise of T.M.'s—their energy, graciousness, real heart sympathy and tirelessness. They are wonderful people—I wish I could think all realize how they work and how unself-sparing they are.

May 18th to 25th. We still have great accounts of A. J. B.'s mission to America. My sister-in-law says his speeches are tame. She would—and no doubt Americans may think him so. I cannot conceive a greater contrast than that of A. J. Balfour—an extremely high-bred gentleman, no doubt with the defects of his qualities, his restrained and careful speech—with a hustling bustling creature like Roosevelt. A. J. B. is thoroughly English—or some would prefer to say Scotch, tho' I consider the English strain thro' his mother carries more weight than that of his father the Midlothian Scot.

To every one's great delight a squadron, or whatever the unit is called, of American destroyers has arrived off the S.W. Irish Coast, at any rate we have discovered them and the U.S.A. sailors have been appropriately fêted. Very likely they have been thereabouts for some days, if not

weeks. They will be most useful—whether really efficient or not—before Germany; as an American having luncheon with us remarked: “Sir, we had the 2nd Navy of the entire world.” Of course we are told of their sinking U-Boats in mid-Atlantic. Lights are kept under no bushels in U.S.A.

I attended a dinner chez Sir A. Mond. The idea was on the card—“A send-off to Honble. Neil Primrose”—though whither he was going I couldn’t ascertain nor did he know himself. The Prime Minister, Lloyd George, there and very genial to me—though, I thought, rather nervy. Flying about all over the Continent of Europe is enough to rend the nerves of anyone, let alone a real genuine Celt. All or nearly all of the 27 present were Colleagues: Devonport, Cowdray, Munro, Rhondda, and a place next me for Freddy Guest, who as Head Whip couldn’t come, were at my table with the host—others were colleagues who, except Islington, I had never seen. I sat next Cowdray and Munro. I know the former well and like him very much, a real good honest straight man, tactful at that, no axe to grind, who has with amazing skill smoothed the difficulties of the Air Board of which he is chairman—he says: “Anyone can take on my job now it is well in order and the P.M. can have my place for anyone he likes as soon as he likes.” He has done a great work. He gave me an instance of how corruption pervades everything Russian. He was approached to let Paddockhurst to a Russian Grand Duke, who sent a Secretary holding his Power of Attorney to Cowdray to arrange rent, etc., etc. Cowdray said he didn’t want to let, but if the Grand Duke liked to pay so much he could have it. The Secretary agreed and said: “Now add £400 to the rent for me”—Cowdray flatly refused. The deal did not come off then. The Secretary returned with the same suggestion and Cowdray said: “Very well, I’ll put it in the lease. Rent so much—£400 for you.”

This didn't quite suit either and thus no deal took place. How can a country go on like this? And now we see the Revolution.

Mond's dinner interested me in another way, as the house had belonged to the late Lord Kimberley, of whom in a humble way I was a colleague since 1880 and with whom I used to dine. But what a different gathering, Gladstone, Granville, Spencers, Kimberleys, Breadalbanes and so on. The old order with a vengeance has given place to the new.

Ronaldshay has begun well in Bengal. He made a speech on arrival, saying that in these days of war he was not going to entertain on a lavish scale—this was sensible enough—but he added: “and all the savings I shall put into War Loan.” This is patriotism at 5 per cent. with a vengeance, and so consoling for the Bengal would-be guests.

Some strikers, i.e. the leading “shop assistants,” have been arrested—the strikes are over, the arrested are to be liberated; it is said Lloyd George brought about the settlement.

Burghclere declares he was nearly shot by an immense Senegalese black soldier guarding a bridge in the Cannes Golf ground—but he hurriedly obeyed his orders.

H.M. went round the Overseas Officers' Club at the Automobile Club—among other things, swimming bath, gymnasium, rackets courts, etc., etc.; there is a miniature shooting—to his great delight H.M. made a bull's-eye his first two shots and then offered to shoot Chesterfield for a fiver—H.M. in great form.

May 26th. The Queen's birthday, God Bless her and preserve her indeed. At Barley End—the country divine, superb, lovely. The rain came in time to save the situation and we can almost see the things grow, the wild flowers delicious, also the cuckoo and swallow were singing from 3.30 a.m.

May 27th. Sunday day of Rest. For 2½ hours thro' Ashridge wood, of unparalleled beauty—the timber and foliage, bluebells and all, sublime.

May 28th. There was a raid two days ago over Folkestone and the Germans say Dover. Large numbers of innocent harmless people shopping were killed and wounded. The raid was by 16 Taubes, said to go 200 miles an hour, and in full daylight, shopping hours. There was, I believe, no military damage whatever.

May 29th. Rothschild dead. Poor old Leo. No kinder man ever lived—thoughtful of everything and every one—and the amount of quiet kindness he did without saying anything about it was immeasurable, but I knew a great deal—many a friend in poor circumstances he aided—and he had agents who did such work for him.

Henderson, Labour M.P., to be Ambassador at St. Petersburg, at the Court of Catherine the Great now ruled by a nondescript Government! Henderson is a very good man, a member of War Cabinet, but . . . I daresay an appropriate appointment. George Buchanan comes home on long leave. How things change, and I am not sure this is not the greatest change of all. Henderson has gone over without Staff, therefore, I suppose, takes over the Embassy—a Revolution—but how quietly we do these things—shades of Lord Whitworth, Lord R. Leveson, Lord Durham and countless others, and I daresay Henderson is as able as any, though not nursed in the purple or versed in Ambassadorial ways.

For the moment the heroic effort of our fellows has paused—they must catch their breath—and of late the Austrians have fairly caught it from the Italians, who have

had a most successful onslaught, captured 100 guns and over 20,000 prisoners, said to be within 20 miles of Trieste, which the Germans say should be abandoned. The papers say the late Austrian Premier Titzza says he will oppose his King and show him the error of his ways. Cassel was right at the beginning of the war in saying, one result would be that almost every crown would totter. The Kaiser has made a speech to troops—in which he remarks, “he speaks with a heavy heart.” Does he at last see the writing on the wall? Russia seems in the last state of dissolution—there appears to be no Govt. and there will be less (I am not an Irishman).

My brother, a Colonel, goes to France with status of Major to look after German prisoners; he is 58 and did command at York the Reserve Regt. of Scots Grey and Royals, his old regiment—he is a hard-bitten fellow. His sons are all in it, one a sailor, navigating Lieut. of a fast boat with Beatty in North Sea, the 2 others an S.L.I., 29, Major D.S.O., R.F.C., the other late R.F.C. and S.L.I., now Coldstream Guards, and his daughter working away in a Government office, and his dear old wife the truest of a brave lot.

Devonport has definitely resigned the office of Food Controller on grounds of ill health. He did his best, but like nearly everything nowadays the administration was not good, orders and counter-orders and nothing thought out, any Press wave or suggestion is caught hold of and tried without consideration. Government by the Press is damnable and expensive and exasperating.

June 1st. Accounts from Russia vary more than the changes of a kaleidoscope, one day anarchy and chaos—the next Kerensky the War Minister is said to be carried shoulder high by the soldiers—to-night’s paper says Russia ready to strike.

June 2nd. This morning comes worse news than ever from Kronstadt—also Socialistic Resolution from Leeds where the socialist could not get a hall by gift or hire.

June 3rd to 8th. Lovely days, but treacherous. Another aeroplane raid over Thames estuary—16 Germans—two brought down—two or three people killed and then they fled.

A tremendous battle is in progress S.E. of Ypres—it began with a terrific explosion, heard at Walton Heath, Surrey, 140 miles from the scene. Lloyd George (he has a house at Walton Heath golf course) was called at 3 a.m. and is said to have heard a tremendous explosion—I suppose the result of elaborate mining which began the battle. Five thousand prisoners were taken and more, of course, on way—guns, trench mortars uncounted—the attack was on a 9-miles front and is said to be going well.

General Alfred Balfour, Embarkation Officer, Southampton, has had some odd experiences, especially from American ladies—he is the friend and helper of all. One said to him, “General, I’ve left my passport in the train and if you can find that, please bring my two hat-pins you’ll see sticking in the back of the seat.” He got them. Another asked him to write to a Banker to send her a remittance as she was likely to run short—he had to advise her to do it herself from Paris. Another begged him to unpack her portmanteau to find her life-belt—wonderful people, and A. B. most wonderful of all.

June 9th. Arthur Balfour has returned from U.S.A. where his Diplomatic Entente visit has been a splendid success: a case of the extreme value of an ex-Prime Minister who, to use his own words, was willing to serve in any

capacity and under anyone so long as he could be thought of use. His position to-day is enviable.

June 10th to 12th. The only news is that an immense German effort in counter-attack, to try to recover the ground and positions lost, has been shattered. I have heard a reason for the retirement of Nivelle. He is apparently a very sanguine and voluble talker—he prophesied and assured his Govt. of immense results of the late great French offensive—which were not fulfilled. Apparently the Govt. thought he was either incompetent or a bad judge and so relieved him. What is probably true is that the offensive was successful as far as possible and had he not been so full of optimistic prophecy, all would have been well.

Haig says in all his experience of war or manœuvres he has never known anything like the success of Plumer's last effort—everything went right. They did make one mistake, viz. that they greatly over-estimated British casualties.

Messines had been in course of being undermined for a year or a year and a half—miners were brought from N. of England to dig the tunnels. Frequently it is said they heard the pick of the Germans also tunnelling, and had to skedaddle—then the electric wires had to be laid, and this after tons and tons of explosives had been stored—and it all came off according to programme and scheduled time.

Rumours again of abdication of Tino. I learn Venizelos says that Tino must go, but that they must not do away with the monarchy. The country is not ripe for that, and I understand he proposes the son. We've heard before of the abdication—each rumour brings it nearer.

Facilities are increasing for sending ammunition, etc., abroad. Now they've made or are making a port near the golf ground between Ramsgate whence they send the trucks on board flat-bottom boats; after crossing the Chan-

nel they go by the canals to close up to the troops. Also they are making light railways. We saw a lot of wheels, etc., which had been made in Toronto, on a luggage train at Tring yesterday.

The last joke is that the sailors boycotted Ramsay MacDonald & Co., refusing to sail on the ships which carried them as Pacifists to Petrograd, and M. & Co. have returned to London. Very, very good.

Willie Redmond, M.P., was killed in last battle—the tributes to him very eloquent and well deserved.

June 13th to 14th. To-day, 13th, we had a great scare. As I was walking to a Privy Council (after which I had audience of the King) along Buckingham Palace Road, I saw every one looking up to the cloudless sky, and I asked a fat Scots Guards Sergeant what was up, and he said there was an air-raid. I remarked I could see nothing whatever, and he replied, "No more don't I. The policemen at the gates of Buckingham Palace said they saw the white puffs of shells as they burst in the sky, and had heard guns, of which I heard 2 or 3 as I entered B.P. I was told at the Palace that many saw the puffs from its garden.

At the office I found a telephone message on my table from Bart.'s saying they had about 100 (actual number 114) cases brought into the Hospital suffering from the Raid—8 dead and about 10 or 12 died after admission—I believe 15 children were killed. A bomb was said to have fallen between 2 trains at Liverpool Street, one a Norwich train, full. The main damage then said to be in Fenchurch St., Gracechurch St., St. Mary Axe. Whitbread's brewery had a bomb on it, I believe. I had to write to Wallington to thank Queen Mary for flowers received the day before, so I told him the details. He "sent up" my letter at once and the King, who had to leave for the North about 4.30, was at St. Bart.'s by 3.15 after

lunch with Queen Alexandra—he arrived in a motor with Cromer at a side door, the out-patients' door—and was discovered by Hayes (Secry.) talking to a poor woman with a child in her arms. The floor was covered with blood—terrible scene—it is through here that every arrival passed. The soldiers in the Square as soon as they caught sight of H.M. gave him a rousing cheer; being visiting day the Square was full and he got very many more cheers—a real ovation. I wired gratitude for the visit to the Royal train and next morning a wire was received from H.M. inquiring as to sufferers' condition. In the afternoon a special messenger arrived with flowers for the sufferers—a card of sympathy in the Queen's own hand attached which I acknowledged by letter and described to H.M. the position.

The surgeons were working from 12.45 to 9.45; all kept their heads and worked splendidly, including a number of Porters, etc., from Smithfield.

June 15th to 17th. People are getting nervy and no wonder, and crying for reprisals and warning—the former would be a disgrace and futile, the latter a doubtful expedient. The experience on Wednesday was that the firing brought every one into the streets as sightseers. Nelly, who heard all the firing in Wimpole St., says the crowds were tremendous. In addition to this the people in trams, buses and near tube stations would be all madly trying to get in or out—in 4 of 6 cases the alarms come to nothing—all this had been thought of and considered two years ago, and I know Henry, the Police Commissioner, is against warning.

I cannot understand about Wednesday—without exception hitherto we, St. Bart.'s, have had plenty of warning—this time we only heard about five minutes before the sound of the first gun—some one blundered, I expect. The hostile planes were said to be 17 or 18,000 feet up, i.e.

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2,000 ft. higher than Mont Blanc. A friend of mine was implored in the City by a faithful old Bank Porter not to wear a white hat, it was so visible!

An amnesty has been proclaimed for Sinn Fein prisoners sentenced after the Rebellion.

Tino has been made to abdicate and has, I believe, left Athens. The Kaiser wrote him a letter of sympathy, full of rage against England, saying it would only be for a short time—he would put him back. Meanwhile European Capitals are scintillating about Revolution, especially as regards Spain—and some even are getting nervous about England, but not I.

I met Page (U.S. Ambassador) at lunch at Macmillan's the publisher. He remarked he had now done waging Neutrality—not bad. John Morley (80) was there looking extremely frail, also Algey West (84) and Grenfell, F.-M., (75), and thus to Barley End. *Very* hot. I never experienced anything like it in June. I walk about in my pyjamas early in the morning as I did in India. It is delicious here, the peace and calm sublime and the beauty—sainfoin cut and carried, also some hay. Very heavy thunder and lightning last evening, but only slight rain, hardly enough to freshen things, but better than nothing. I believe there has been none for 4 weeks.

Rhondda becomes Food Controller. I received a very flattering note about representing the Local Government Board if the President is in House of Commons, but not settling anything of course.

June 18th. The roses are beautiful after the 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of rain. I learn we have had another and a very bad submarine week. Of course this must occur and it is only a mercy it did not begin earlier. No newspaper yesterday, Sunday, but a message from the office confirmed the news that 2 Zeppelins had come to England

on Saturday night or early Sunday, one via Essex, one via Kent—the latter being brought down.

One curious thing happened in the Raid of the 13th in Paternoster Square: a big dust cart was blown into a shop window; glass covered the ground 2 or 3 inches deep, but the horse quite unhurt.

Sydney Paget was in the Norwich train at the back—the bomb on the front—he says it made him jump. I can believe it. Jack Dawnay says he believes the Zeppelin was their best and newest and the C.O. the Commodore of the Zeppelin Fleet. When his body was found he had on a rich fur coat and an iron Cross.

June 19th to 24th. A very pleasant dinner with the Asquiths on 22nd, no taxi to be got, so in consequence we were very late. Cowans, who was also there, told me the cost of the ammunition shot away by us was 15 millions sterling in the 9-days' battle of Messines—that the dynamite mines, of which they hardly expected more than half would go off, were all successful; and that in having 8,000 casualties and taking 11,000 prisoners, we took 3,000 more prisoners than we had casualties.

The Royal visit to the North was a very great success. The King said the Lancashire tour far surpassed his expectations, but Yorkshire and Durham far surpassed that. Durham, Lord-Lieutenant of Durham, was most emphatic and I have had confirmation from other sources.

Various tales come from Hospitals—a nurse was washing a soldier's back and said, "What a wonderful man you've got tattooed on your back." He said, "Wait a bit, missie, till you get lower down—you'll see I always sit on the Kaiser."

Walking home from the House with Salisbury I found he was rather opposed than otherwise to female suffrage—Bob Cecil madly in favour, Hugh in favour—and S.

surprised me by saying his father supported it. Female suffrage has now passed by enormous majorities in House of Commons. We can't help it, though I deplore it, and I shan't oppose the Commons vote.

Two airmen escaped from a German train and walked 400 kilometres into Switzerland. The great difficulty was that though they had maps, such a number of new munition towns had grown up (as here) which were not on the maps. They walked at night, of course, and lay *perdus* during day. How they got food I can't make out; they had obtained all sorts of contrivances, maps, etc., but how is again a secret, for obvious reasons.

While the war absorbs all and each, I cannot help observing the political situation and individuals. In the House of Lords, George Curzon, in a way is a good leader, he is courteous, patient, though he often doesn't look it, ready and ample in his statements; but he is not popular, his style gets on peers' nerves, his amplitude, his elaborate and careful preparation weary them. Moreover, he is always anxious to be elsewhere, and leaves direction to Crawford, who is a delightful personality—I like him very much—but his knowledge (if he is to be leader) seems to me limited as regards current affairs, he ought to be able to back up the official spokesman—he never does. When I replied for K. of K. I used to see Lansdowne in the morning and talk the matter out with him, then if I was snubbed he could rally to my aid and he did so, to the extent of once or twice repeating my speech which—coming from him—secured acquiescence!! But he was always helpful. I think the position of the Govt. very unsatisfactory—there is, as I've said before, no cohesion whatever, Ministers say what they like.

Brodrick (Lord Middleton) made a very damaging speech the other day, saying that by a malign fate or influence the Govt. were sliding into dealing with consti-

tutional questions of the greatest moment such as Franchise (including female suffrage), Drink purchase, Irish Govt., all in a time when there was a truce—all this is perfectly true.

June 25th. To London, to meet the Queen at St. Bart.'s. She came with Princess Mary, Lady Fortescue, my bridesmaid 36 years ago, and Wallington. I was there before her, of course, but they came fully 10 minutes too soon and we weren't ready—however, such is life. H.M. came to see the sufferers by the raid, 31 men, 2 women, 3 children—she brought a present for each one and spoke to each one. A convoy of wounded had just come from France and H.M. talked to some of them. The wounded soldiers already in the Hospital made a gangway and gave her a capital cheer. H.M., as always, was unfatiguable, and had a charm and sympathy for all. The King was still with his fleet.

June 26th. To London *en famille*. A play I had sent round for refusal by Advisory Board, I'm glad to say, has met with it. Raleigh described it as garbage. Another one has gone round, though not so bad a case and I don't mind if it's allowed; but I had to take a strong line because after permission for "Damaged Goods" some men thought they could put on anything.

June 27th. At dinner at Elphinstone's at the house, 6 Upper Brook Street, formerly belonging to Sir G. Ramsden, and where the famous quarrel of Lord Palmerston and Lord J. Russell was made up—as quarrels usually are when there's a real prospect of Office.

There is no doubt it is just as difficult to get things settled now as was said to be the case in the Asquith days.

The *Mongolia*, on which I sailed 30 years ago, has been sunk by a mine not far from Bombay—mails lost. I had

a message from India Office to say a letter I had sent through it to India had been lost.

June 30th to July 6th. The cold is arctic and, strolling over the Chilterns, it was like an early September day on the hill in Perthshire, but delicious at that—the rain has done immense good and was badly wanted.

Arnold arrived on the 3rd from U.S.A., to join General Pershing in Paris, and this same day we had Hardinge's statement on the Mesopotamian Report—a good and very attentive House, but cold and not sympathetic. Hardinge spoke for an hour. I did not think it very successful. He seemed to convince us about the obvious, and could not get away from the fact that he tried to manage where he should have ordered. What was new information was that 1,500 arrests of Anarchists and others were made last year when they returned from South Africa and other places—but here again, anyone who knows India knows we always sit on the top of a volcano.

A small dinner at Cassel's where we met Lansdowne and Middleton, and next night with Imperiali, Italian Ambassador—present Page (U.S.A. Ambassador), Lloyd George, Chief Justice and Lady Isaacs who, she told me, was born within sound of Bow Bells. The conversation was general and the row terrific. Imperiali talks at the top of his voice. Page told us of a visit he had had from a leading lumber man who was much disgusted, as well he may be, with the delays of England beginning with Liverpool; he finished up the interview by saying: "Say, Mr. Ambassador, where in Hell are the trees I'm to cut down? I want to begin right here and now." A gentle way of addressing an Ambassador.

L.G. was interesting on Russia. Drunk with freedom, especially of speech—they are always speaking—a man would begin to spout at 10 p.m. at the corner of a street,

get a crowd of sorts and go on till 3 or 4 a.m. At a theatre or concert, a man would jump on the stage—no more concert or play-acting—and continue till all hours; and of course the men go to work when they like the next day.

Lloyd George was very full of the French Revolution and its personalities about whom he talked a good deal, comparing various Russians to St. Just, Danton, and the like. Lloyd George is a capital talker, his repartee as quick as lightning and quite good; altogether it was interesting. He said it was all rot his hearing the Messines explosion.

The Germans had a go at the American transports far out, I understand, in the Atlantic, but no harm was done and it is supposed one, and possibly two, had been sunk by the fire of the U.S.A. convoys. Arnold's liner had a shot at a periscope—oddly enough it didn't hit, and when this liner was a little way out from New York they began to practise shooting.

July 7th. I learnt at 9.30 there was a certainty of a raid, but we went to Euston, and when in Euston Square we saw the enemy aeroplanes. Nelly thought she counted 25, all in fan formation and very high. I think they were then on their way home. The scene at Euston was interesting—people flocking in from neighbouring houses and streets to take shelter after dark. There was no panic and I thought great good humour and much chatter; the crowd was great—little boys with nothing on but a shirt, or people half-dressed. Nelly found an old woman in a state of collapse saying she had not had time to button her boots, so Nelly out with her button-hook and buttoned them, which resuscitated her. I took Nelly into the tube and then came up to the top, but the raid was over. Having taken Nelly to Barley End, I returned to see after St. Bart.'s; its escape was miraculous—the G.P.O. on Bart.'s S.W. corner was struck by a bomb in the narrow street

bounding Bart.'s on the East. Two fires in almost adjacent yards occurred at Tilling's the Job Master—the yards were burnt out and his carriages parked in Bart.'s Square. No pane of glass was broken by the explosion, though a piece of shrapnel fell on a soldier's bed, but no harm done. There was anxiety about fire, so we kept men on top of the lav. quarters of the nurses, which I wish had been burnt—so bad are they—as pieces of blazing paper, etc., kept falling on its roof in the Square. The Secretary told me the crashing and noise were indescribable—well it may have been—and he certainly looked it, poor man. The enemy aeros hovered quite low over Bart.'s Square, about 2,000 feet. Some men, thinking the raid over, strolled out and were looking at them, thinking them our machines, till a bomb exploding quite close made them quickly change their minds and re-seek shelter. A hundred casualties were brought in and 3 killed; 75 soon left, the rest remained for treatment; 4 men died. Three women, 3 children remain and 19 men. I think we got the bulk of the casualties; all worked splendidly, including the young students. One dispenser had about 200 women waiting for medicine before his windows, they were frightened, so he took them to his cellars; they were so grateful they started a penny subscription for the Hospital and one or two were heard asking a neighbour for a halfpenny to put in the plate—a touching and pathetic little incident. But Bart.'s turn must come, I fear, and when it does, God help us.

July 8th to 9th. Back to London and straight to St. Bart.'s, where I saw one of the best Sisters; she was naturally very full of the raid; her ward in East Wing got very hot, so much so that they couldn't use the operating table. The patients, including many soldiers, were alarmed, some remarking "It's worse than the trenches, there you can get under shelter if you're lucky and besides you have some

show—here one is like a rat in a trap.” The whole affair had a great effect on people’s nerves, men and all—one or two doctors especially—and small wonder. One or two of the nurses have been taken away, perhaps some more may go, but I expect they will for the most part stick it out. It might come to closing the Hospital—it is bang in the middle of the danger zone. We are elaborating a scheme for bringing patients lying down to the ground floor, leaving convalescents on the top, and so in case of a raid emptying the two top floors.

July 10th to 11th. People are, as usual, losing their heads again in a mild degree. German shops—or supposed to be German—have been wrecked in the East End; and one woman—again supposed to be German—had to be protected by the police. Frankie Lloyd told N. that the East End was in a very dangerous state; he asserted, too, that the raid was right over Euston and a bomb dropped in Euston Square. One house in Little Britain was burnt out on Saturday, and in the September raid also was bombed and burned out—like zero turning up twice running at Monte Carlo. Lloyd said troops had all been confined to barracks. There was a secret Session in the House of Commons on the 9th. What happened exactly we know not, but L.G. is reputed to have pointed out that we must not deplete our front-line aeroplanes; when people talk about Paris being exempt from raids they forget that to attack it the Germans would have to face the whole French front as well as Paris defences of all kinds. Rumour says the French are nearly done, but this rumour has obtained for two years.

The French made a long raid into Germany over various towns and by Cologne and Bonn along the Rhine, getting to Essen and Krupp and dropping all their bombs, of course saying immense damage has been done, but one doesn’t

know; it is to a certain extent, however, confirmed by Dutch Press.

The Chairman of the P. & O., with whom I strolled, is evidently very anxious about the sinking—in two days 60,000 tons had been sunk—and the Germans go for oil ships. He had been on the Clyde where a shipbuilder told him with pride that he turned out 40,000 tons per year—about a bad day's sinking!! Oil is a grave matter for the Grand Fleet.

July 12th. Dined last night with the Lansdownes; Asquiths, Pembrokes, Sir L. Mallet (late Ambassador, Constantinople), Harry Chaplin, Kerrys and a Beresford granddaughter; very pleasant. Asquith was very gloomy about the general situation. It was a very bad day indeed. Asquith went so far, in reference to the reverse on the coast at the Yser, as to say that nothing could be worse. We began with a rumour all over London, which seemed circumstantial enough, that we had taken Ostend and Zeebrugge. The latter was absurd. It turned out that we had had a very real reverse in the sand-dunes on the coast, the Germans claiming 1,250 prisoners. They forestalled the attack which it seems we were preparing, and then broke through. How far it is really serious I know not, but it is dispiriting.

Then the Sinn Feiner has won the Clare Elections by a huge 2-1 majority, which makes all my Irish friends very despondent—it shows Redmond's power is shattered, for the S. F.'s are out for revolution.

Persistent rumours are about that the Germans have warned the Government they will burn London. I think this has got about through leaflets dropped, or said to be dropped, by enemy planes last Saturday containing threats of all sorts. Then there are further rumours of a dangerous spirit among the population of the East End. Altogether

the position is thoroughly nervy and the last people one would expect to be so are thoroughly unnerved. We want pulling together and we shall be so pulled, but it is disquieting and people bore one perfectly stiff by talking about the raid, asking a variety of questions which admit of no reply except that we are at war and that such things are to be expected.

Newton has returned from Holland the bearer of good news which, if his scheme is ratified by the Bosche, should result in the exchange or relief of a very large number of prisoners. He treated the Bosche with contempt and, I should think, a good deal of rudeness, but he has, he said, got his way subject to ratification, as to which he seems to entertain no doubt. He has done very well. It was desired that the Conference should be photographed; he declined, saying he would not be seen with the Germans, and he utterly declined to shake hands. Quite right to treat them thus; bullies don't like being bullied and generally cave in.

After the Mesopotamian Debate in the Lords I went to the Commons and heard Austen Chamberlain announce that he had placed his resignation as S. of S. for India in the Prime Minister's hands. Hardinge, I fancy, must have done the same thing. As Curzon said, none of those censured now hold appointments. But the whole thing is a muddle.

July 13th to 14th. The Sinn Feiner's majority has set the British Isles agog. In Ireland they race as much as they like (now here there are to be 40 days' racing). They eat as much as they like. No one need soldier unless they like. For the races they are not allowed special trains so they have "auxiliary trains" which cart thousands to the Races. Ireland is impayable.

"They say" George Curzon's official motor was driven

by a lady who, he thought, jeopardized his life; he complained, and the organizer said: "Good God, they must have given him skidding Jane."

This week has been a very bad one. The raid this day week—nerves all round not yet recovered; the set-back on the west coast after the rumour of the taking of Ostend; Mesopotamia, and all reviling the Home Defence Commission—and this morning the news that on July 9th, the *Vanguard*, a Dreadnought of over 19,000 tons, was blown up at anchor.

July 15th. The King and Queen returned last night, I believe, at any rate thank God they are back. The visit was a great success, the King bang up in the lines and with Plumer for 2 or 3 days and his Army; when Plumer saw him step over a certain bridge, the limit of his Command and responsibility, he said, "Thank God." I can understand his frame of mind. I have often in India entertained grandees of various sorts. I welcomed them with acclaim, but was heartily relieved when they had left safe and sound. I'm told the King had a narrow escape as one place he was in was demolished by bombs from aeroplanes a few minutes after he had left. I should have thought it would have been good to have spread this story abroad—if he shares the dangers he should get the credit. H.M. is very popular with the Army and the Queen charms all.

July 16th to 19th. So Bethmann Hollweg's resignation is out—another German Pilot dropped—he will be remembered as the author of the Scrap of Paper phrase.

Back to Barley End and a delightful late ramble for 2 hours in the garden, the roses out and the ramblers early. The allotments have come on amazingly with the rain and

sun. There have been some very heavy showers, but the ground in the common as hard as links. How I long to stay here and have nothing to do.

This week there have been four weddings of social interest. Lord Stanley to "Portia" Cadogan, a Maid-of-Honour, charming and one of the most delightful of girls. Lord Airlie and Lady Bridget Coke. The Marquis of Carisbrooke, till a fortnight ago Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and Lady Irene Denison. Never in 40 years have I seen so good-looking and charming a bride—her gracefulness when she made her curtsy to the Royal Family either side of the Altar was beautiful. He is a lucky young man. And Wernher and Countess Anastasia, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael. The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra at the Stanley, Denison and Wernher weddings.

Lady Irene's wedding the prettiest altogether I remember. A great feature of it was the address by Cantuar. He in his simplicity rises to a very high level indeed—it must be a very difficult thing to do.

The week has been more interesting politically than at the war. A. J. B. made a very strong speech on a motion for adjournment of House of Lords re Hardinge—I am glad to say sticking to him like a man—and had a large majority. Hardinge proffered resignation three times—so he has put himself in the right. A. J. B. is a gentleman and never better than when with his back to the wall. I'm told Lloyd George told him Hardinge should go. "Certainly," said A. J. B., "and I go too." Oddly enough both stay.

July 20th. Sitting next one of the Cabinet at tea in the House of Lords he told me that the official report of the last raid was to the effect that no incendiary bombs were dropped—my people who were in the thick of it, and I've

seen a dozen, all concur that by no other means could the flames have burst so quickly—in a moment they were through the roofs of the two houses close by St. Bart.'s—the theory being that the bombs, one explosive and the other incendiary, were dropped in pairs. My friend said also that the firemen said they could cope with ordinary fires, but doubted their powers in case of incendiary bombs. Another difficulty for the Fire Brigade is that men leave their omnibuses and carters their horses, the horses and carts wander on, get jammed and so block the way for fire engines. In his opinion there is no question but that the Germans knew that a large number of aeroplanes on Haig's demand had left for France. The next day the raid took place; he says this could not have been by chance.

I don't quite agree, though it is plausible. The blunder arose because in Haig's letter were other matters which needed Departmental dealing with; the letter was handed about and didn't reach the War Cabinet who would have forbidden the planes to leave. Now, I hear, we have a number of very big ones with two guns, close to London. The fear in Hoxton and such-like places among the poor is very great; mothers pay a penny to go down the tubes and remain there all day. Selfridge's and other mammoth establishments advertise the safety of their premises—one way of inducing business.

I have closed the two top wards in Bart.'s; the strain on Sisters and nurses is too great. It is the best we can do unless we close altogether and I've been through the cellars, etc. We can make them a habitable refuge with a little electric light.

The Government have given in about their Mesopotamian proposals. Nothing more is to be done, and anything to happen to those in Military employ is to be in the hands of the Privy Council. Why they couldn't have done this at once, I can't think; another proof that Administra-

tion—whatever may be the case regarding the war—is as bad as can be. The worry is that the only man of the civilians who suffers is Austen Chamberlain, and he is the least to blame. A good Secretary of State, and he is a real loss.

One rather pleasing incident occurred when the Queen visited my wife's Y.M.C.A. Huts and poured out tea: the next day lots of saucers were missing—they had been taken away, because they had been handled by the Queen, by those to whom she gave them.

Frankie Lloyd, the Gen. London Command, came to Bart.'s to see his sick and wounded soldiers and made an excellent little speech to the Sisters and nurses of appreciative praise and encouragement—very well done.

A dinner on 19th with Page—Lansdownes and some others; Page is a singularly nice man and *can* make a very good speech.

July 21st to 22nd. New Ministerial appointments meet with much criticism—E. S. Montagu, Secretary of State, India; Winston, Munitions; and Addison, Reconstruction. The last of the three is harmless. Winston's appointment raises a howl, and though Montagu knows a good deal about India, having been Under Secretary of State and travelled there, I think his being a Jew is perhaps a disadvantage in India. However, the new men must have a chance. Islington, who resigned when M.'s appointment appeared, on the strong representation of M. and Lloyd George, now has to stay. I am very glad of it. He is good both in office and House, and knows a good deal of India owing to his two years' service there on the Public Service Commission. He tells me he stays on his own terms—Montagu having told him he will take no definitely forward step without his concurrence. If M. sticks to this—and I think he will—it will be good.

July 23rd. Back to London to-day and St. Bart.'s. I went over the burnt-out yards, separated by a wall from a dismal graveyard with a very picturesque old church in the corner. This graveyard has very good turf lawns and is known as the postman's park. The yards, the police told me, were burnt in a few minutes, the heat so great no firemen could approach, a few bits of wall left standing—here and there a fireplace with a concrete base has withstood the fire showing the value of concrete—but the demolition is complete and gives good proof, owing to the fire's rapidity, of the existence of incendiary as well as explosive bombs. The damage is not visible from outside, and I doubt anyone not a Jew knowing anything of it; but I can picture what would happen to Bart.'s if the bombs fell within it.

July 24th to 27th. There was great commotion over the Corn Production Bill—the Government issued whips of “vital importance” as their newfangled language goes, and have a majority, on the minimum Agriculture wage of 30s., of 199. But the Government is very unpopular and at any other time would have been out long ago. I doubt if ever there was a worse. Asquith could kill them any moment he chose.

The position in the Russian Armies is amazing—a state of dissolution prevails and the soldiers almost by divisions turn their backs on the enemy, making miles of strings of deserters.

The vast limitless Artillery duel goes on in Flanders—Hayes, Sect. St. Bart.'s, tells me he hears and “feels” the effect of the guns when sitting in St. Bart.'s square at night when Smithfield and the City is quiet. And further I'm told there is to be (it's in every one's mouth) a great advance almost at once by Haig—that whatever guns and ammunition the Germans have he has 3 times as much, and twice

as many men—that we shall hear nothing till one day we wake up to learn Ostend and Zeebrugge are in our hands! I've heard this before and the things we hear so much of don't seem to materialize. And my informant said: "I wonder sometimes if I'm not dreaming when I read the splendid though impudent and lying bluff of the Germans." Another experienced and rather pessimistic creature says he wouldn't be a Hun in Flanders at end of July for anything.

Rhondda has made his long-promised statement about Food—as he read the whole story for three-quarters of an hour at a terrific rate, missed his stops and kept his head rather down, it was difficult to follow. But the statement reads well, of course, and according to his lines, it was a success. They call the tea-shops the Rhondda-vous.

July 28th to Aug. 1st. The battle in France in the region between Ypres and Armentières, for which the vast and overwhelming bombardment has been in preparation, began at 3.10 a.m. to-day (31st); I trust the weather there is better than here. Here, though I believe it is local, nothing could be worse. People say weather exists only to promote polite conversation, but how much depends on it—the fate of battles and food supply.

The battle report in the evening quite good, but weather bad, in spite of which we have done well. Losses said to be light, we have progressed but a short way however and stick in mud. The fates this time were with William. But the moral of the Germans, I learn, is very bad now—the 1918 class in the ranks. This part of the cockpit of Europe is almost flat and the ground with good rain becomes a regular swamp—nothing can move.

I found all my Conservative friends in a state of considerable excitement over a visit of Henderson's to Paris with Ramsay MacDonald to a conference of Socialists.

Bonar Law—questioned in House of Commons—"knew nothing about it." It certainly does seem an extraordinary thing that a member of the War Cabinet should be found there. Henderson's own explanation I thought good and the motion for Adjournment was talked out. It is unnecessary to add to difficulties which are already as deep as the slush in Flanders. Lloyd George seems to have had a success in Paris, where he was accompanied by the invaluable Arthur Balfour—if words could win this war it would be over in twenty minutes. Lloyd George's speech gives in the clearest terms what England has done and is doing.

Halton, Alfred Rothschild's place (six miles from Barley End), till now a vast camp—the residence a French chateau—is to become a vast manufacturing centre; they say they are going to import about 15,000 workers, of whom the greater proportion are to be women, to make parts of aeroplanes. How the locality will welcome them! All are now beginning to realize the part women are playing in the world, except in Germany, I suppose, where woman's duty is limited to Kirche, Kuchen and Kinder. Napoleon was right in saying, when asked how to have a good and able race of men: "Educate the Mothers." Even in India a discreet I.C.S. officer finds out what the women think, and I notice a suggestion that arrangements should be made for Colonials' wives to visit London, on the ground that they are far the best loyalty propagandists—far better than the men.

Aug. 2nd to 11th. A long and unsatisfactory debate on Food—the more I see of Rhondda's task the more impossible it seems. Here he was with peers who, if they don't know really much, yet know enough to talk and put endless questions on weights of dead and live stock, cereal growing, roots, cleansing ground, manures and a mass of agricultural detail—at any rate enough to puzzle still more

the perplexed and harassed Rhondda. Rhondda's business, as with his predecessor, will end in fiasco, if not in a row as the winter progresses. The rain which has been torrential must affect the harvest again—*very* serious—the outlook is bad. Further, the weather has impeded our advance, the cockpit of Europe having become a morass. We have done well, but if the weather had only held we should have done a real big thing for once.

Lord Russell had a Question sent down to me about the riots when a Pacifist workers' meeting was broken up—the public won't have it. Russell maintains the police connived—of course untrue. He told me his brother, the friend of Pacifists, conscientious objectors, and all who make difficulties, was on the ground and when the police found out he was "Lord Russell's brother" they rescued him with energy. The poor police, the admiration of us all, are between the Devil and the Deep Sea on these occasions; either they show too much energy, or too little! The last case of the kind was when Lloyd George made a speech against the South African War at Birmingham and escaped in the clothes and helmet of a policeman (so the story goes) from a back window, reminding me of the old election saw when a candidate said to his agent—as they were sliding down a ventilating pipe, escaping—"This was a better meeting than we had last night."

Happily the Bank Holiday was fine. I never saw the village so full of visitors—many strange faces.

Aug. 12th. The searchlights everywhere looking East from Barley End—I should say in direction of Enfield. Rothschild tells me his servant was in camp when there was a raid which didn't reach London, and men were killed by a machine-gun from the plane, which was very low; the men were all told to get into trenches. The public never heard this.

Aug. 13th to 21st. Henderson's resignation was in the "Observer" yesterday. His explanation is voted "small"; he began with a good deal of sympathy, but alienated it. Lloyd George was crushing and the situation was rather unpleasant till *as usual* Asquith came in with an admirable speech and set the whole thing right.

We have progressed in France; Langenmarch taken, a point of real vantage—also a small success at sea. But the main interest has centred in the House of Lords and the Corn Bill—never have I seen a Bill so rushed.

Aug. 22nd to 24th. A raid was expected, which never got to London—I heard it got as far as Guildford; what is true is that two Coburgs (very big machines) were brought down near the coast of Kent, inland I think, and certainly five of their escort; also on return more were damaged by our, or French, planes meeting them near the Coast of Belgium. Eleven people killed on South Coast, Dover, etc. The previous night a Zepp was over the Humber, whether any damage was done to it or not I know not; but our defences were very successful. From the Humber the enemy was chased to near Zeebrugge, but I fancy not damaged—most likely he had a faster machine.

Parliament has adjourned till Tuesday, October 16. The two men who to my mind stand out as a result of the session are George Curzon and Asquith. The leading of the House of Lords by the former has been admirably accomplished, while Asquith stands out as a model of patriotism in support of the Government and forgetfulness of self. Lloyd George is effective when he speaks, but he doesn't know where administration begins and never will learn. Whoever has to put this country to rights and get back to economy and administration on proper lines will have a tough job and I don't see the man to do it bar Asquith, who will be old by then, for I doubt his lasting like Glad-

stone, to do it effectually. A Peel or a Gladstone will be required, and I don't see the young man who is to so develop who is being, or has been, trained. Milner might. Administrators, like every one else, need training. To expect business men, so called because they have made fortunes in tea or coal, to run this, or any other country, is the greatest and most fatal rubbish. Gladstone, of course, was right—with the exception of Joe Chamberlain, and a nice mess he made of it—he never would make a man head of a Department straight away, unless he had been an Under Secretary first, i.e. trained.

Aug. 25th to 30th. To Walmer Castle, for so-called holidays. The war struggle at its most intense. But people are so accustomed to it now that there are no fairy tales or gossip, no news other than the newspapers, and the closer you are to the Heads the bigger the lies or, as others put it, the less reliable and new the information. The Italian Reports speak well, and in addition to success the number of prisoners is enormous.

Sharp firing at 12 noon one day. Admiral Bacon told me at 5 he knew nothing of it! The old story, this ridiculous secrecy! They say (Beauchamp) the flashes from firing in Flanders are visible here—I can hardly believe it; it's all so flat. We looked, but of course didn't see them.

One man at Walmer told me that in the Boer War he was carrying some secret instructions: the train was held up by the Boers, who always burnt trains; as he was sure to be taken prisoner, if only for an hour or two (he was a civilian), and searched, he slipped the instructions down the window—rather ingenious. He also told me this story of Gladstone after a long wrangle at a Cabinet between Hartington and the G.O.M. when Granville sided with the G.O.M., Hartington having subsequently gone to New-

market, a box arrived for him from Gladstone; my friend, as private secretary, opened this and found: "I still disagree with you, but my confidence in your judgment is such, that I ask you to invest £10 for me.—G." This was my friend's first communication to receive as private secretary to a Cabinet Minister!

Hartington once lost the Cabinet key. He would lose or forget anything and he had to make a clean breast of it. In those days with Mr. G. all such matters were looked on as sacrosanct. The Private Secretary asked H. what they said. H.: "They all said the same thing." P.S.: "What was that?" H.: "O-o-h-h!"—and the keys were all changed! Now no one would care a damn.

The first list of the Order of the British Empire, about 350 names, has been issued. There are five classes for men and women. It begins with Lady Lansdowne to give it quality, and Smuts for the Empire. While it is difficult to understand anyone of the upper classes wanting it I have been approached by many to obtain it for them.

Aug. 31st to Sept. 1st. Russia goes from bad to worse, and the rain continuing on a low though a rising glass makes the harvest here as bad; much barley not cut and wheat has been standing in shocks for a fortnight—it must be sprouting.

At luncheon with Murray of Elibank; the U.S.A. Ambassador was present and told us that the magnificent American 4,000 we all admired marching through London weren't fighting soldiers at all, but railway engineers, i.e. railway makers, useful to the last degree and now in France at their trade, but not fighting soldiers. When I saw them I thought they looked soldierly enough, but I noticed they had old-fashioned rifles. They evidently entered into the spirit of the thing, for when the Ambassador, who knew some of the officers, went to see them at their refreshment

lunch, one said: "Say, Mr. Ambassador, do you think we've been found out yet?"

Our progress in Flanders, owing to mud, water, and wind which so militates against air service, though sure is very slow.

A new party has announced itself in "The Times," its objects being to further the energies of the war and to move in direction of a National Party—six Peers and about 20 commoners.

Lady Rothschild says they are in great difficulties about food in Vienna.

Sept. 2nd. A lovely Sunday—Ashridge at its best and the view over the vale from the Beacon (Chilterns) surpassingly fair. I walked far and slow.

Rhondda's new price-list and general regulations are out—he has a good lead off, but let us wait a bit!

Sept. 3rd. In London all day. Three aeroplanes passed over St. Bart.'s, so high that had it not been for a sharp-eyed student I should not have picked them up.

Sept. 4th to 5th. News from Russia could not be worse—the army will not stand at all, they withdraw in battalions and to-night it is reported that the Riga district cannot be defended—at any rate the Russians are to withdraw from it, which comes to this.

A story is about that some boys in aeroplanes who were not allowed to take up bombs because they were too heavy, took oranges instead and dropped them on some Germans drilling—who, of course, scuttled like rabbits.

Sept. 6th to 9th. Bad raids by night. About 160 sailors were killed in Chatham Naval Barracks; Charing Cross missed by a miracle, and the Little Theatre, which used to be licensed to Gertrude Kingston, destroyed.

A lovely day in a lovely wood in lovely Ashridge Coomb; we took our luncheon, walked home and it was charming. Nelly sketched and I picked blackberries—a lovely outing and a very novel thing for me!!

Another speech from Lloyd George; if speeches could win this war we should have walked over.

Now the conscientious objector question has been started afresh and in earnest by a Mrs. Hobhouse, who has two sons fighting and a third who is a C.O. of the worst type, refusing to do work of any kind and denying the right of the State—in fact and practice—to make laws or to apply force and punishment to those who disobey them. Trouble will arise, I fear, not necessarily serious, except possibly for the C.O.'s, but tiresome for those who have to be spokesmen in Parliament. The Conscientious Objector, if not a fighter, should be put to work of national importance—but these men will do nothing. One thing is certain, that in time these C.O.'s will need protection from their fellow-countrymen—the feeling against them is very bitter indeed.

Sept. 10th to 11th. The news from Russia shows her to be on the brink of civil war. Korniloff (the Russian Commander-in-Chief) wrote to Kerensky saying he wished to be appointed Military Dictator. Kerensky refused and dismissed him; the consequence is Korniloff is now reported to be marching on Petrograd at the head of his, the "Savage Division," backed by the Cossacks. Kerensky has sent troops to oppose him.

The world has been staggered by a Press announcement that the Germans have been permitted to code messages through the Swedish Foreign Office—this has made a great stir; it is said the Swedes are furious and an election is in progress—the information leaked out in America. This sort of thing has been suspected here for a long time.

Sept. 12th. In London. No news from Russia I was told about 2 p.m. in the city. At the Turf Club all are in favour of Korniloff—as usual there must be a Dictator—every one should be shot, and all the rest of it. The Turf Club sentiment is always for violence and is, therefore, generally wrong. So Kerensky has a chance. Korniloff is said to be within eighteen miles of Petrograd.

Sept. 13th. Kerensky is said to be Dictator—so Turf Club wrong again. This Revolutionary spirit, though no one really knows what they mean by the “Russian Anarchy,” is very catching and I hear unpleasant and persistent rumours from North of England though I don’t really credit them. My nephew’s ship has certainly been kept a long time in dock, owing to Dock strikes.

Sept. 14th to 21st. It is now reported that Korniloff is to be tried by Court Martial.

A message from Haig on the 20th says he is developing an attack. The weather is again very bad and to make matters worse the effect of our own shell fire has been to spoil the ground in front so that moving guns of any sort, especially big ones, is a matter of the utmost difficulty. By some means or other a new surface has been put on the earth—so they say and it is easy to believe. I don’t understand about the advance; as a rule when one is imminent, an order is given to hospitals to evacuate as many beds as possible at No. 1 Base—this has not been done yet.

How discontented every phase of society is; various offices and officials seem to me to take a pleasure in making matters as disagreeable as they can, e.g. Durham complains of the vagaries of the Scottish Agricultural Department—but indeed of this department all complain.

Again any class of food purveyor—butchers, bakers, all and sundry are the same; and the feeling against militarism,

i.e. Government by captains, is universal, except on the part of the captains—after the war no more of this, and it will be interesting to see how far this anti-militarism feeling goes.

While every one says how over-staffed departments are, all I know is that it is impossible to get an answer from any of them, especially the new ones, unless one has a friend—e.g. Brade, Elphinstone, E. Packe and so on. The old War Office comes out best, but this was never so bad as my friends depicted it. As to the new offices I've written to the Head of Sugar, as there were no instructions where to send to the Sugar Departments; I called and saw a female secretary who was very pretty and polite—in neither case did anything happen. And, finally, after asking the advice of the Porter at the Club, I asked "the Policeman" and ascertained what I required. I had applied to the Sugar Department: they didn't know and referred me to the Food Department from whom I could get no answer.

Sept. 22nd to Oct. 1st. On the 24th London had the benefit of a general raid. A bomb fell in the corner of Green Park; windows in Devonshire House, Lord Wimborne's house and the Ritz Hotel were blown in; 5 panes in Turf Club broken, and a large hole made in ground. The official account says only one machine of the Coburg type got through. On Tuesday there was another raid, seemingly ineffective, but London is very much on the jump and every one very nervy. The East End Jews, including many aliens, Russians not of military age, take refuge in Tube stations far from the East End—Hampstead, etc., and some families have come as far as Tring. These people are not welcome as visitors; they have too many dependents of a parasitic nature. The harvest moons have been a favourite time for raids for the last three years—

very light and very calm nights. I understand the defence scheme is a barrage of fire with crowds of our aeroplanes waiting to go up, if a hostile machine gets through. St. Bart.'s Square full of shrapnel from our own guns.

H.M. is in London for a week after a very successful visit to the Clyde. I thought him in better spirits than I had seen him for some time when I attended a Privy Council on the 24th—G. Curzon also, though he looked very pale and walked with a stick. Rennell Rodd, Ambassador in Rome, was present on his first leave for two years; he looks years older and small wonder.

Several theatres have determined during full moon to have matinées only. To His Majesty's to see Oscar Asche's *Chu Chin Chow*—dresses require revision. How people—mostly women and girls and boys—can spend a fine autumn afternoon in such a stuffy place beats me—but there it is! I found it tedious beyond words.

The "pinch of war" is all around; now we learn there may be difficulty in getting oil to run the electric light machine—and my poor wife is nearly crazy re sugar and coal. I tell her she may have all my sugar if she can give me lots of coal or wood. Stacking wood, on which I was engaged for three hours on Thursday, is very fine exercise—I haven't been so hot since I walked grouse on a hot August day in a glaring sun in N.B.: I had to change every rag.

The nervousness in London is very great everywhere, but most noticeable in the East End. The Jews are spreading themselves—Brighton is full to overcrowding. One Jew takes a house and, after their kind, lets it out in rooms to families!! Many are said to sleep on the beach. The Tubes are so crowded by lodgers (and have been for weeks) that passengers can't get about.

Oct. 2nd. Last night a beautiful harvest moon, night quite still, or at most the softest S.W. breeze. From 7 to

9.30 we heard a great deal of big gun fire which seemed to me to come from London N. and S.W. I was told a big gun was in action at Box Moor; it may have been so. I was out in the front and we heard the hum of a big machine which seemed, though often so misleading, just over us. We all jumped to the conclusion it was a Gotha, but when I got to London and explained the hum I was assured by those who had heard all these sounds repeatedly that it was in all probability one of our big machines. However at 7 a.m. I was rung up by the caretaker at 60, Eaton Square, a pitiful voice—saying the house was all blown in and she didn't know what to do. I rang her up half an hour later and, after some tea, she had become more composed and I found that no one was hurt, but all the windows at back of house blown *in*. No pictures or furniture damaged.

At Eaton Square by 10.15. Never saw I greater confusion; except the front drawing-room where shutters were closed, every window-frame and sash at back of house had been blown in—locked doors wrenched open and smashed; the folding doors between the dining-room and my room were burst open inwards—I suppose by suction, as it was contrary to the force of the concussion. I had never seen anything like it. The bomb had fallen in South Eaton Place, about twenty yards from Eaton Square—a hole about three or four feet deep and about the same across; I found men working at it, as gas and water mains were said to be damaged. I met the Home Secretary and Commissioner of Police on a tour of inspection. They said the Raiders came in four squads of six Gothas each from various points of compass, but our barrage fire was so good and effective that only four at most, and likely only three, got through. Various rumours as to results of fire, many maintaining that the raider over S.W. London could not get through and back, supposed to have fallen somewhere

in direction of Wallingford on the Thames and of course various eye-witnesses of two falling in flames about Hampstead and Wimbledon.

Oct. 3rd to 7th. It is wonderful how small the material damage was. Ours will take weeks to repair and will cost about £700, covered by insurance. We took away our unfortunate caretaker, whose nerves were shattered and who desired change of air and scene—and no wonder! Numerous complaints from friends that their servants won't stay in London—it is certainly very nervy. Great damage to windows, etc., etc., in Lupus Street, Ebury Bridge and Grosvenor Road Station—I believe all S.W. district. Three or four bombs supposed to have fallen thereabouts—ten or eleven lives lost and between sixty and seventy wounded in all.

Of course this has set going—particularly since the S.W. district suffered!!!—the talk of reprisals, which it is said are going to be undertaken somehow—talks of destroying the bridges over the Rhine which many seem to think are to be met with as frequently as the bridges on the Thames between Tower Bridge and Vauxhall; I only know of Cologne and Basle—the wiseacres won't say how it is to be done.

This week Haig has had a most successful battle, the Germans meant to attack in *great* force at 7; we attacked at 6 and caught them preparing—victory conclusive and *most* important, and terrific German losses—ours slight. All here were very anxious, as we had tremendous rain for ten or twelve hours the night before and in the morning of the attack, but, happily, we were on the edge of the cyclone and in France there was only a shower or two. I believe the success to be very great and of utmost value—better I'm told than appears in papers. Pulteney is said to have done *very* well.

To harvest-thanksgiving in as bad a storm of rain as I ever saw.

Oct. 8th to 14th. All Haig's operations impeded by overwhelming rain and Flanders a sea of mud.

The latest dodge is for hooligans to go about in the East End, giving notice of fictitious air-raids, and then to rob the deserted houses—what blackguards we have among us! Something of the same kind happened in Bombay in the days of the plague. Scoundrels went about saying they would give information that the plague was in poor people's shanties unless bought off by a rupee or two—this happened in London also in 1600 during the plague, as Defoe tells us—nothing new under the sun!

Germans, of course, are trying to make our flesh creep by saying that they are doing everything to make Gothas so that they may come by the hundred. They want to get us into a state of panic, and they are undoubtedly succeeding in frightening very many; but this will make no difference in the determination of the nation. It will make every one set their teeth harder and render the hatred of Germans, and everything connected with Germans, more intense than ever for at least two generations.

Now comes the news of a Mutiny in the German Navy; the Navy Minister, who has since resigned, had to acknowledge it in the Reichstag—he (von Capelle) said it was the result of the Russian Revolutionary ideas which had influenced a few. The thing was dealt with with severity, not so great, however, as the Kaiser wished, who wanted, it is said, to shoot every 7th man. The mutiny was, of course, suppressed—some members of the Reichstag were mixed up in it. Meantime there have been many speeches. Von Kuhlmann, formerly here, has said "*never*" will they give up Alsace and Lorraine. Asquith and the Prime Minister said they would stick to the French and their

desires to the last, and quite right, too. So now Von Kuhlmann tries to make out that this proves the existence of a plot between England and France to force the war on Germany, and that Belgium was merely the excuse. I knew Von Kuhlmann well here—he and his wife had luncheon with us. I never liked him or trusted him; he was always too civil—if there was a difficulty of any sort re Court matters or anything that came within my ken he would smooth it over and be very helpful, but I always seemed to see something behind it all. I believe he was the German Emperor's private detective to watch the German Ambassador. This spy system pervades the German organization.

Von Tirpitz is to the front again on the merits of the U-Boat. Their game of brag and bluster will be played to the end.

Oct. 15th to 21st. The weather has continued awful, stopping our attack—mud and water up to the chin—an advance was tried and stopped. The suffering of the troops, to say nothing of the difficulty, was intense; the wounded sank in the mud.

I hear daily of houses in various parts of London where our unexploded shells have gone through the roof in 2 or 3 places.

On the 19th Zeppelins arrived and dropped bombs, two, I think, at a village called Heath, two miles N. of Leighton Buzzard. I felt the window rattle here—Barley End, Tring, about eight or ten miles off—at the time. I thought the wind had risen. Five Zeppelins were brought down in France, supposed to be those which had raided England. On the night of the 19th London also had Zeppelins; one dropped a bomb close to Swan and Edgar's, in Piccadilly; it seems to have arrived noiselessly at about 11 p.m. Jim heard the swish of the descending bomb and then the

explosion which he thought was in the Duke of Norfolk's garden, at the back of his room, 14, Pall Mall. He was really about 150-200 yards off and quite close enough!

Oct. 22nd. To London, where every one is in a great state of excitement about the explosion. Good news in the papers in one direction, very bad in another. The invading Zepps were eleven—opinion considering itself expert told me there was no doubt whatever that the Zepps over France were the same as those that came to England. Apparently up aloft there was a mist which, as they approached the coast, became a heavy sea-fog; the Zepps lost their bearings and were chivied all day by French planes, coming down in different places, one intact, three others known to be destroyed and two others believed helpless drifting and eventually down. One descended close to earth, dropped a gondola and a number of men and rose again with four or five towards the Mediterranean; they eventually landed somewhere in France between the Straits and Mediterranean—a great success for the French. Now, of course, a howl arises as to why this did not happen in England—our reason is that they were in France by day, England by a very dark night.

The silence of the Zepp whose bomb fell near Piccadilly Circus is accounted for by the suggestion that getting N.W. of London it drifted over London and let go an aerial torpedo. Probably Jim heard the swish and then the explosion—had it been a quarter of an hour later it would have caught all the people going home from theatres—as it was a few were killed.

Oct. 23rd to 27th. There is bad news from the Italian front. The Germans had withdrawn fifteen miles in the Riga district and troops are said to have gone thence to help the Austrians. The Germans claim 10,000 prisoners and the accompanying booty and to have forced the lines.

I hear more news of the raid on Friday, 19th. Bombs were dropped all over Midland area, but beyond broken windows amazingly little damage was done—e.g. at Birmingham very many bombs did no damage, falling harmless, reported to have killed one cow. At Brocket one fell, it is said, in the garden. This, sixty years ago, would have made even Lord Palmerston jump. My own belief is that the Zepps had no idea where they were—e.g. that the aerial torpedo falling in Piccadilly was the greatest fluke. London and much of the country was covered by a mist—our airmen say London was invisible; to have turned on the searchlights would have been the greatest folly, for they would have given the Zepp exactly the landmark it wanted.

Again our airmen, though so much criticized, did very well, as far as their machines allowed—e.g. one boy followed the raiders to Boulogne, but could not rise high enough, and petrol giving out he had to return. We are gradually, though very gradually, improving. The French did very well, but I learn from the best source that of all the Zepps down only one was actually brought down by them, the others alighted. With all the enforced secrecy our airmen and the service have been very unfairly treated. Some fools in the House of Commons squeal and criticize. Bonar Law made a very good reply; whatever he may be as a Chancellor of Exchequer or administrator he is a very good House of Commons man, and, in the last two years, has come on amazingly.

The Censor is at work in this country and, apparently, letters are opened—e.g. a friend described in a letter the damage in Eaton Square—the letter was returned by the Censor with notice that if he did it again—i.e. described Raids—he would be prosecuted. Our reason for a real peace is the end of militarism, not only in Germany, *but here*—life under Colonels would be intolerable.

P

Oct. 28th. To-day at 6 p.m. Prince Christian died (nearly 87). Another, and nearly the last of the Victorians, passed along.

The position of Italy!! Mackensen has swept them out of all their gains and is now making for the plains.

Oct. 29th to Nov. 1st. Dined with Elphinstone at the Turf Club on November 1st and home to Brooks's where I slept at 11.15. About 11.50 I heard the whistle proclaiming, "Take cover because of Raids." Half an hour after the guns began—the reports were of different kinds, some much louder and more metallic than others; those louder, I'm told, were ours in St. James's Park—the guns are moved about on trollies and in a Park there is a great expanse of sky to be seen. I distinctly heard shots and bits of shell whistling about like the sound of ricochet. The guns sounded to me, for the most part, a long way off. I was told to go downstairs and as I always do what I'm told on such like occasions, down I went in my pyjamas, socks, slippers, dressing-gown, great-coat, cap and cigarettes. I found another man here in the dining-room and in the breakfast-room a lot of maids—somewhat in déshabille—as I told them, in forty years, I had never been in such a costume in the dining-room at Brooks's. Sat there for a long hour, then strolled for a minute or two in St. James's Street; to bed by 2.15. Damage, they say, done at Streatham, Erith, Tooting—none at Bart.'s or Eaton Square. The official report says about thirty planes tried to come, of which two or three got through. I heard distinctly what seemed to be their hum. It is said two have been got—certainly one, I think.

Nov. 2nd to 3rd. Cavan goes in command of our troops to aid Italy and, I believe, the Prince of Wales, his A.D.C., goes too. Various excuses are given for the Italian fiasco:

one is that their gas masks were so bad as to be useless: another that lately in Turin there had been a bread riot, that to disperse the crowds air machines were sent up to drop bombs just to frighten the crowds—instead of which the bombs fell in the middle of them and killed many. The Germans spread it abroad through the Italian armies that their Government had killed thousands of their countrymen. Another that a wounded Italian officer had said when he saw the Germans he couldn't believe it—anyhow it looks as if they had been completely taken by surprise and bolted whatever the reasons or excuses may be.

Some one (a woman) has sent me an ingenious suggestion that the glass on London Termini should be all replaced by corrugated iron before the next full moon—in acknowledging this valuable suggestion, my humorous official said it would of course receive the consideration it merited, at the same time she must not think they are idle as they are engaged in diverting the Thames and camouflaging London to look like Bagdad.

Nov. 4th to 10th. Lloyd George, Generals Robertson and Wilson, and the French Premier have gone to Rome to confer. A friend tells me (he is straight from G.H.Q.) we sent two Divisions and the French three to Italy—secrecy again.

Our troops in the West are performing marvels and by the 8th had hold of Paschendaele, which gives them the high ground whence to look at the enemy instead of his looking at us. How it has been done baffles imagination, in the mud up to armpits: here and there I believe progress almost impossible. The Canadians did amazingly. But with the Italian catastrophe and the Russian extremists the War must be of very long duration—those two developments have changed its complexion. Kerensky, the Russian who has tried to guide matters, hold the Army and

generally stem the adverse tide, is reported to have fled, and a wise man, too. Two other Russian ministers are arrested. Meanwhile all is chaos, anarchy—there is no rule or order of any kind.

The Lord Mayor's Banquet, which I could not attend, was held without the presence of the Prime Minister—the paper says the first time for 100 years—Lloyd George being in Italy; Bonar Law represented him—he made a very good speech, but it was the same speech as usual. Curzon proposed "The Allies."

Nov. 11th to 20th. The world is fairly set agog by a speech made by Lloyd George in Paris in which he practically questioned the wisdom of the plans of campaign, and sets up a council of three. His speech flavours rather of wisdom after the event.

New food rations, or voluntary and conscience system put forward by Food Control. I suppose we shall come to compulsory rationing—how can it properly be carried out without the poor suffering?—a certain class, of whom I know scores, *will not* conform.

Very bad news on the 19th. Maude has died of cholera in Mesopotamia. The disaster is indeed a national one.

On the same day Lloyd George had a veritable Parliamentary success of the very first order. Asquith made a speech asking questions arising out of Lloyd George's Paris speech. Asquith, as usual, very measured in phrase. Lloyd George quite rose to the occasion and positively swept the House of Commons with him. Not the style of the Gladstone House of Commons oratory as I remember it—but we've left that behind us—and one or two of my great friends smile (possibly surveying the scene with a mental green eye), talk about Limehouse and suggest that a coach and four might easily be driven through the speech

—perhaps so, but having electrified Europe he was out to carry the House of Commons with him, which he thoroughly and fairly did. I never believed in crisis, though many members of the House of Commons did—but then, the average House of Commons man is the worst possible of judges, his mind like a wisp of straw.

A letter has appeared from Northcliffe in the Press, in reply to the Prime Minister, saying he would not be the new Air Minister—this produces one from Cowdray, who said it was the first notice he had had of a change, so he resigns in a huff. I am sorry—it is small, in these days, and I believe Cowdray has done *very* well.

The Conscientious Objector has engaged the House of Lords and will again in a week. Last week Parmoor endeavoured to get better terms—i.e. do away with recurring sentences by Court Martial, and asked for a Committee of Inquiry, which Derby refused on behalf of H.M. Government. Charnwood now follows with a savage resolution to deprive C.O.'s of protection, also to be refused, and I shall have to combat it.

Nov. 21st. At last I am glad to say one man has spoken out about the Northcliffe Press. Carson hit out from the shoulder in a luncheon speech, cursing those who run down Haig, Robertson and Jellicoe. Northcliffe is very powerful, it is true, but his letter in "The Times" re Air shows him to be of the vainest. I wonder if he remembers my turning him out of my room at Malabar Point twenty years ago after he had said: "Of course these reports re plague and famine are all cooked up for you!" I was always pretty patient, but I couldn't stand this, and out he went—Secretary very frightened and gave me the "amazing" information that he was the "Daily Mail!" My reply was that he might go to hell and I never spoke to him again till he had lunch with me in Eaton Square.

Julian Byng has had a very successful push—5 to 6 miles of enemy ground in Cambrai direction—i.e. the right of the line. Huns surprised as there was no artillery preparation.

Nov. 22nd to 25th. The Cambrai victory develops and Byng (Julian) has done wonders, over 100 guns and 10,000 prisoners. Tanks played a great part, smashing wire, and cavalry were employed.

Enter the Air Ministry introduced by Crawford and blessed by the Chairman of the Air Board, Cowdray—this last villainously treated by Lloyd George, as Northcliffe's letter to "The Times" shows. Cowdray was very cordially received in House of Lords.

Nov. 26th to 30th. Plumer commands the "Army" in Italy; Cavan an Army Corps of it, with the Prince of Wales as A.D.C. They say that the German transport for their Italian operations is scarce, disorganized and faulty. I think there must be something in this or they would have got on quicker. The Italians seem making a good stand—and, into the bargain, winter may prove our most reliable ally in that quarter—sufferings of the Germans are described as awful in the snow, blizzards, etc., and they may get caught. Meanwhile our khakis are swarming in in conveyances of all sorts, some on foot over the mountains, and some by the Riviera.

The Cambrai push by Byng continues, the amount of spoil now amounting to over 100 guns, including 8-inch, and 10,000 prisoners.

The Germans had made an immense bomb-proof tunnel for supplies and reserve, 14 miles long and nearly 50 ft. below surface. It had been made by Russian prisoners. This has now been cut in two or three places.

Meanwhile Russia goes from bad to worse—all is

anarchy. Signs are not wanting they may pick a quarrel with us. The Commander-in-Chief is a Lieutenant and the Plenipotentiaries for an Armistice include a sub-Lieutenant, Navy. There is no government to deal with and they talk of arresting some of our Embassy as reprisals for interning two Russian Socialists here.

Harmsworth Junior, alias Lord Rothermere, is Air Minister. I made his acquaintance in the House of Lords—we entertained his son at Walmer, who was afterwards killed. Rothermere is represented to me as one of the ablest financiers in the kingdom. Never having been in House of Commons and never having spoken in the House of Lords, if indeed he has attended more than to take his seat, he now walks in as Secretary of State for Air and takes his seat on Front Bench.

Dec. 1st to 7th. Lansdowne's letter continues to excite comment, backed up by one in "Pall Mall Gazette" from Loreburn. I thought as much and I traced in Lansdowne's letter the sentiments of that most kindly but sentimental Radical—his heart is of gold, but not a safe leader.

A rumour is around that George Curzon pulled Lansdowne's strings—absurd, he knew *nothing* of it, but George Curzon is none the less hurt and furious. This story arose, I believe, owing to a gossipy peer seeing Lansdowne and Salisbury emerge from George Curzon's room at the House of Lords, and he jumped to the conclusion they had been talking about the letter which appeared next day in the "Daily Telegraph" (refused by "The Times" and slashed next day in the leader). I know what they were talking about and it was not the letter, but it shows how suspicious people are.

Ireland was never so prosperous—e.g. the annual export of meat and stock from Ireland, usually about £18,000,000,

is now £45,000,000; as to milk, the farmers ask what they like, and, when remonstrated with—I can hear and see them! As to hay at £5 10s. per ton, they won't sell it; they say, "Now we've lots of money we'll buy lots of store cattle, they shall eat the hay and we'll eat the cattle." They don't care a damn and say, "No one will interfere because of the Convention." A "Daily Mail" visitor was sent by Harmsworth to see what he could say about Ireland—he had been much in Russia and was supposed to entertain Socialist ideas, had Sinn Fein leanings and all the rest of it, but as in one place he was promptly thrown out of a pub as a b——y Englishman his ideas oddly enough became modified.

The Irish Channel is a hot-bed of U-boats; the mails don't suffer apparently as so many of the Germans' friends go backwards and forwards, but, steering in all directions full speed in the dark, the mail boats have very narrow escapes. At Killiny, where my Father had a house forty years ago and one of the loveliest spots on earth, a friend of Greer's was watching a Patrol Boat—a puff and it had disappeared—a mine probably.

Dec. 8th to 9th. The news from Cambrai is bad. Byng's forces have been obliged to withdraw—a wood which was a special point of vantage being such a mass of gas fumes no man could live in it. In the catastrophe of Mézières we seem to have been completely surprised. But the Germans appear to have been able to bring up immense reserves liberated from Russia, while ours are insufficient. The news from the Italian front is bad, too—altogether a very bad week-end.

Dec. 10th. Bonar Law announced Jerusalem has been surrendered. That is very good, but I wonder what our people mean to do with it.

Dec. 11th to 14th. Lloyd George has been Prime Minister for a year. The point of the intrigue which led to his upsetting Asquith was to hustle and finish the war—and where are we now? The position is worse than ever—in my view critical in the extreme—Russia good for nothing, or worse, and consequently hordes of Germans and Austrians let loose to crowd by sheer weight of numbers all along our lines and our attack turned into defence of a very difficult nature. Byng's Cambrai battle, though an apparent victory, has been followed by disaster, panic and worse. I believe the Guards twice saved the situation—in the lines the greatest determination will be required to hold on. Goodness knows what we lost in men, prisoners and guns, though it is true we still hold two of Hindenberg's lines of trenches—the Cambrai salient was a terrible place to get into.

Dec. 15th to 17th. Lloyd George has made another great speech at Gray's Inn. He said: "There is no need for panic"—when a man says that he generally considers there is ground for it, anyhow I think it an unfortunate phrase. With compliments to Lansdowne, he explained, as others have done, that he had been much misunderstood, that much had been read into his letter which is not there. Lansdowne says the same thing. But it is unfortunate that so many have read the same things into it.

There was on the 15th a sort of fête, beginning with luncheons at the Mansion House and City Companies, a procession to the Albert Hall—King and Queen there—and a concert in honour of the remainder of the contemptible little Army, as the Kaiser called it, of undying Mons fame. Derby read out names and H.M., himself, called for cheers for them. Every regiment, I believe, represented—a great, touching and more than merited tribute.

Second reading of the Reform Bill to-night. In normal

times what a commotion there would be—now not much more attention is paid to it than if it were a Standing Order—and the women, in millions, to be admitted to the franchise, after many of us were much opposed to their entry. I was myself, but now we shall all agree like lambs.

Dec. 18th to 19th. Crawford said to me in the Library of the House of Lords: "You'll have difficulty in catching your train. There is a raid." And so it turned out; the warning "Take Cover" was issued at 6.30 and at 6.55 about, while Crewe was speaking, the guns began and gradually their reports came nearer, but nevertheless Crewe, with admirable equanimity, pursued the even tenor of his way. Curzon, the leader of the House, ascertained that the House of Commons had suspended their sitting, so he intervened, saying almost in a whisper across the table: "Crewe, let me say a word"—the first time such a speech has been made, I should think. Then very politely and gracefully, with a compliment or two—he said that as the House of Commons had suspended their sitting, perhaps we had better do the same. Crewe said he had almost done, so he finished and then we adjourned till 4 to-day, some going straight to the basement, though many of us stayed in the Library, Prince's Chamber, and so on. Crewe did very well. It is difficult enough to make a speech at any time, and especially so when French 75's are barking at you. There came a lull and I proposed to start away, but we were turned back as the guns began again; finally after three tremendous reports which shook the Library windows, the firing died down and Elphinstone, Lucan and I left. All clear not sounded; so I went to Brooks's, where I found many at dinner—the chef, a Frenchman and lately from trenches, having said: "This is nothing—if gentlemen want their dinners they can have them." I dined, and as I could not get through by tele-

phone I walked off to St. Bart.'s as I had heard much firing East. No damage there, but about twenty patients. It was a short raid. Home by midnight—used the metropolitan station and train—stations crammed. As I left Brooks's after the "all clear" about 9.40, many whispering in doorways as if the enemy could hear them, I found people scurrying home. I could never have imagined Holborn and Fleet Street so silent—not a ghost about of any kind, though the trains were crammed at Charing Cross.

Dec. 20th. Skating everywhere—tremendous fog; it took us one hour between Willesden and London (four miles), rather upsetting to a busy day's plans. I was too late for my Hospital Committee; all went well—shows how no one is indispensable!! One man at the Turf Club was grumbling at the smallness of his portion—he forgets eggs cost 6*d.* to 7*d.* and butter is almost unobtainable. Brooks's has had none since Monday. I hope it will fail at Turf Club—a good lesson. Members are very good on the whole but, as I found with the Europeans in Bombay in the days of the plague—people all shout for drastic measures as long as they don't apply to themselves.

Dec. 21st to 22nd. Apparently Ian Hamilton has published a volume of his despatches—he writes rather in the style of a special correspondent, classical allusions, etc. He is much incensed at the pruning of his message, described what the Censor put in as "God-damned phrases invented by these devils," ridicules the excessive secrecy, in which I agree, and expresses a wish they had had six or twelve good Press correspondents in Gallipoli to give some idea of the heroism of the troops. I agree again. He quotes Napier's well-known phrase about Napoleon's soldiers with a halo of glory on their helmets, while the British soldier dies a forgotten death and is equally heroic—too true.

The Canada elections have gone in favour of Borden and conscription, except in Quebec, of course.

Dec. 23rd. Jim arrived. My neighbour, Craufurd, is in great feather, and well he may be at the unexpected reports about his son, Bob Craufurd, a young Lieut.-Colonel. The news came from Cork to Bob's father-in-law, a judge at sessions who saw one Healy, a nephew of Tim's, belonging to Bob's corps; he said Bob played the greatest part in rallying men and collecting guns in the panic of Cambrai and described him as the bravest of the brave—good fellow. Of course Bob had never said a word of it.

Man power continues to be and will be *the* question—it is postponed by the War Cabinet till after Xmas. There must be more combing out; one hears of miners with so little to do—they don't earn enough wages—that they are applying to the Prince of Wales' Fund for aid and relief.

Dec. 24th. Roger from Oxford—bicycled part of the way. He describes the state of Oxford as very bad, owing to want of food—only a few boxes of sardines in the town—no doubt this is figurative, but it's a sure indication, and, if I know one town in such a condition, there must be many. The most useful people being out of the country, or elsewhere employed, food organization is left to nincompoops. Where is their M.P.? He ought to be able to help, but I don't suppose he does. Old Valentia (for many years M.P. for Oxfordshire) would have been of the greatest use and carried confidence. At Berkhamsted I hear of a butcher who won't sell his sheep, as he says he will lose at the prescribed prices. Rhondda is doing his best to obviate the hardship and inconvenience of queues. There are more regulations about the distribution of margarine, and there is to be a meatless day—i.e. no cooked

meat to be sold one day in the week. The result of this as regards the well-off is obvious—they will only buy more the previous day. All these regulations are beautiful on paper—carrying them out is a different matter.

A long and delightful walk of near eight miles, on worst going possible through woods and on road, to post a letter to the Queen to thank her for a charming and unexpected present.

Dec. 25th to 31st. Edward Packe's children were taken out of bed in the Raid, brought downstairs and promised a shilling if, when taken up again, they went to sleep; next morning they'd forgotten all about the Raid.

I had a long talk with George Trevelyan, the author of the Garibaldi books; he has been for two and a half years with the Red Cross in Italy, right at the front—decorated with the cross for valour; he knows Italy and the Italians and speaks the language perfectly. His account was deplorable. The war having been made by the towns—the Army, being peasants, hates the war and cares nothing about Trieste. The retreat was a stampede, guns thrown away, no regulation of traffic—like a raw mob without the policeman. He thinks they will not stand another winter, if they stand this; their love of the family and their farms is very strong, and the idea of the family starving very great and real. Their own food is scanty—pay $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per diem, clothes bad, allowances for families nothing. He wrote me a letter which I sent to George Curzon. Owing to Brest Socialists, German propaganda, and their willingness to believe, the Italian soldier's view is that the war would be over now if it were not for England wanting to go on fighting.

1918

Jan. 1st to 5th. This weather has, of course, prevented any big military effort. I had a delightful letter from Morley about his book. I had an acknowledgment in handsome terms from George Curzon re George Trevelyan's letter. We had sent it to the War Cabinet and as a result T. has been sent for to interview the big wigs—so every one was pleased all round. Curzon spoke to me about it in high terms and said they had a similar report from one of their own men, so this corroborative letter from an independent and expert source, was most useful.

I brought in my Insurance Bill on January 3rd in almost an empty House; for a short time no one in front Opposition Bench except Halsbury, who is ninety-four and deaf, about ten peers, four fast asleep, one I heard snoring close by. I had asked George Curzon if I should scrap my speech in such a barren House and, in his impetuous way, he said: "Rather not—make your speech, the Bill is important and should be properly introduced, which you will do. Stick to it and go ahead." I did. D'Abernon came in—an intelligent man who paid attention, so I rather spoke to him; but I beat him, finally his shaggy head fell on his enormous chest. However, my permanent officials were delighted with me and I got to-day an ecstatic letter from Cornwall, the M.P. who was in charge of the Bill in House of Commons, full of compliments, so I feel up. I felt I never spoke better. Crawford, when I sat down, said, "An admirably clear statement." Proceedings were curtailed by the Report of an Air-Raid when Knutsford was speaking—he wouldn't hear an 81-ton gun. Craw-

ford asked if he should not adjourn the House as Curzon had done. I asked him to wait a bit, as I wanted so much to get my two Bills through—the second was a small affair—and I went across to Sydenham, who was to follow Knutsford and whispered “Air-Raid”—the desired effect followed; he spoke for five minutes instead of fifteen or twenty and bolted, so I got both my Bills.

On my way back to my office, in the Park, a lusty young woman ran full tilt into me and nearly knocked me down—she apologized and I nearly said: “Why don’t you look where you’re going?” But I reflected it was pitch-dark. The road was full of holes for foundations of new offices. However, I arrived safe at Clarence House Gates to find them barred and a soldier in a tin hat refused me admittance. I explained that I was the Lord Chamberlain going to my office and that the Palaces were in my charge; of course he had never heard of the Lord Chamberlain and was obdurate, very politely saying he had his orders. I told him he was quite right, went round the other way, and found at the office there was no Raid; perhaps some one had blundered, but all the specials were out and it was all over the town.

Jan. 6th. I find the anti-suffrage women are doing their *very* utmost in support of a Referendum—too late; if they turn it (Female Suffrage) out in the Lords there’ll be an awful row.

The food question is getting acute. Smithfield butchers are said to keep their meat for the East End—quite right if true. Chicken costs 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.—i.e. 10*s.* for a chicken; soles 5*s.* 6*d.* per lb.—normal price before war 1*s.* 4*d.*; fresh herrings 6*d.* each.

Jan. 7th. Owing to Labour troubles Lloyd George has made another long speech on War Aims which seems to

have given more general satisfaction than usual, but it will be forgotten in two days. Everything is forgotten at once. Where is the Mesopotamian Report which had a week's celebrity, caused the resignation of a Secretary of State and was supposed to blast the reputation of a dozen high officers? Where is Lansdowne's letter? and a host of other letters and incidents all forgotten before the paper which announced them has helped to light the fire.

Jan. 8th to Feb. 2nd. The frost has lasted for nearly six weeks and now, becoming suddenly warm, things are beginning to push—we shall pay for it later.

In the House of Commons Dunraven tells me they are really approaching a settlement; much depends on Carson, who is a good straight fellow, but can he control his rag-tag and bob-tail? He has left the War Cabinet because he can't serve two masters, and he wants, I am sure, to do the best for England as well as Ulster. A Deputation of seventeen from the Convention with Hopwood, now Lord Southborough, are coming, or have come, to consult with Lloyd George. Meanwhile I've seen much of a "busy" Irishman who tells me De Valera is by no means a bad fellow, and straight enough, who would not be averse to a certain touch of conscription—the reason being that he hates the Nationalists and considers Dillon the incarnation of the Devil—De Valera and Devlin apparently work together.

In the period 1912–1917 (my office as Lord Chamberlain) figures lately taken out show I've collected for Bart.'s as Treasurer and Beggar-in-chief, £93,000—surely no Lord Chamberlain ever did this before, any more than he was to be seen carrying his own fish as now. Shades of Lord Sydney and others!!

Bowlby, the Surgeon, came to see me one day; his account was very interesting; he is a cheerful optimistic

man. His stories of the mud are shocking and showed the advantage of being tall over being short; one may have the mud up to his middle, but the other to his armpits; while, if a man is wounded, it's all up with him. Hundreds have been drowned and suffocated in this way.

The Franchise Bill now awaits its last stage. We had very high-level debates in House of Lords. The women won—we had a vigorous speech by Selborne in favour of them—but Lytton, more attractive in manner and fully as good in matter, made, I thought, the best “Woman” speech. Curzon wound up with a truly remarkable discourse; he is, or was, Treasurer of the Anti-Suffrage Society. He stated the case against woman's suffrage most admirably. He then proceeded to give reasons, no less admirable, for voting for Loreburn's Amendment (to include women) and then said he did not see how he could vote. The Government Whips were taken off. I voted for the women—having always been against them—but when a proposal is carried in the House of Commons by a majority of seven to one, the sooner it is recognized the game is up the better.

I keep on hearing that our rolling stock is in an awful condition; it can't be as bad as the French, but bad it clearly is.

We hear a story, which I don't believe, of a naval mutiny at Kiel, 28 officers murdered.

No mutton at Brooks's, and very often indeed impossible to procure.

The Russian news gets worse and worse—people robbed and shot at sight by anyone. The whole Rumanian diplomatic body was arrested and the Minister kept in a prison for a night. Nelly's letters to her sister in New York have been censored and returned; why, I can't make out, unless because she mentioned Air-Raids and Halifax.

Bertie Lawrence, late 17th Lancers (Haig's Regiment), has become Chief of his Staff and other changes are being

made—the reason is clear; men cannot go on for ever, but a most villainous campaign against Robertson and Haig has started. The agitation will fizzle out, but it's a black-guard affair.

Feb. 3rd. The weather, the hardest frost, anything from 30° to 40°, as well as heavy snow has stopped everything, including Air-Raids here. We are reported to have raided various towns—Thionville, Treves, Mannheim (I think by French), Saarbrücken—all places, except Mannheim, which I visited in 1872, just after the Franco-Prussian War, and Thionville, I remember, as having been taken by an advance troop of a handful of Uhlans. In all these places we are said to have done damage to Railway Station, works, barracks, etc., but I doubt if we really know and I don't see why our reports should be better grounded than the Germans in their reports of their Raids here.

I was in the middle of the Raids of January 28th–29th. I had got to the Turf Club by a little after eight on 28th, and had dinner with Lincolnshire when the notice of the Raid came—the Reform Bill was to be in Committee at 9. I set out with my pouch to return to the House of Lords and walked across the Green Park, passing close to the Lewis machine gun which was firing all the time—what at, God knows; I could see nothing and hear no hum of Gothas. I don't think their range is more than 1,000 yards; the machine guns make a noise like an immense rattle; the night was superb, high moon and as clear as crystal and the big guns going all the time. I got to the gates by Buckingham Palace, found them locked, also that by Stafford House and those into the stable yard, so I had to walk back to Ritz Hotel and by St. James's Street and the Mall, etc., to the House. I found Selborne and Co. very peevish and wanting to adjourn as peers couldn't get down, but it was wisely pointed out that there were just

as many Peers there as usual, Government rightly persisted, and we made some way with the Bill. Back about midnight just when the bombardment began again. I could see nothing, but, when in the Mall, I very distinctly heard the hum of the Gothas—it is quite unlike any other machine noise—and two or three tremendous reports. One bomb fell, I understand, in the river near Cleopatra's Needle and the people crowding by the bridge for shelter are said to have been all knocked flat—another bomb fell on the "John Bull" paper printing offices, under which there is a shelter; the bomb went right through, bringing the printing machinery down on the top of the unfortunate people sheltering. The loss of life, though reports were exaggerated, was great—I believe somewhere under sixty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded; and a great deal more damage done, but it grows daily more impossible to believe anything.

We have reports of strikes and hundreds of workmen out in Vienna and Berlin—in latter it is said the streets are barricaded—people shot, a Deputy arrested, and so on, but here again it is difficult to know what to believe; it may be camouflage in hopes of getting our people out.

The food question is getting most acute, and this will play its part in ending the war. All pleasure horses—e.g. carriage-hacks and so on—are to be turned out or killed and, after all the talk, I can still see no signs of real organization—all I do know is that food for all classes is very difficult to get.

A great excitement here one day last week—two German prisoners escaped from the train as it was pulling up at Tring! The country-side was patrolled by soldiers—Nelly stopped and questioned!! Whether the men have been caught, I know not.

Alfred Rothschild is dead—almost the last of the generation of King Edward's friends and contemporaries.

Paris has been heavily bombed and, I believe, great damage done.

Nelly very busy collecting some of her treasures, MSS. of her father's poems, etc., and small books as gifts to the Red Cross Sale.

Feb. 4th to 12th. I am beginning to realize what the food question now means. Our London house is getting ready and has two housemaids and a caretaker in it—their difficulties are extreme: the wretched women have each to go out themselves and stand and wait and then can't get anything; one is not allowed (that is, they won't serve her) to have the food for the three—the waste of time is immense. Beef, etc. (there is none), to be rationed in March; fowls are not to be fed. The discontent is certain to become extreme. Up to now the miners in the North are behaving very well; but at, or near, Doncaster I hear some men raided fields, killed cattle and took them away. Personally the less I get to eat the better I seem to be, but there are limits to this luxury.

Our house looks charming, but living here with the food and servant difficulty is not good enough if one can do one's work from Barley End.

The Ukraine peace is signed, and Russian war with Germany ended. People may say what they like, but it's a great score for Germany. On our fronts nothing except an occasional Raid doing.

The Prince of Wales, on leave from Italy, got a great reception from the crowd on his way to and from House of Lords; he deserves it.

Feb. 13th. Parliament began yesterday. The House of Commons was very nervy; Robertson's position, Versailles, the prosecution of the "Morning Post," i.e. Colonel Repington, all adding to the excitement. We shall see

how this action under Defence of Realm works out. It seems that Robertson may go. The Supreme War Council at Versailles has transmogrified the position as it assumes executive Army functions as well as being political and consultative, so it is difficult to know what Robertson's functions and responsibilities would or could be. Herbert Samuel attacked the Government on Home Administration and I fancy made a good speech. The administration of these new and big Departments is worse than lamentable, and Bonar Law replied with great vigour and success, a first-rate House of Commons man.

Feb. 14th to 16th. I learn Rhondda, the Food Controller, is to go at once. He did not turn out a very great success and it has killed him. The food question is most acute. In the North, they say, a munition worker—shortage or no—goes to a butcher and asks for a pound of rump steak, price 2s. 2d. per lb., the worker at once bids 2s. 3d., and so it goes on.

The heads of these various Departments under a Minister usually are very good, but the lower ranks are awful, confusion, contradictions, endless delays and I think Rhondda's Department as bad as any; e.g. they sent a notice to Bart.'s re milk provision, adult patients, children and nurses. I sent Hayes to ascertain what was meant and wrote to Rhondda. He told me afterwards he couldn't make out what it was all about, couldn't understand what my note referred to. Hopeless!!

Feb. 17th. Sun streaming in this morning. Robertson's resignation announced.

On Saturday torpedo boats and a German destroyer raided Straits of Dover and sunk seven or eight small patrol boats, getting away scot-free. Thirty or forty shells were sent into Dover, one child killed and five or six injured.

Feb. 18th to 22nd. Some of the Press are very angry about Robertson, and we all—Europe and Central Empires—await Lloyd George's statement to-day, Feb. 19th. If he doesn't do better than on this day week there will be trouble. Whatever he may say about the Versailles Supreme Council no one will believe that the result—Robertson going—is not the fruit of intrigue or Press clamour and, by those who wish so to believe, inspired by himself. However, happily, the man opposite to Lloyd George is Asquith, whose honour and patriotism are beyond reproach and suspicion. This crazy Welshman, as the German Press and Chancellor called him, will find his level. He has feverish activity, but balance, breadth and the real qualities of the statesman are sadly wanting. Of course his speaking is marvellous, if talking and words could win the war we should have won it twice over, but I've yet to find the man who trusts him.

There is real disquiet about the Press Gang in the Government. In these virtuous days no members of Government are allowed to be Directors of Companies, even though the undertakings cannot in the faintest degree be associated with Government business. On the whole I think the idea is sound, but if it is, why are men running newspapers, who are therefore members of Companies, allowed to be in Governments? The question seems to me to be unanswerable.

War news we have none except that correspondents try to frighten us by anticipating the strength of the Germans and their next advance. Germany, now dissatisfied with the Russian peace, is advancing into Russia—Petrograd her objective. Jericho has been taken by Allenby.

The "Morning Post" prosecution is ended, the Editor and Repington being fined £100 each and costs, £50 and £40, and a scathing sentence was addressed by the magistrate—Dickinson—to Repington; so ends that.

Feb. 23rd to 27th. Still at Eastbourne doing nothing but eating air and anything else I can get and reading yellow backs. On Monday 25th, we had our first ration meal, and unless you had your meat card you would not have been served with the meat dish. It was admirably organized, a clerk at the door took the cards and detached the coupon, giving a white ticket which was given up to the waiter when you took your seat; those living in the Hotel who had managed properly had given up their cards to the management, were listed and received their vouchers at once, no trouble of any kind except that I eat too much.

There has been a meeting, Beauchamp in the Chair, at which Loreburn said he wished to turn out the handful of men who for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years had mismanaged the war; others present were Ramsay MacDonald and Snowden—fancy if the war had been in their hands!!—The idea of the meeting was, I conceive, to try to rekindle the Lansdowne letter. They might save themselves the trouble. Let them look to Russia! But at the same time the enemy will make out that England is weakening, which is quite untrue, and this may help to put the tails of the Germans over their backs again when they had been drooping.

Another Hospital Ship has been sunk, empty as regards wounded, outward bound, lights all alight and Red Cross, of course, visible.

Feb. 28th. Snow in London to-day and reported very severe in Derbyshire, Northern Counties and N.B. Wind cold here, but bracing and delicious and not too much of it.

Captain Maitland came to see us, a Territorial Artilleryman, who had been badly gassed in October. After gas they have to fill in the holes made by the gas shells as the gas continues there, percolates through the soil, and men get affected thereby. This boy was thus affected,

felt nothing for two hours and then went temporarily blind. He has been invalided six months and his heart is bad. He was interesting about the Prince of Wales, who went through all the drudgery and work the same as any other junior officer who makes Artillery his profession. H.R.H. drove all pairs—lead, centre and wheel pairs—in a gun, i.e. riding one horse and leading the other, entering into the whole thing and doing it very well, also riding one and leading one on each side and finishing up with a small jump. The instructor told him not to do it, but he “didn’t hear” him and over he went with his two led horses. He is a gallant youth and I only wish this sort of thing was more widely known; following the instruction of this or that arm conveys nothing, certainly to me, unless one is a trained Artilleryman. Maitland spoke most admiringly of H.R.H., his manner, simplicity and thoroughness.

With the Russian débâcle Trebizond is lost back again, but it is rumoured the German advance is checked in Petrograd, and that the workmen mean a fight.

March 1st. Our walk yesterday from the lighthouse was divine, the bluest sky, four aeroplanes far off over Polegate very high, hardly discernible with the naked eye and not much more so with our binoculars; they looked like eagles circling against some white clouds which, in perspective, looked like the Alps, three of them *very* high. On the way back we saw a balloon released from a naval station of sorts, and sent on its way. It looked the size of a football, and though we weren’t more than 200 yards from it when started it may have been double the size. Away it went, quickly soaring on a very light N.W. wind, but when high up it must have fallen in with a current more directly from the North, for it made straight across the sea; it rose very quickly and in five minutes was lost to sight because of its height, though, with the glass, I could now and

again pick it up against a white cloud on the blue sky.

From Bart.'s I hear the ration question is difficult. I can believe it. To a certain extent everything is difficult. In villages labourers are discovering that they used to have three good meals per day and the pity was that they breakfasted off bread and cheese, same refreshing fare for dinner and tea; hard to believe when they used to get 15s. per week, now with 25s. or 27s. they could get none if it was available. Mary (Mrs. Humphry Ward), or rather her daughter, Dorothy, is trying to organize a fish supply for the village of Aldbury, but the villagers are the most helpless people and the worst organizers, housekeepers and managers in the world. It is not their fault, poor people, it is not in their blood as it is in the populations of Bordeaux and thereabouts. I remember four of my old friends at Melton, forty years ago, took a house together so that they should all have a share in management. Each ordered the food on succeeding days, the result was that at the end of the week the cook came to say she had so much meat, legs of mutton, ribs of beef, ham, cold chickens, etc., etc., she wanted orders as to what to do with it. This was a poser and my four friends held a serious consultation; they finally sent for the cook and asked her if she thought she could find a boy and give him a shilling to take it away. And this is the sort of thing that has pervaded every class of society for generations. I believe more food has been wasted than eaten. The same would happen with drink were it not for the tradition of "buzzing the bottle" or emptying the glass, "no heeltaps," etc.; but it is equally wasted.

March 2nd to 9th. I learn on good authority Austria is perking up again, liking the Ukraine as a buffer state and having therefore no position to defend against Russia,

though one would think they needed but little defence that way. The young Austrian Emperor is worshipped by the Army, who will do anything for him. Vienna is said to be not so badly off for food and hoping for more from recent events. Geneva has food tickets for some articles, but is intensely pro-Ally.

The ship sinking goes on apace, 240,000 tons sunk last month and only 45,000 tons turned out on the Clyde to help to balance it. Uninformed opinion and rumour are busy saying that there is slackness among workers and that Litvinoff leaflets are doing their work, including some 50,000 said to be distributed at Woolwich. Furness, a shipping master whom I introduced to House of Lords as a Viscount this week, tells me the labour question is very difficult and greatly augmented by that of food. As far as I can see, the Food Regulations are working easily, that is with but little grumbling. Bar some venison sent us from John Gladstone, I have not eaten any meat or chicken since March 4th (now March 9th). I never ask for it at a club, as my coupons are given to Nelly and I find I get on admirably without it, but if I were still taking strong exercise I am not sure how it would work out.

There are persistent rumours that Kuhlmann has sent an emissary here re peace; I doubt this, but believe there have been some pourparlers through Spain (now itself approaching Revolution) on the subject of air-raids; but it is said the Kaiser's will is that they should go on. I expect we shall tune Germany up a bit later from what I hear, but beyond nerves these Raids, though very disastrous at the fronts, do not do material military damage as far as I can find out. They get on people's nerves, and kill or wound a lot of harmless men, women and children. On the night of the Raid of March 6th there was a brilliant Aurora Borealis on the South Coast which, of course, helped

the Raiders; so brilliant was it that at Folkestone they thought Canterbury was on fire.

There was rather an angry debate on the retirement of Jellicoe from the Office of First Sea Lord, Sir E. Carson who had, when Jellicoe left, just retired himself from the office of First Lord, knowing nothing about it. The Prime Minister knew and consulted Bonar Law whom, "as he lived next door," he called in. All put it down to the Press Campaign and the flavour is very unpleasant; I think the situation is almost hostile to the Government in House of Commons, and Sir E. Geddes, the actual First Lord, didn't come well through it. The fact is that these wild men, not trained at all as Ministers, are awful.

John Redmond died this week, a great loss, and men of all parties, including Ulstermen, are unanimous in their appreciation of his career and personality. I expect he has escaped a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness. Ireland still stands where she did, sullen and in many respects restive. The Earl of Dunraven, who is on the Convention, hopes the situation may straighten itself out as he doesn't want to go out fishing at Adare in full armour.

March 10th. No beef in Tring; we visited the local food controller, a busy, kindly little lady, who said she was anxiously awaiting 600 lbs. from the Depots or Smithfield. Nelly has embarked, or is embarking, on keeping fowls. I tell her I am sure the arrangement will be economical, as I don't suppose each egg will turn out to cost more than 10d. or each chicken she eats more than 12s. or 15s.!!!

Paris was badly raided by aircraft on the night of the 8th.

March 11th to 17th. A story is that on a flying prisoner were found charts, maps, etc., and also definite instructions for attention to Eaton Square, where there is an R.F.C.

Hospital—of this Hospital I am not quite sure, but there is a sort of Depot or Rest House for R.F.C. men at No. 8, Bob Reid's old house. As a matter of fact, expert opinion favours the idea that the reason Eaton Square, etc., Lords and so on get bombs is that the raiders find their bearings by some big Reservoirs N. of London, then make towards the Thames and so back, and that Buckingham Palace and statesmen have nothing to do with it.

People talk very big about our Air-Raids and Retaliatory Expeditions to Berlin in some of our super-machines; they say that the American machines are nearly ready and that every town in Germany is to be visited, that by October we shall have an output of ships in excess of waste, and that the number of American destroyers is to be largely increased. This may be true. I've heard it before and it's a long, long way to Tipperary. We have attacked Coblenz by day from the air; it is easily attainable. How well I remember it all, the view of Ehrenbreitstein and the fortress from my Rob Roy canoe in the middle of the Rhine, when I was at Bonn, forty-six or forty-seven years ago, the beauties of the Rhine, the mountains, Sieben Gebirge. The castles begin above Bonn. They were good days! But the German Bauer was an inhuman beast, often stoning us boys as we were creeping up-stream, which was very strong, close in to the bank, so out we had to steer thirty or forty yards, which made the labour great.

The raid in Paris ten days ago was very bad, it is said 60 Gothas, etc., took part. About or exceeding one hundred deaths in all and great damage *reported*. It is said that bombs filled with liquid fire were dropped, anyhow the panic seems to have been very great, and small wonder! I think that it is marvellous that people in England keep their heads as well as they do. The Maida Vale Raid (when a man was killed at Lord's) as far as damage went,

was as bad as any, or worse; the bombs found their billets *on* houses instead of in roads.

The servant difficulty, as of yore, is with us still: while some hate the country and won't go there owing to boredom, others leave their London places at once, e.g. our new parlourmaid, who had had a situation in Maida Vale district and was out of it like a shot. No more for her. Our late parlourmaid has gone to make aeroplanes.

There has been a great gathering of foreigners at the Ritz during last week, including, I believe, Clemenceau, the numbers put at about sixty. What they came for we can't say, but I should fancy as Lloyd George is constantly going there it was thought their turn to come here. I believe Haig came, too.

The Food Regulations seem to work fairly smoothly, better indeed than many expected. Cowans, who as Quartermaster-General has had to organize food for millions in the Army abroad and here, is said to have advanced the view that the Regulations are unnecessary, that two well-placed meatless days would have answered the purpose. This may be so, but no one (of the mass) would have been persuaded that the rich did not get the best of it, share and share alike being the country's motto. We have done this with our servants and they stay—with others they go. Rationing is right. Men take their tickets to the Clubs, except those whose wives seize them, and happily mine does this, amicably. I couldn't be bothered with the coupons, sooner go without meat, which I do for eighty out of one hundred meals and more, and get on very well. Sir C. Hartopp lives on farinaceous foods, giving the meat from his coupons to his dog, and in consequence Toppes is fatter and redder than ever and consequently better looking, dog looks well, too. A neighbour of mine with six acres has two cows, a calf, two bullocks, one hundred fowls and a pig or two. I said to

him—"The worst of it is the man to look after them must be so expensive and so difficult to get." He replied that the whole thing is done, cows milked and all, by one girl—a good girl!!

I am trying to induce, without great success, two partridges to take our garden for their honeymoon, but I fear other localities are more attractive and perhaps cheaper! Partridges cannot be said to be good gardeners, but not bad and not nearly so destructive as pheasants, and on the quiet I try to attract these two. Most fascinating they are, we call them peacocks and think of Jorrockes!

Addison tells me he is getting on with his Ministry of Health Bill, which if well drafted and engineered should be a very useful measure, and I think a certain fear as to the Government laying violent hands on the voluntary Hospitals is allaying itself. Dr. Addison, formerly one of my lecturers at Bart.'s, suggests to me a French Revolutionary minister, slim, alert, white-haired though middle-aged. His activities as Reconstruction Minister are considerable. I introduced the Bill for the Reconstruction Ministry; Harry Chaplin scoffed harmlessly. We had an Irish debate initiated by Salisbury; he said he was out to tell us the truth, with a big T. Curzon replied in a speech I thought of high level and consummate skill. The picture Salisbury painted was that of Ireland coloured red. The debate took me back many years to the attack of Argyll on Spencer, the eternal subject has gone on for a hundred years and no doubt will continue. Once on a time a Frenchman visiting London said he wished to go to the House of Commons because the last time, forty years before, he had heard a magnificent oration from the Duke of Argyll. His friend said, "I can't promise you anything as good as that, but come along." In the House the Frenchman, seated in the Diplomatic Gallery, asked his friend what was the subject of debate? "Irish Land and

disturbance," was the reply. The Frenchman threw up his hands and said, "Comment! Toujours! Mon Dieu! that was what the Duke of Argyll was talking about forty years ago."

March 18th. To Stocks' for tea, Neville Lyttelton¹ there. Chelsea Hospital received an enormous bomb "en plein," and a small house disappeared. They suppose the bomb was 600 lbs. They found a cap with weight and details on it.

People are fairly nervous since Paris and the Chelsea Raid. The man in the street whispers every night, "We may have a raid of eighty Gothas and no barrage will stand it"; that the one talk in Germany is Raids on London, and that "an Airman" said the German towns are so well shrouded, i.e. lights all out, it was most difficult to find them.

March 20th. To London, as usual, and back very late — 11 p.m.—numbers of women and children sitting about Euston departure platform, the idea being to be near the Tube because of Raids; though there is not safety there is no doubt something in companionship, children and girls asleep on benches, boxes, packages, anywhere they could find, and some in great spirits, laughing away. It certainly looked a good raid night, the best, and I expected to be held up and marooned in London, but nothing happened up to 9.40. Nelly insisted on my taking a meat coupon, as I was to dine in London, and I fell on cold beef at the Turf Club, the first I'd met for two months at least.

The Germans are said to be advancing on Moscow, which, as they have made peace, is interesting. People hold up their hands at such perfidy, but all the Germans will

¹ General the Honourable Sir Neville Lyttelton, G.C.B., Governor Chelsea Hospital.

say is: "Yes, we give you all that, but we are there, turn us out."

March 21st to 25th. The German offensive in France has begun with utmost vigour and concentration of immense numbers of troops collected from Russia, as well as their armies in France, Austrians also added. The struggle is and will be frightful and the losses awful; we have had to give way, but this was anticipated, of course, the shock must have been terrific. Our men's behaviour is magnificent. Peronne and other places lost again and the Somme crossed in some places, all very disheartening after the struggles made two years ago, and one doesn't see the way clear. The German numbers are immense now that Russia's débâcle has set free the troops employed there; our men have behaved magnificently, but weight of numbers beat them. The front of the advance is sixty miles. A very bad four days for us indeed and, bar the retreat from Mons, far the worst we've had. Meanwhile the Society of Associated Engineers talk of striking!! The Germans must have lost men beyond calculation and our losses must have been very heavy, but as far as I can learn there is no panic in London. The papers report, and indeed the Germans report, that they have bombarded Paris by means of a gun throwing a shell 120 kilometres, or 70 miles. Beyond Haig's messages, of course, one knows nothing. His first was very guarded.

Three or four days ago there was a Naval fight off Dunkirk, two of our boats and two or three Frenchmen against a number of German warships; it is *supposed* three or four Germans sunk. We had hardly any casualties; one ship badly damaged, but she got back to port.

March 26th to 27th. The news is tremendous and nerve-shaking, though I keep confident that the end is not yet

or nearly yet. It is said that the Germans had at their disposal over $1\frac{1}{2}$ million of men. They have driven us back to within 17 miles of Amiens, which may be their objective, and I heard a bomb had dropped on a bridge at Amiens. Our troops have stood, or tried to stand, magnificently, their endurance is beyond all praise, but weight will tell. The coincidence is strange, or cynical, that this has happened so soon after the establishment of the Allied Supreme Council at Versailles. And of course it is easy to say again what has been often said—that for war you must have one supreme head, implicit obedience, no arguments. An Allies' Council is a very different affair.

We have lost enormously in men (prisoners), and material of all sorts—the Germans claiming 30,000 prisoners and 600 guns at least, and 100 tanks. They have tanks which they call by the better name of Sturm-Wagon; they go fast, according to their accounts, and manœuvre easily. Their own losses must be stupendous, but they don't mind this as long as "they get." They have been greatly aided by the fine weather, hard ground and the moon. They advance in France; we tried to in Flanders; however, it is said to-night we hold them. I hope so, but fate hangs heavy indeed for the next two or three days. The Prince of Wales, whom I met yesterday, was mad to go out and, I believe, went to-day to France. He should be in Italy, i.e. where his appointment is, but he is all for France. Good fellow! As well as masses of troops from Russia it is said that the successful-push Generals from there have also been sent to France. Our men must be so tired. A hopeful sign, if true, is that the Germans are withdrawing reserves from the North to the special points of attack, which suggests their men are out of breath; but speculation is no good—there the Germans are.

March 29th to 31st. The stand being made by our

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soldiers is magnificent, great efforts were made by the enemy against Arras but in vain; the pressure continues and we give ground now and then, but never have troops stood their ground more steadfastly, weight of numbers alone bore them back. It *was* a question whether the French Reserves could come in time.

We are told Robertson has been, or has gone, to Versailles, and it is announced that there is to be a Generalissimo (rather late) and it is to be General Foch, who was President of the Versailles Supreme Council.

There were great crowds at Victoria Station three days ago, a rumour having got abroad among poor people that the Germans were going to blow up London.

There has been a lull in the fighting to a certain degree, which means the enemy are reorganizing for another immense effort, or is there some other reason for delay, I wonder? This, however, gives us time. It is said that British troops are being brought back from the Italian front to the West. Things don't look well, to put it mildly. Although all this went on last week, and it was Holy Week, the theatres, I hear, were crammed.

As far as one can learn, London continues calm.

April 1st. News better to-day, we still hold on. I continue to wonder if there is any real reason for the Germans not going on. His Majesty has been to France and is back. His letter to the Commander-in-Chief (Haig) is admirable in tone and substance, impossible to improve on it. The account in "The Times," though short, is very appreciative and graphic. His reception by troops of all kinds very good indeed, his visit an immense success. He had a small Royal Standard fluttering above the bonnet of the car which was also good as a distinctive mark.

April 2nd to 3rd. For once the weather has befriended

us; rain and storms making it difficult for the enemy to get up stores, guns, etc. Prisoners were found with 6 days' rations—what are termed iron rations, just enough—and two or three pairs of boots on them, and Hindenburg is said to have boasted he would be in Paris by April 1st. He nearly was! One of my friends, lately a visitor there, says the soldiers are furious with Lloyd George; that he was warned over and over again of this attack but would interfere. Robertson is another ground for cursing. Lloyd George had better look out, but he keeps up his courage well. Of course this is certain to be said in the quarter whence I hear it. They call the Versailles Council the Soviet and it is rumoured its short and perplexed life is ended. Gough failed and was, I understand, replaced by a French General on the field. Byng and his division did wonders, destroyed the water supplies which we had laid down as we advanced, also roads, and made great holes to intercept communications.

Paris is bombarded daily by the long-range gun at about 70 miles—a few women and children killed in churches and elsewhere. It is rumoured one of the guns has burst, killing the gun party.

It is suggested that the Germans attacked where they did because they knew Gough commanded the army opposed to them and that he was the weakest General. I consider this a fairy tale, too, because what is quite obvious is that the Germans meant to come on and go as far as they could and on they came.

While the Cabinet is naturally blamed for everything I *know* they had repeatedly suggested the transfer of Gough, but the soldiers wouldn't have it.

April 4th to 5th. The struggle began again on the 4th—violent attacks, but as far as I can gather mainly against the French. Their Communiqué *seems* full of confi-

dence. We were pushed back, it says, only 150 yards in one spot, and counter-attacks have been successful but small affairs.

April 6th. A very interesting luncheon at the Mansion House to celebrate the anniversary of the entry of America into the war. I was placed between Derby and Milner; unhappily the latter didn't come, so Newton closed up and it was very pleasant. A. J. Balfour made a very good speech, though a trifle on the long side, and Page, the guest of honour, read us an essay, which for the occasion was not bad. I got away at 4, having sat down at 1.45, and was driven back by Sir W. Robertson, who was in very good spirits. Page presented the Lord Mayor with an American Flag.

April 7th to 8th. Yesterday Parliament met again. Lloyd George introduced his Man Power Bill, Ireland to be included—how it will be carried out will be interesting. To my mind it is the grossest folly and may lead to awful conditions; they are bad enough now, and the age limit is up to 50, i.e. men of 51 to be excluded. Too old in my view. How about the village blacksmith who shoes the cart horses? the baker, etc.? The tone of the Irish in House of Commons was very insolent and derisive. Asquith very grave. Curzon spoke for an hour in the Lords and a more depressing speech I never heard, one would say he thought the game was up, which I totally refuse to believe.

April 9th. There are, happily, things to make one smile even in these unhappy and anxious days. Nelly, who has an amazingly curious aptitude for losing small things, coming up to London in the train couldn't find, as usual, her spectacle case. There was a terrific scene, cushions turned up, searching under the seats, every one getting up

most helpful and sitting down again, and all fruitless. When the search was given up a silent man from behind his newspaper, without a smile, said: "You lost it last time we travelled up together and found it in your bag." It was too comic and we were all nearly in hysterics, though it doesn't sound very funny. It was there, of course.

April 10th to 15th. In spite of the most gallant efforts we are still being pushed back in N.W. France: Armentières gone, but this was only a matter of time, and the place was full of gas.

The Irish are frantic about Conscription for Ireland, swear it shall never work; and I question whether the addition is worth all the uproar and whether the scheme will be possible to carry out.

April 16th. A *very* heavy fall of snow last night and still falling heavily; we always get snow here in the Chilterns if anywhere, and it looks like continuing.

The situation abroad shows our men still sticking to it. At home, to my mind, nothing could look worse. Passive resistance to Conscription is beginning to be preached in Chapels in Ireland, and there are rumours that the Labour Members are going to withdraw from the Government owing to the new Man Power Bill. I believed when Lloyd George brought in Conscription he was riding for a fall. Asquith had immense pressure put on him to turn Lloyd George out, but his patriotism led him not to embarrass the country. No one has confidence in Lloyd George, i.e. really trusts him—unjust likely enough—this is my view, and I think the Irish conscription madness.

April 17th to 19th. Derby changes from being Secretary of State for War to Ambassador in Paris, Milner to be Secretary of State for War, Chamberlain joins War Cabinet.

We are still holding on, and the French reserves seem to have come into the picture.

April 20th. To Windsor late: rigid rationing and of course no wine of any sort. The King and Queen both very well, the Queen in very good looks indeed. Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia, she very handsome indeed and as charming. Two ladies Cambridge, daughters of Duke of Teck, as heretofore, the younger very pretty and the elder quite pretty, too, and Princess Mary full of talk at dinner, and Prince Henry just passed into Sandhurst and Prince George at Osborne. I had never seen so many young things at Windsor before. Several who had been there for a week. Canon Carnegie, Chaplain to the Speaker, bear-leader to Dudley round the world thirty-two years ago when I met Dudley in Australia, and Mrs. Carnegie, late Mrs. Joe Chamberlain, also quite charming; altogether a delightful party. Rain all day in torrents and the park covered with snow early. I stayed in a charming sitting-room all day and read, except for St. George's Chapel in the afternoon: music good, though choir, of course, depleted and the bass woefully flat.

April 21st to 22nd. A long talk with the King on 21st after dinner; to bed, that is the King and Queen withdrew, at 10.30, usually they go earlier. On Tuesday to lunch with Princess Beatrice. We waited for General Smuts for a quarter of an hour, and happily no longer; he came half an hour late, and told us about Zeebrugge and the Navy. The sailors made one of the most daring efforts in their history, entered Zeebrugge harbour, landed, did immense damage, and sunk three old cruisers full of concrete at the entrance, which will, *pro tem.* at any rate, prevent enemy vessels coming out. To some extent, these gallant

sailors did the same at Ostend. A most splendid, undaunted performance and a complete surprise.

April 23rd. The Budget is well accepted, though taxation tremendous. My Income Tax and super tax is 7s. 5d. in the pound. Well, it can't be helped, but it means a reduction in trips and tips, and while the fact is extremely inconvenient I haven't heard a growl. I think it will hit trades very hard.

April 24th to 27th. Rothermere has resigned the Secretary of Stateship for the Air Board. This is good news. The usual complimentary letter from Lloyd George.

England is still ringing with the feats of the Navy at Zeebrugge. Too much cannot be said of it or too much done for the survivors. How any returned is a marvel indeed! Meanwhile in France, with varying success, our men are doggedly fighting and continuously; the officers' casualties are anything up to 400 a day and often more.

April 28th. Duke, K.C., M.P., is said now to be definitely resigning Chief Secretaryship of Ireland and Shortt, K.C., M.P., named in the Press as his successor; Wimborne said to be going, too. Ireland as bad as ever, the Roman Catholic Bishops and about a dozen K.C.'s on the no conscription side; the bishops will find out their error in time. Northcliffe, reported suffering from influenza, said to be about to surrender his connection with Government: he was furious, I understand, at Austen Chamberlain being put in War Cabinet. If Northcliffe goes, Rothermere having already resigned, it looks as if the Northcliffe influence was gradually being withdrawn, and a very good thing, too.

April 29th to May 1st. The tide has I will not say turned, but at any rate the onrush is checked for the moment.

Bonar Law, when asked in House of Commons, says he cannot say when the Home Rule Bill will be introduced. How can any Government do *such* a thing at such a time!! and there must be extraordinary difficulties!

May 2nd to 5th. The Fronts are comparatively calm, though yesterday (4th) it seemed as if the Germans were commencing to attack again. In Parliament also calm. The Prime Minister and Milner have been in Paris.

May 6th to 9th. General Maurice has written to "The Times," etc., to say that Lloyd George misled the country, he was Director of Military operations. A Court of honour of two Judges was suggested to investigate the charges. Asquith demanded a day for discussion and is to move for a Committee of the House of Commons to investigate. Lloyd George spurns the whole idea of the two judges and is going to treat the affair as a vote of censure, and quite right, too. I don't care whether what Maurice says is true, or in the main true, or not, he has violated every rule of the soldier in writing it.

French is to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and has kissed hands. Not a bad appointment, though the soldiers say he's mad to take it, as he will be discredited by Government, which I don't believe.

Every one will be ruined after the war, e.g. even the Turf Club was £900 out on last year's working instead of a profit of about £1,200, and it will be the same this year and worse; however, I have £2,000 tucked away which will see us through to the end of this year.

Ireland is awful. They talk of the Home Rule Bill next week. All round the situation is as bad as it can be. There are to be still fewer trains, tickets are to go up and number of season tickets to go down.

May 10th. The Maurice debate has come and gone. Lloyd George has secured an unexampled triumph in the House of Commons. Asquith, I think, committed a real blunder in pressing his motion to a division. Lloyd George's reply was overwhelming.

Last night the Navy added another chapter to its immeasurable fame. The *Vindictive*, which returned battered from the Zeebrugge mole, had been filled with concrete and sunk across Ostend, thus sealing that harbour, and now we are told that the Zeebrugge sealing was even more successful than we realized.

May 12th to 16th. London each and every day, and stayed there Tuesday and Wednesday nights. One changes, I suppose, with age. I used to think life out of London intolerable and that I could not get on without quantities of meat. Now both bore me stiff. I longed to get into the country when my afternoon, 4 to 7, was not taken up with House of Lords.

Irishmen are funny people. I saw a C.O. of Carson's battalion quartered lately in North Ireland; of course they were at daggers drawn with the Sinn Feiners, always fighting. When it was ascertained they were to leave, the Sinn Feiners came in tears and said, "Don't leave, Colonel dear!" and the Sinn Feiners wanted to provide a band to play the Ulstermen to the Station.

May 17th to 18th. I've waited long now for the German attack to materialize, but there is still this unaccountable delay; no doubt weather has something to say to it, and I suppose their preparations take a great deal of doing.

We had a debate on the spurious peace proposals owing to a letter from the Austrian Emperor to a relative being shown to the French President: the House of Commons

once more a united body, A. J. Balfour and Asquith both making admirable speeches.

It is curious we have had no air-raids on London, and we are told that the big guns which have bombarded Paris have been taken back to Krupps for repairs.

The game buzzes now. A plot has been discovered in Ireland to help Germans. French, the Lord-Lieutenant, has issued a proclamation calling on loyal people to help to suppress the conspiracy. They have arrested about twelve Sinn Feiners, including De Valera—I wonder they haven't arrested Dillon, a mischievous and gloomy devil—under the Defence of the Realm Act. I think it is a healthy sign. I am opposed, as a rule, to "martial law and no damned nonsense," but this is a time when we must have Government. It looks as well for conscripting an army sure to be against you as for self-Government under the circumstances!!!

May 19th. Sunday, most lovely day, walked round by Ivinghoe Beacon and across the fields home between 5.30 and 7.30, the fields were cloths of gold, the buttercups and wild flowers in greater profusion than I ever saw them.

May 24th to 27th. Lloyd George at Edinburgh, a long speech of the usual kind. One statement about the Sinn Feiners is published. It merely recounts that Government have in their hands evidence of a German plot and complicity of Sinn Feiners for a further rising in Ireland, that submarines were to bring arms, etc., etc., that it was to coincide with the offensive in the West, and practically with this the public have to be content. I am.

To-night (26th) the evening paper says the German attack has commenced, whether in real earnest I am not quite sure, at any rate there are many violent attacks.

I hear of four soldiers, friends of a friend, who escaped

from the Turks at Kut; unluckily they ran into an outpost sentry who gave an alarm and they were captured, a Turkish guard called and they were marched off; but they all fell in with a party of brigands, whereupon the Turkish Guard bolted and the officers were in the hands of the brigands; finally they escaped from the brigands and three of them arrived in England safe.

May 30th. To the Victoria and Albert Museum to see Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith about the Raphael Cartoons. They are of inestimable value. No price could be put on them because the value cannot be ascertained unless they are put up to public auction, but £200,000 is a moderate estimate and really not based on date. For raids they are now set aside in their special gallery in elaborate standard cases with feet of sacks and ragged wool in sacks, swinging mattresses encased in wire, and arrangements made for air; the floor is shored up and if anything can be safe, even if the bomb fell on the gallery, they should be. There is no question but that they should stay where they are. The King and Queen went to see these arrangements last summer.

May 31st. A chat with a friend lately from Paris. There you can get anything you like, meat, butter, everything ad lib. (two meatless days which means of course only a matter of arrangement), provided you like to pay for it. Meat is six francs a pound, butter the same, and everything on the same scale. It means poor people can't get meat and butter and that immense fortunes are being made by profiteering as we call it. And this in a Republican country; here with our system of rations the poor man now gets the same chance as the so-called rich. I have the same chance as the gardener or any man in the village. We take care of the poorer classes, in France the same

sentiment is not so apparent. Any number of taxis in Paris and though many, very many, private motors, all the petrol is said to come from here, where there are no private motors, and if you have one for business purposes you cannot use it for church. Self-denial here is practised on a splendid scale independently of regulations.

June 1st to 9th. Sandwich came to see me and was very interesting about the work of the Polytechnic; theirs were the first real cheap Continental trips, and they had quarters, etc., at Vevey, which are now given over to soldiers, invalids and prisoners. The men have trades lectures, classes, etc., etc.; they are taught leather making, piano making (by Brinsmead's specialist), electric work and science, and at Meyringen there are regular workshops and institutions; but for the men over age, the leisure class, they do nothing.

Sir Walter Raleigh wants to resign his membership of the Advisory Committee (theatres). I shall let him go. He is a very nice cultivated man of letters (Oxford Professor of English), but the work has been uncongenial to him; he is rather against than in favour of censorship, thinking it better for various reasons to let the public judge, and there is much reason in this opinion, but it is not the view of a very large—I believe the larger—proportion of the public. Moreover the Lord Chamberlain has to carry out these duties laid on him by an Act of 1843. As long as a play has what Raleigh considers literary merit and perhaps wit, he thinks it ought to pass, the suggestiveness is a thing he cannot grasp, but *I* think the serious play with perhaps literary merit is really more harmful than the vulgar improper play, with inane but *double entendre* jokes which raise a laugh and are forgotten. Having an Advisory Committee was a foolish idea.

Nothing can be worse in my view than the position in France on the West. They say Trust Foch, and so we

must, we do trust Foch, but at the moment the Germans keep coming on, and one way and another are nearing Paris and now on the Marne. The fight the French are putting up is tremendous—according to public notices they've checked the German advance—but to me the Germans seem to be advancing from three directions. They are only thirty-two miles from Paris—the distance from here to London G.P.O., not very far. At the same time, as far as we are told, the French state of mind is calm.

They say that a Committee of Defence is organized in Paris—I remember the same thing in 1870—and the city becomes calmer. The attack has, for the moment, died down. Robertson has taken French's place in Command-in-Chief of Forces at home, and a very good job, too. I think a good deal of nonsense will stop now, especially in regard to one or two individuals, and I don't think one or two people will get the length of his foot, as I have long been confident they did with French.

June 10th. Eddie Stonor, aged about fifty-five, had flown (under protest) to Paris as a passenger on business, it took him four hours to get there, including stops, and they had to descend, going, at St. Omer and more than once on return. He travelled at a height of 10,000 feet, it made his heart beat and he thought he was going to faint. I can believe it—10,000 feet! Three times and more than the height of Ben Gruachan, Black Mount, which I've often scaled and where I killed the big stag about 1889. But 10,000 is very high! He says people are clearing from Paris, and I learn elsewhere that the Y.M.C.A. have an organization ready for taking English and American women to Tours if and when the time arrives.

Derby will be ready to leave Paris, of course. I remember Lord Lyons and his Staff—Henry Wodehouse remaining behind in charge—going to Tours in 1870-71. All

this brings *that* Franco-German war back to me. I know all the places, Rhineland, Treves, Thionville, Nancy and all.

June 11th. The pressure still continues. The French give way very slowly and the Germans advance; the cost must be terrific, but they do advance. It is impossible to get at the truth as to the number of Americans, and also what they are. One story is 300,000; another, said to be in a statement by Baker U.S. War Secretary, 700,000. What are they? How many bayonets? The general impression seems to be that there may be 200,000 bayonets, and an enormous number of engineers, road makers, dock makers, etc., that the men are a good stamp to look at, light of bone and not very robust, many said to be suffering from pneumonia, the exposure in the trenches being too severe. Discipline is, of course, new to every American, and the officers are said to lack knowledge. To my mind it is wonderful they are as good as they are; if we were unprepared for war they were a hundred times more so.

June 12th. People often talk about Reconstruction after the war; the first thing that will have to be done will be to get Administration into *some* sort of order, now the waste of time, strength, power, money, is beyond belief; matters are left to subordinates with no knowledge, and with a scanty care for what they allow their chiefs to say in Parliament. Maurice was one glaring instance of it, others occur daily, e.g. Elphinstone tells me the War Office gave him information about the Madson Gun which was wrong; he knew it and refused to use it. Happily and by the merest luck he caught Milner on the stairs of War Office and persuaded him as to the reply he should give, and so came out well; but it's all very deplorable.

Elphinstone was six months in France trying to locate the bodies of killed officers; he and his men found very

large numbers, many of whom had been dead six months, recognizing them by their discs; in one case a mother had told him she had given her boy a gold wrist-watch the day he left with, I think, an initial. The body was found with the watch hidden under the shirt-sleeve and therefore not seen by the Germans, who had stripped the body of boots, breeches, coat and belt.

June 13th to 16th. The struggle in France has been maintained with the greatest determination by the French and now the attack has slackened (15th) of course to be renewed.

We say every day Irishmen are the most amazing people under the sun. Here is the latest story: Lady Ormonde was alone at Kilkenny Castle, her daughter and a few maid-servants her only companions. It was announced that the Sinn Feiners were to march down, be met by the inhabitants of Kilkenny and raid the Castle. Neighbours implored Lady Ormonde to go to them. She said, "Not I; while the flag flies on the Castle I shall stay." The result was that the inhabitants said they would protect her and they did it in this singular way—they simply remained indoors. The Sinn Feiners arrived—they say 700 or 800, let us put it at 200 or 300—and could make nothing of it. No one to receive them, nothing doing, no demonstration; thinking something was wrong they all marched back again. I suppose they suspected a trap, but it's the old story as regards Lady Ormonde, blood and courage go together.

Elphinstone has been a most industrious worker at "munitions" as well as representing the Department in House of Lords. When he came back from searching graves for relatives of those in England and having been very successful, he was asked in return by George Booth, who was the first "organizer of munitions," to help him. Elphinstone went in and they began with a staff of about

twenty-five. Booth asked him to go to Birmingham to rouse that City and he made a long speech to 700 or 800 employees to show what was wanted. Some time after, when munition workers numbered hundreds of thousands of employees, Booth asked him for the speech and, having read it, told him that it was the basis of the whole department and the foundation of the vast organization there is to-day. Booth and Elphinstone now occupy subordinate positions, to their great honour.

E. Stonor is interesting on his flight to Paris; he could make out all the buildings in London as he passed over it, but what struck him most, sailing over Paris and London, was that both towns seemed all green trees and parks. I remember noticing the same years ago from the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. He brought over a lot of best French butter and four or five cheeses. He thought of bringing langouste at 2 frs. each, but doubted having room.

June 17th to 23rd. A friend, just home from France, tells me the Portuguese (I'd heard this before) ran like hares, throwing away everything, even their boots. A Company of cyclists had been sent to fill up the spaces, the Portuguese caught up their machines and bolted more quickly on them. Further reserves of ours coming up thought they were Germans and shot most of them. Terrible havoc occurred among the W.A.A.C.'s at Amiens and Creuil, very many being killed, shells falling some distance behind our lines. The German shells as well as bursting upwards burst laterally and do great damage to everything up to 400 yards.

Sir G. Clerk sent out at a moment's notice from the Foreign Office to the Prime Minister in Paris, going without passports and being in civilian clothes was held up many times. At one place he was told to go back. His chauffeur turned and said, "No matter, I know 2 lanes

and it won't make five minutes difference." It was all right, he got to Paris.

A traveller in Palestine said to a sentry: "The Mount of Olives is near here, I think." The sentry had never heard of it, but his face brightened, and he said: "You'll find no public 'ouse 'ere, you know." And it was also remarked: "Those shepherds will watch their flocks by night when the Australians get among them."

June 24th. The Italians, mixed up, of course, with English and French and possibly Americans, seem to have scored on the Piave and driven the Austrians back across the river in what seems like disorder, two or three regiments of Italian cavalry pursuing them; over 12,000 Austrian prisoners taken. This defeat must make matters more critical in Vienna, where they are bad enough. The Austrian and Hungarian ministers have resigned, and the place is governed (?) by police swords and bullets.

June 25th. This morning the number of prisoners is said to be 45,000 and the booty enormous. For once fortune favoured the Allies; the Piave, usually a stony bed with a trickle, came down in flood, swept away bridges and rendered food and aid for Austrians who had crossed impossible.

Lord Clinton made his first appearance as a Minister—Under Secretary for Agriculture—at last they've got some one who understands his subject. He is a large Scotch and Devon landowner and he might have had the office before. He created a very favourable impression, doing his work admirably.

June 26th to 28th. Information comes to me that the disaster in France of the 21st March and following days was the greatest surprise and I believe it was only owing to luck that Haig was there. I am beginning to believe

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that Field-M Marshals are no better judges than civilians. Happily the private soldier saved the show.

Kerensky turned up at the Labour Conference and kissed Henderson, the leader of the Labour Party, lately in the Cabinet. The unfortunate Russian Emperor is said to have been assassinated. To-day a continuation of the Irish Debate, most of the speeches I have heard in substance for forty years. Lord Ashbourne, son of the Irish Lord Chancellor who used to yell at us by the hour, made a very good moderate and effective speech. He is a Sinn Feiner, an admirable speaker and a very cultivated man, a very much better and more effective speaker than his roaring father. He said a few sentences in Erse which, of course, no one understands, to show Ireland had her own language. Many people think he is eccentric, as he used to appear in the Surrey hills in ancient native dress, a saffron costume and kilt, but he is sane enough and has a great sense of humour. I like him.

June 29th. A most interesting show in Buckingham Palace Quadrangle: three thousand women workers of various sorts—Land, Police, V.A.D.'s, Hospital Orderlies, Nurses, Wrens, Women's Legion (Chauffeuses), horse drivers with their whips, and others. They had had a very long day and the air must have been bad in the Quad; some fifty, I should think, fainted, a very small percentage.

Lady Ampthill read an address and His Majesty replied. One could hear every word he said. His voice is very penetrating, he would have made the finest outdoor speaker imaginable. Then the 3,000 marched past in fours and out of Quad. From the time the first four reached the saluting base or Dais where the King and Queen stood, till the last four passed, was 17 minutes as I timed it. It was a memorable show. We were on a balcony to right

of Dais and saw it very well. Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria and Princess Royal on Balcony opposite Dais. As I had for forty years and more always waited to see Queen Alexandra pass, I waited again after the show and once more made her my bow.

June 30th to July 5th. The question of uninterined Germans is the question of the moment and is just now very acute. Billing was kicked out of House of Commons, i.e. taken out by force by four attendants, he wishing to move adjournment; but it was no doubt, though unrehearsed, an effective bit of stage arrangement and will answer his purpose. He got into Parliament on aeroplanes; he will get in again on uninterined Germans unless I am much mistaken. He was turned inside out before an inquiry on aeroplanes, and he would be the same re Germans, but in this country anything, true or untrue, if sensational enough serves. Meanwhile Bonar Law has staved off discussion in the Commons on grounds of absence of Home Secretary, and Charlie Beresford was to make a splash last night in House of Lords; he had several speakers ready, including Charlie Carrington, 1st Marquis of Lincolnshire, Forester, Sydenham of course, St. Davids, and five or six others. The Battalion will have been reinforced by Tuesday, 9th, to which day it is postponed, and I've no doubt stories, founded and unfounded, increased and multiplied and the pile of anonymous letters grown beyond limits. In a war there is no sense of justice whatever; people say, "Oh, for a strong man!" Well, he would probably produce a revolution.

July 6th. Their Majesties' Silver Wedding. I went to Buckingham Palace by 10.30, and started in the cortège at 10.50—horses and carriages splendid, the former doing C. Fitzwilliam, the Crown Equerry, the greatest credit.

We went along Pall Mall and Strand, etc., to St. Paul's. His Majesty was met by the Lord Mayor with pearl sword which he gives the King, who gives it back, then the Lord Mayor hurried on to St. Paul's to receive His Majesty, and we all arrived at the appointed minute, 11.10, at St. Paul's, and found Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, her Mistress of Robes, Duchess of Portland, Probyn and so on already in their places, about forty members of the Royal family. The procession was formed, headed by Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of London, and we proceeded to our places. Service of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour or 40 minutes, then the usual scuffle and scuttle, after the procession had marched to the door, so as to get into our carriages before His Majesty moved off, and so to Guildhall, dawdling in Picture Gallery for half an hour and then to the Guildhall. Address read by Recorder and an admirable reply by His Majesty and admirably delivered. Two men knighted and then the Lord Mayor made a presentation of a cup given by Charles II to a respected citizen, recovered by Corporation and presented on the Silver Wedding to the King and Queen. Very appropriate and pretty. Then we proceeded down the Guildhall, I walking with Home Secretary, the reception of King and Queen very good indeed. Hustling again into carriages when I was able to help Princess Mary into hers and to find it for her, and so back to Buckingham Palace by 1.45. The whole thing a great success, the streets really crowded, ditto every window, and the reception of Their Majesties most cordial and enthusiastic. On getting back we waited about for a quarter of an hour for the King and Queen of the Belgians; they had flown over the Channel. They arrived exactly to time and I was presented to the Queen and kissed her hand. I made Prince Albert show me the cheque for £53,000 presented by the Lord Mayor to the King; the Queen (Queen Mary), the King and I looked at it together. I got some food about

2.30; at 3.30 back to Palace to give our Silver (Household) Wedding present in the green drawing-room. Farquhar, Lord Steward, made the presentation; the King replied really very well, speaking from his heart, and the Queen showed great emotion. Bless them both! After this the servants presented their gift—a book with all their names in it.

July 7th to 16th. We attended the Belgian Concert at the Albert Hall on the 10th; so pleasant to attend a show when one has no responsibilities. The King and Queen flew over. The Belgian band very numerous, in uniform and iron hats, were very good indeed, brought over by Queen of the Belgians. Curzon's speech was quite worthy. The Albert Hall was crammed, the whole available Royal family there, bar the Aunts. The King of the Belgians got a tremendous reception. The whole thing was an immense success. I fetched Nelly away to go to Euston to meet her sister and niece, arrived to-day in Convoy from U.S.A. An eventful journey, 46,000 soldiers, about 13 ships, cruiser, T.B.D. and dirigibles to take care of them and they arrived safely. Camouflaged ships, i.e. painted all colours of the rainbow for visibility and also to make them difficult as targets, life-belts de rigueur and boat drill often.

The German attack, which has been long awaited, has begun again in region of the Marne, which they crossed in more than one place, endangering Rheims; but early accounts after 1st onslaught, which is almost always, to a certain degree, successful, show that so far they are held. The Americans made a spirited counter-attack and drove the enemy back, taking about 1,000 prisoners. Foch telephoned to Lloyd George that he was satisfied with the day's work. Bonar Law read out the message just before House of Commons adjourned.

July 17th to 19th. The French have made a great move and carried the "war into the enemy's country," they say a great counter-attack, a complete surprise and the high Soissons ground in their hands, a truly great coup.

July 20th. Poor Antrim is dead! A melancholy existence for many years; a cultured man, a classic and versed in French literature, but a curious man; his principal pleasure, till too lame, driving his cattle, dressed as a drover, to market at Glenarm.

July 21st to Aug. 11th. The Americans have elected to take decorations, Admiral Sims, G.C.M.G., but not titles. Soon we shall see them well decorated.

The Government have announced that they will cancel exemptions of all strikers and put them in the army.

We left Barley End on July 30th, after having it as headquarters for just a year, and very good it has been, winter, spring, summer delicious, flowers, birds, cuckoos and all the rest of it. We were two nights at Eaton Square, and on August 1st Nelly went to Littlehampton, self to Almond's—my day's work generally beginning with the Lord Chancellor on Bills about 12, Home Office before that or Bart.'s, or both, and House sitting till 11 or 11.30. Education, Aliens, Asylums officers and Trades Boards, last three times in Committee and other stages, rain in torrents all added to the general pressure. Lytton covered himself with distinction in his conduct of the Education Bill, and it was charming to see his pretty wife beaming in the gallery at the well-deserved compliments he received.

The Irish returned to Westminster before the end of the session and their leader, Dillon, made a violent speech, to which Shortt, Irish Secretary, replied with effect. French (Field Marshal) doesn't seem unpopular in Ireland, which he apparently rules as he would rule a part of Germany

if he got there; if he says a thing he means it, and if they don't do as they are told there is a means to make them. The Irishman appreciates either no law or a stringent one carried out to the end, and I don't believe cares which it is; anyhow the place is quiet and Dillon denounces the Sinn Feiners.

The French have done wonders and so has Rawlinson with the 4th Army. It all looks like real success, in some cases I believe the Germans retreated in disorder.

Aug. 12th to 17th. His Majesty has returned from France and its fronts (where he has been since August 6th), and the letter he has written to Field-Marshal Haig is admirable.

Meantime the feeling about Germans in this country is being fostered and many would treat them as Russians did the Jews. The folly that is talked is stupendous and shows Englishmen can lose their heads as much as any other nationality. What harm a miserable painter or devil of a gardener or governess can do no one pauses to think, and the unfairness and injustice is lamentable. To add to this a man called Hughes, an Australian Prime Minister, with, I should say, a limited outlook, having failed to obtain conscription in his own country, is trying to exploit this anti-German feeling and is backed up by The "Morning Post." The rubbish which is talked about trade fiscal systems, etc., etc., after the war, exclusion of Germany and so on, is beyond belief. For one thing we shall need all the custom we can get; expansion cum education not contraction is what we need and must have.

Just at present there is a renewal of the cry of over-staffing of offices, notably the War Office; for the moment it is against the Adjutant-General, who I don't suppose will care a row of pins, at any rate I should not, or notice it, till word came from my chief, the Secretary of State. In

days like these unreasoning busybodies have the time of their lives. To my mind the wonder is, not that the staffs are so large and the confusion said to be great, but that they are not larger and the confusion greater. No doubt there is confusion in small matters and those who want jobs done may not get answers to letters promptly, or, perhaps, at all, but the feeding of the Army and its supplies have never been criticized. That Army is stated to-day by Northcliffe to be $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions; six years ago it was about 200,000 or 300,000, the Territorials, I believe, had hardly come into being. People forget this increase and all it means.

When people talk of red tape, first of all they don't know what they mean if they mean anything, but in fact Red Tape only means order—and without a staff order and organization are impossible. I know plenty of offices that are understaffed. Why, even the greater provision of decorations means increased staff.

Aug. 24th. London is in one of its frenzies, which are nowadays periodic, and there is to-day a great demonstration re aliens and "intern them all." This persecution, to my mind, is intolerable and is a page taken from the German book; it is headed by idiots like General Page Croft, of whom no one has ever heard, and a mad woman or two, backed up by one or two Australians who I wish to God would go back to Australia. It makes me so angry I can hardly speak of it, and many of the persecuted turn out to be English-born women with their children (these in any case British subjects), the woman married twenty years and more before the War. It is un-English and equally unchivalrous to the last degree. I do wish the Prime Minister would put his foot down: Government through the Press is all wrong.

The news continues excellent—Rawlinson and Byng

fairly getting at the Germans and pushing them back, quantities of material and thousands of prisoners taken, while Mangin and Petain continue in their region most successfully.

Aug. 25th to 30th. The news continues wonderfully good from France, we are gradually getting back to where we were on March 21st: Bapaume taken by us and Noyon by the French.

The female strikes on Tubes, buses, etc., are over, but the papers say a strike for improved bonus is threatened by London Police. The only other serious strike of Police I remember was in Dublin in early eighties, with which Spencer, Lord Lieutenant, dealt with skill.

A tremendous business is done here at the Wharf. *They* say all, or nearly all, the ammunition and big guns are shipped here in drifters, boats of any size between 500 and 1,000 tons. The wharf is in the River Arun, the bridge in part swings round to let the boats up and down. They meet their escorts outside, I fancy about five miles out, and cross to France, if there is no mishap, in five hours (Boulogne). They say that, owing to very shelving nature of coast, submarines cannot come nearer than seven miles, they could submerge nearer but they would be visible in the water from aircraft.

I walked all round by the American Camp one day and saw scores of American Soldiers, very fine physique and stamp generally, also they look high class, higher than our Tommy; the shaved upper lip is a great improvement.

Aug. 31st to Sept. 2nd. The London Police have struck, meetings on Tower Hill being addressed by Pemberton Billing and such like. They demand higher allowances, to which very likely they make just claim, and recognition

of a Union inter se, like the Post Office officials. I don't much fancy a Union in a disciplined force, but after all if they can strike as one man, and intimidate Government, it seems to me it doesn't much matter if they have a technical Union or not. The "Observer" says Lloyd George has yielded, as he would; possibly he is wise, for the alternative would have been to disband them, police London with soldiers and take the men of proper age for the Army. A few cases of shops looted reported, but such a strike must also mean police ambulances held up, liability to dislocation of traffic and many inconveniences, though none of this was apparent to me in a few hours spent in London yesterday; but it all takes away my respect for the police by which I've always sworn.

I'm told the scene in Downing Street was indescribable yesterday, the police went there *en masse* to see Lloyd George. Downing Street was crammed, and motor-cars arrived with soldiers armed with ball cartridges; further, I'm told, the Foreign Office Square was full of soldiers, who were, however, kept out of sight. Altogether a pretty state of things. The strikers were then to go to Tower Hill to consider Lloyd George's reply, and the strike ended last night.

Our journey from Littlehampton was very comfortable. I walked home from the station, taking a nice round, and saw a German prisoner leading a horse and cart harvesting. People talk as much rubbish about prisoners as they do about interning everybody German, and this is endorsed by "Dick" Wood, who has a farm close at hand.

Sept. 3rd. To War Office, Home Office and Prime Minister's residence—on successful missions. A very satisfactory interview with Oswald Stoll on the subject of payment of theatre people during rehearsals, and I hope I may achieve something in the way of securing it.

Sept. 4th. Nelly bought a brood of ducks' eggs, they all eventuated and now every one of them turns out to be a drake, an example of the difficulties of farming.

Sept. 5th to 6th. Inter alia I wish nurses wouldn't go mad and people pilfer the till, such are the trials of quasi official Administrators.

A further interview with Stoll about payments for rehearsals and very encouraging, but we shall see. Some one has said somewhere one must not be too uplifted, but I *should* like to put my ideas through.

Sept. 7th. The news continues very good. An interesting paper appeared in the Press yesterday (6th). The Prime Minister had announced that since the beginning of the war we had sunk 150 U-Boats, a very conservative estimate, i.e. these are U-Boats we are quite certain of. No doubt there are many more. Berlin contradicted the figure. The Admiralty yesterday printed a list with the names of the Commander of each boat of the 150 saying whether he was dead, interned, or a prisoner. And also a black list of those whose deeds have been especially black, e.g. *Lusitania* and Hospital ships. In reply to a German question how many ships did it take to bring over the million Americans, the answer was, one, the *Lusitania*!

As a result of Police strike Cave, the Home Secretary, placed his resignation (which was not accepted) in Prime Minister's hands.

Sept. 8th to 11th. The Germans are burning villages and destroying everything in their retreat, but large quantities of stores of all sorts and coal fall into our hands, and further we are recovering agricultural implements we had to leave behind. The news has continued very good, but

to-night, 11th, we hear that the Germans hold us up at Gouzancourt, attacking with great violence, as is to be expected. We repulsed all attacks except in one place where they got and hold a post. To have taken over 75,000 prisoners, 2,000 guns and innumerable machine-guns and quantities (immense) of stores, including coal, is not bad in a month.

Sept. 12th to 15th. The Americans, unless unlucky, will be the first on German soil. They are now under the fire of the guns of Metz. They have wiped out the St. Mihiel salient and freed the Nancy Commerce Railway and are not so very far from Luxembourg. The success has been thorough, rapid and great, and I believe they were aided by French and English aeroplanes. We have advanced a little on various fronts from Ypres southwards, and Foch has made another dive in direction of Laon and Chemin des Dames. Everything looks well in France and I hear of a French push at Salonika.

We are obliged to hold Salonika, otherwise it would be a base for German submarines, but it is a beastly place for our poor soldiers, two and a half or three years without leave and living in dug-outs, small bodies going to rest camps at times 8 miles off. One enterprising officer found a battered church, and asked if he might do what he liked with it; the answer was *carte blanche*. At his own expense he turned it into a rest hotel, rapidly made rooms, got cooks and so on, and when they have a chance these poor officers can have a decent meal. He quickly recouped himself for his outlay and has already handed over a good sum to his canteen, or something of the sort, from profits.

There are reports of the murder of the Empress of Russia and her children. If true, it is an end of the Romanoff family.

Sept. 16th. Paris was very badly raided last night in two efforts of which we have no details, and a big steamer going to South Africa was torpedoed, 1,000 on board and about 130 lost.

Owing to the coal difficulties it is suggested that 2,000 miners are to be brought from the war fronts, expert labour in mines being so short. The light and fuel difficulties are going to be very great soon. I have climbed innumerable stairs and invaded veritable rabbit warrens, three or four girl clerks in a room, to see what can be done, but hearts are not very meltable. I tried for wood at the wood office, but they sell only on the ground, after which the wood has to be cut up, carted to the station and brought by train to the house; it works out at about £2 per ton, and then you may not get it. I hear of a man who sells street blocks—as many wood-paved streets, e.g. Grosvenor Place, etc., are going to be asphalted—but here again small stones may be found in them and you may get hit in the eye. The Coal Comptroller declares getting oil and candles to be unpatriotic, as they are wanted for country districts where there is no gas or electricity. Altogether, even if we are free from the hardships of Berlin, no one can say we don't feel the war; though Bridges (a pensioner lady's maid) living in a village near King's Lynn, says we don't really feel it: "Things of course are a little dearer, but nothing to complain of." I fancy she lives on 10s. or 12s. per week and is in real good spirits.

The one law for rich and t'other for poor in Paris has full sway, you can get what you like *if* you can pay for it—and this a Republic! What rot it all is! and I've no doubt myself that profiteering goes on merrily, forty or fifty francs for lunch for two, 28 for an egg-and-coffee breakfast for two in Belgium.

Sept. 17th. I have lately had an opportunity of testing

the energies of the Department of Propaganda—under Lord Beaverbrook—and I question if it pulls its weight. I found it out owing to a speech of George Curzon's, made after great trouble and diligence, for the express purpose of giving information as to men, guns and general efforts. They say that in the American Y.M.C.A. Huts the general talk is What is England doing? Anything? We hear of Australians, French, etc., etc., but what of England? Hence George Curzon's speech.

Until to-day I knew nothing of it except that it had been made at Gray's Inn and was as usual ill-reported. Then George Curzon repeated it and it was printed as a brochure. I never saw or heard of it, and I know as much as any man in the street what is going on, and look through four or five newspapers every day. It may have been dumped down in U.S.A. huts, but there a parcel would lie unless it contained something to eat and not impossibly even then.

In reply to a little inquiry I find the organ of the Propaganda Department is a periodical called "Reality." I never heard of it. "Oh," said my informant, "but it's on every bookstall and to be obtained for nothing." I inquired at Euston and of course it was unprocurable, the girl in charge saying vaguely she'd heard of it and I don't think she had heard of George Curzon.

If the object of propaganda is publicity the Department fails lamentably and the concern is a fraud; if Beecham's and Holloway's pills business had been thus conducted there would have been no fortunes made, and therefore no Home for Destitute Governesses built.

Sept. 18th to 22nd. Nelly went to a Bond Street shop to buy some candles; they discussed the situation and the salesman said, "Yes, my lady, it is difficult. I've had to shut up all my sitting-rooms except the dining-room, smoking-room and billiard-room!!" Not bad, and we

occupy as a sitting-room in London only our small dining-room.

Sept. 24th to 26th. After we fondly imagined the strikes settled, except for a parcel of girls who are scavengers and "downed broomsticks," we woke up to find the South Wales Railways engine-drivers were out on strike, this infected the whole G.W.R. Government has been firm and pronounced against peaceful picketing. Under D.O.R.A. they will arrest anyone trying to persuade others to strike, and announce that they will not reopen negotiations but will run necessary trains with the help of soldiers and sailors. I am hopeful the thing may collapse, for I know that two trains got to London from Oxford to-day, but it's awfully bad. The Government has shown wisdom in its firmness. There is a fever of strikes as infectious as the influenza: girls, scavengers and lifts, Police (over), London Firemen, and now this wild affair of subordinate railway personnel.

Allenby's victory over two Turkish Armies is magnificent and complete, about 40,000 men, all the guns and material and armies cut off from their base.

Sept. 27th. The Railway Strike spread to engine-drivers, but Government took a strong line. Robertson, who was in charge of military arrangements, sent 3,000 men to South Wales and mobilized a force for Stafford and E. London and the affair collapsed. Thomas, M.P., and General Secretary of Railway Union, played a man's part, telling the strikers what he thought of them, that they had disgraced their Union, done Unionism immense harm and earned the contempt and ill-will of the public. Government determined, and rightly, they "would not alter a comma" of the former agreement. There has been a strike on the Clyde among shipbuilders for a minimum of

£5 per week. Government again have taken a strong line and say that if by October 1st the strike has not ceased the men's exemptions will be withdrawn and they will be drafted into the army.

Oct. 1st. First frost of autumn yesterday. The news has arrived that Bulgaria has chucked up the sponge, all conditions by the Entente agreed to, so that makes the Turkish position worse than ever. Immense advantages gained on all fronts. A Frenchman of the Embassy said to me at luncheon, "C'est merveilleux!"

Oct. 2nd. News good all round, but the fight for Cambrai is tremendous. The French are in St. Quentin and we are in the suburbs of Cambrai which is in flames, but new reserves have been brought up by the enemy and every inch is fought for to the death. Hertling, the German Chancellor's, resignation is accepted by the Kaiser and that of other high officials as well. Americans talk loud about no peace till they enter Berlin. We are surrounding Damascus, but people may be too previous in saying the Turk is hurrying to chuck. The King of Bulgaria is said to have fled.

Oct. 3rd. Rumours of abdication of Ferdinand of Bulgaria to-day. Still the Allies continue their pressure, and the fighting at Cambrai is terrific.

General Sir Francis Lloyd (Frankie) has given up the command of the Home District to the regret of all, authorities, soldiers and London generally. He has done exceedingly well in great difficulties and has managed with much tact, decision and promptitude. When we were all boys and thinking of anything but soldiering in a garrison class (about forty of us) in 1875-6, he was such a serious soldier that we called him Blucher; when Sir Evelyn Wood came

to hold a sort of inspecting examination of the same class, he told Macgregor, the instructing officer, that it was composed of the nicest lot of young fellows he ever saw, but a more ignorant lot of young devils he couldn't imagine. Jolly for the instructor! He got very much puzzled with the twin Lambtons, who so closely resembled each other they were most difficult to tell apart.

Oct. 4th. A lovely day of peace and here I walked about 11 miles, a perfect autumn day, and in the evening the wind dropped, and I never saw brighter stars.

Oct. 5th to 6th. The papers say there are signs that the enemy is evacuating the Belgian front, i.e. Ostend, etc., withdrawing to the Antwerp line. They see apparently that they'll have to do all they can to keep us out of Germany. I hope the Belgians, French and Americans will get in and give some return for what the German has done; the revenge will be bitter indeed, unless, of course, Germany gives an unconditional surrender which cannot be yet.

I fully expected a Raid if ever there was one last night; it was absolutely still and, as far as I could see, *very* clear indeed! It reminded me more of an Australian summer night, the searchlights, usually like streams of pearl, looked like dirty lanes in the night blue sky.

Falmouth is dead; there lived no more generous-minded, chivalrous gentleman, an absolute non self-seeker, and without personal interest or ambition. He led the Camel Corps in Egypt in the dash to aid Gordon and having been 33 years in the Coldstreams, ended by being Hon. Colonel of the Regiment. He was a sportsman of the finest type. He was a nice coachman, but either not strong enough or careless about *holding* his four horses together, and one romance says that he started with a full load to go to Lord's to the Eton and Harrow match,

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but by the time he got two-thirds of the way the load had disappeared, men having slipped off after each narrowly escaped catastrophe; the anxiety was well founded as he was said to have ended with one leader nearly in a bus, the other nearly in a "pub." He was a gallant gentleman in the sense of that common phrase and did his duty in that sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call him. The late seventies were very cheerful days and full of frolics, racing, hunting, stalking, fishing, shooting, of all sorts, rackets, cricket, how I loved them all, and tennis, rather serious and very difficult. Croquet was a game for old ladies, golf unheard of by any of us except an occasional Scot, though there had always been a links at Blackheath. I remember hearing the late Lord Wemyss say, about 1904 at Mitcham, "I wonder what these Englishmen thought about and talked of before they took to golf, they never talk about anything else now."

Oct. 7th. Germany gives a hint for peace. Prince Max's—the new Chancellor—first Note is to the President U.S.A., accepting all the fourteen points, and his second Note including restoration of Alsace Lorraine. It looks like a beginning of the end. Now Germany will find what having made it impossible to trust scraps of paper means.

Oct. 8th to 10th. Germany's advances have been received with universal scorn, which was to be anticipated. Meanwhile our men are in Cambrai, and the Hindenburg line all behind them. The number of prisoners taken last week was over 12,000 on all the fronts, in Palestine over 80,000, and the difficulty is to feed them. The signs of German withdrawal from Flanders coast are said to be continuing, they impress the natives into their service to remove guns and stores at point of bayonet, what a reckoning there will be! Rumour is active as to abdication of Kaiser,

which I don't *now* believe for a moment, and the breaking off of Hungary from Austria; that Turkey is most anxious to break off from the Central Empires, but kept for the moment by the *Goeben's* guns pointed at Constantinople. Enver and Talaat Pasha have fallen, they were "the young Turks" and very pro-German. Tewfik to be Grand Vizier, a man of peaceful intention.

Oct. 11th. Meantime, to show their earnest of a wish for peace and armistice, they have torpedoed the Irish Mail, the *Leinster*, and at any rate about 500 lives lost.

In the Euston Tube station I saw a bewildered young Scotch soldier, covered with kit. I asked if I could help him. He said, "Can ye say is this the road to Scotland?" A poem almost. It reminded me of a letter I received from one McLish, an old Black Mount stalker with whom I had had many glorious days, he had no doubt dictated in Gaelic to his daughter who had translated, or written, the letter. It said: "My Lord, I hear you leave us for India for many years. I believe it is very hot and very far away and I trust the Almighty may spare you so that we again travel the Hill together in search of the Red Deer." I showed it to Herbert Tree, the actor, whose eyes filled with tears.

Oct. 12th. Things are moving. In the evening paper appears a statement from the "Frankfurter Zeitung" that Berlin accepts Wilson's conditions.

Oct. 13th. Symptoms in every organ of the Press that we must be very stiff and not agree too readily, indeed even if Ministers were anxious to, I don't think House of Commons would support them.

Oct. 14th to 15th. Things move fast at present, at any

rate for the moment. Wilson has sent a sledge-hammer reply to Germany, insisting on retirement from occupied territories and total cessation of outrages on sea and land; autocracy (Kaiserism) to end, though Germany can determine how; armistice to be arranged, when the time comes, by the Commanders in the Field. England backs it.

Oct. 16th to 17th. After four years our Navy, under Admiral Keyes, has entered and landed at Ostend. He commanded the night attack when the Navy attacked the harbour and sunk the ships across the mouth.

Oct. 18th to 19th. Lille also has been retrieved amid amazing scenes. The General, Sir C. Hakin of the 11th Division, did a graceful and chivalrous act in holding back his troops so as to let the French enter Lille first.

Milner, with great knowledge of Germany, fears that if Wilson presses too hard the Germans will turn Bolsheviks and there will be no Government. I don't care what happens to them so long as we get the rulers and the country really on their knees.

Oct. 20th. The owls screeching tremendously this evening. Meeting Edward Grey, we talked about his speech, and how good it was. He looked well and said he had never been better, but added, "but my eyes are gone." How pathetic, and how sad for anyone and especially for such a lover of nature.

Oct. 21st. Germany's reply to Wilson is out to-day. She appeals to a peace of justice with honour to Germany. *Honour!* I remember the peace after the Franco-Prussian War, not much thought for the honour of France there! An indefinite proposal to stop submarines, and a denial of horrors!

Oct. 22nd to 24th. We have taken Bruges and shall be soon in Brussels.

Preparations are being made for the arrival and reception of Prince Fushimi of Japan. He is an Admiral, so he is to be attended by two or three Generals.

Oct. 25th. I went to Buckingham Palace to rehearse the little ceremony for Fushimi to present the Japanese Field-Marshal's Baton, etc., to the King; the ceremony will take about five minutes, but it gives infinite trouble and as much fuss as if it were to last an hour.

Oct. 26th to Nov. 6th. The influenza, described as of a Spanish type, has assumed tremendous and dangerous proportions. In Oxford in ten days there were 150 deaths in only a portion of that Cathedral city, and I understand American soldiers at camps, notably Blandford, are dying by hundreds.

The Jap visit was a great success. There were banquets at Buckingham Palace, the Italian Ambassador's at Claridge's, of 160 odd, where I sat between Bob Cecil and Crawford, and another at Downing Street, presided over by Curzon, asked and besought on the telephone.

Fushimi gave me the Grand Cordon Rising Sun, my 5th Grand Cordon.

Meanwhile matters in and out of the war zone go on with dramatic swiftness. The Turks, asking for them, agreed to Armistice terms last week. On November 5th, Curzon read out the terms agreed to by Austria, which not only clip her wings, but place her at our mercy; her ready agreement betraying her condition, gives the Allies greater facilities for attacking Germany at various points. The iron ring closes round her, and in to-night's (Nov. 6th) late Press is announced the despatch of envoys to Foch to treat for terms of Armistice. The débâcle seems

complete, and whether the German Emperor keeps his throne is doubtful in the extreme. Our fleet in the Dardanelles, and all here are crying for revenge on Germany; nothing else could be expected.

Nov. 7th to 9th. No doubt about the end. The news to-day, November 9th, is that the Kaiser abdicates, also the Crown Prince. An end of the Hohenzollerns!

Nov. 10th. The King, Queen and Princess Mary drove down the Mall between the guns of the enemy which line each side. Very well received indeed.

Nov. 11th. Kaiser this morning is reported to have fled by special trains to Holland; he tried to hold his army, but in vain.

In the morning I was rung up by Hayes, St. Bartholomew's, to say Norman Moore, Principal of the College of Physicians, and at one time our Service Physician, had been in and had telephoned that he knew, on real authority, that the Armistice had been signed at 5 a.m. I told Hayes I couldn't believe it, but I telephoned to Derek Keppel, at Buckingham Palace, who said it was true and hostilities were to cease at 11 a.m. This hour, I believe, was fixed to give time for aeroplanes to come in. We at once put out our flag, and one or two came in to ask if I knew anything, which for once I did. Then by degrees all the houses became beflagged; all windows, as we went to Buckingham Palace at 10.15, full of housemaids, etc., and at about 10.55 we heard four maroons fired; they used to be the warnings for air-raids, now they heralded the "cease fire." There were crowds already in front of Buckingham Palace where the Guard Relief was going on; a few friends in Buckingham Palace Yard, and Blythswood, Brigade Major, very busy. The King and Queen came

to the Balcony and got a tremendous reception, "God Save the King" at once played by the Guards' band, then "Rule Britannia," the King waving his cap (Naval) and the crowds cheering as if they would burst their lungs. At 11 Stamfordham and I motored off to St. Paul's to see and arrange about a service for the morrow. Saw a variety of clerics and one capital Canon. We made arrangements as far as we could and returned, and I had to rush about all the day to see what Princesses would or could go. I got a pretty good collection of them. Then I went to the Lords to hear the Armistice terms, which Crawford read execrably, from a very badly typed copy, interspersed with MS. corrections, a lamentable performance! Hardly a cheer! Most lugubrious, and then I had to go back to St. Paul's, very heavy rain, forced my way past a guardian to the Crypt, saw my Canon, went back to office, and communicated with more princesses.

A very wet afternoon, but the King and Queen drove out again, received everywhere with utmost enthusiasm, no escort except a policeman or two in front of carriage and behind, boys clambering on to carriage.

Nov. 12th. To St. Paul's with N. and her sister by 10.45. Service at 12.15, over by 1. H.M. was holding an investiture at 10.30 which could not be postponed, so my staff were all at Buckingham Palace and I had to take on St. Paul's; all the people necessary for the occasion got to their seats and some others. The King and Queen came very punctually, as usual. The Service did very well, the hymns were well chosen, but the clerics put strange tunes to some of them which no one knew, a pity, and the Te Deum deplorable. The reception of the King and Queen all along the route was most striking. We got away well and I reached the Savoy by 1.30 before going with the Lord Chancellor to prick the list of Sheriffs. The

ceremony is performed by a panel of Judges and two or more Privy Councillors; the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have been present, but I took his place. We sat as Judges in the Chief Justices' Court. I remarked to Coleridge that it was the first time I had ever been in a Law Court, and with infinite tact he exclaimed, "What, never in the Divorce Court?"

This evening their Majesties and Princess Mary went to the Alhambra, their first theatre, except for a Charity or to a Matinée, since the war began.

The cellars at the Palace are now opened again, Charles Cust, the equerry, revelling in this fact.

Each night Trafalgar Square has been a wild and rather degrading sight, filled with shouting, revelling crowds, a good many drunks, but not half so many as there would have been had the pubs not been closed under Regulations still in force, and a very good job too. As one might expect, there was much folly. They have damaged badly the plinth of the Nelson column, and they burnt some German guns which they had filched from the Mall, where hundreds of every sort and calibre had been collected and ranged on each side from the Horse Guards to Buckingham Palace. I saw one in Bart.'s Hospital garden. I closed my official eye, but one could not help seeing a damned great gun with a damned great flag on it. I mentioned the fact to Milner, Secretary of State for War, who sensibly replied, "I don't mind their pinching a few, but I don't like their being burnt."

Nov. 13th to 25th. I went to the meeting addressed by Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Barnes, interesting, but much like any other meeting. Lloyd George is a dramatic speaker, full of fancy, a bit of a poet, a weak voice. I could not help contrasting my four great Prime Ministers with Lloyd George. Gladstone, fervid, with immense

wealth of language; Disraeli, clever as the devil, satirical, sardonic, literary style superb, manner pedantic and one, or at outside two real good things; Salisbury, the perfect style of a simple English gentleman, a great man I always thought he looked with his big frame and leonine head, the greatest man in the world; Asquith, concise to a fault, never a word out of place and each word and phrase pregnant, he would employ 35 minutes where Mr. G. would last $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours; and Lloyd George, as I have said, fanciful, poetical, a Celt. Whether Lloyd George has captured the Tories or the Tories have swallowed him remains to be seen. I had been against a General Election, but I think Lloyd George made out his case. Labour has broken away, a very great pity. The truth is Labour trusts none of us. They might use us for a time and then throw us away. The Liberals as such and Asquith will cease, I believe, to count as a party. Some Coalition men may get in owing to splitting of votes between Labour and Asquithians, at any rate my forecast is the Conservatives will be the preponderating party in the Coalition *this* election.

Nov. 26th to Dec. 1st. The King has gone to Paris and then to do the round of the Army in France. He has already been to the Grand Fleet and has made his progresses through London, all very good.

The German Navy has surrendered in the N. Sea. Not a cheer, not a sound, the most solemn ceremony ever witnessed.

On Nov. 23rd, His Majesty, on horseback, with the Prince of Wales inspected the Silver Badge men, i.e. those dismissed the Army owing to wounds, etc. I saw lorries and motor-buses taking past His Majesty those who couldn't walk, also motor-cars and ambulance motor-wagons about fifteen to twenty thousand. There seemed, as far as I could see, no order at all. The King and Prince were

nearly pulled off their horses hand-shaking, while the carriage in which the two Queens with Princess Victoria were, was nearly upset, the enthusiasm being a little too great. However, they came well out of it, and this being so it was a great success. The men almost pulled the arms of the Queens out of their sockets, and George Holford got off his white horse to get into the Queens' carriage to take care of them, letting his horse go. It careered about and every one thought George Holford, one of the best horsemen in the Army, had tumbled off!

Reggy Fellowes, interned in Germany, caught while taking care of his blind father, is back. His father said he had been very badly treated till the end. He says he was in the best hotel in Berlin the last week and the Germans gave him a dinner.

A mot comes from Paris, credited to Clemenceau. "*Ce Wilson, le Président, il m'agace avec ses quatorze points, vu que le bon Dieu n'avait que dix.*"

By degrees it is coming out how wonderful our preparations for mobilization were, and at last, though I doubt it, some minute measure of justice may be done to Haldane without whom we should have been ruined, and without whose Army, "the contemptible little army of French," as described by the Kaiser, the Germans in their first onslaught through Belgium would have swept to Paris, "according to programme," by mid-September 1914.

Another man whose patriotic service is for the moment forgotten is Asquith, always calm and careless, indeed too careless, of criticism. The nation, which owes Haldane everything for the military situation, owes Asquith the same for the civil administration, his level always so high, his conduct in opposition so intensely patriotic—his contempt for the Press beat him—and now *for the moment* he seems hardly to count.

The General Election business progresses, to forecast is

waste of time, but while all anticipate Lloyd George's return, I can't help feeling there will be factions which will make matters more difficult than most people think. As for the women and their part in the election, they don't interest me. It is not this election, but the next that I expect will show us something. Asquith will probably lead Liberals and Labour. Lloyd George, of course, the Coalition, including, like me, many Liberals *pro tem.*, at any rate, and no doubt it will see me out. I am weary of my present office, though to be near the King and Queen for seven years is a very high honour, and they themselves are the kindest and most thoughtful beings imaginable, indeed when one does anything out of the ordinary routine they make one feel as if one was conferring an obligation on them instead of performing a service in itself a pleasure, as well as an honour.

I had a very complimentary letter from Midleton last week about the House of Lords; he added, "Though I should not betray a confidence, I can say that when I was being pressed to take the Viceroyalty of Ireland" (when French was ultimately appointed) "and only Irishmen were being considered, Curzon interposed and said 'There is one Englishman would do—Sandhurst!' so you see you do not live your life without appreciation."

This, to me, is amazing, no such development had ever entered my wildest imagination and I devoutly hope the idea may never develop; it would be like an order to go "over the top," I should probably be shot and certainly ruined! First of all I shouldn't be able to afford, or ought not to afford, to buy the footman's liveries, but it is not the less gratifying. Before I went to Bombay I know I was considered for the Viceroyalty of India when Elgin refused it in 1904, till Rosebery induced him to take it; indeed at Carlisle a friend, to my intense surprise, congratulated me on the appointment. It's amazing how

things get about. Campbell Bannerman, then Secretary of State for War, told me, and endorsed it when I said I wanted to go to Bombay and asked him if I had any chance of the appointment; he replied, "Certainly and I should think they would jump at it, especially after what I told you the other day." And Ripon wanted to send me to New South Wales in 1893, but Mr. Gladstone wouldn't have it, his reason being "I understand he is one of our most active young Peers." Spencer told me this.

Dec. 2nd to 7th. Off to see Foch arrive. I left Nelly at 47 Pall Mall and went on through the troop-lined streets to Charing Cross. I had a good look at Foch (driving with Duke of Connaught), a sturdy, soldierly-like little Frenchman with a strong face and big chin, Clemenceau I had seen and the two Italians in the third carriage. Foch, owing, I understand, to French military etiquette, took no more notice of the immense ovation—and it was tremendous—than if it had not been there. I heard this from various observers. Clemenceau, to the delight of the crowd, waved his hat and kissed his hands to the refrain of "Good old Tiger." The Italians, with two large white heads *en brosse*, drove bareheaded.

In the evening the visitors went to see the Queen. As usual, there was an amount of telegraphing, cross-purposes, misunderstandings and confusion. Derby wired from Paris (Derby came with Foch and Clemenceau) that the French would misunderstand Foch riding with Duke of Connaught in the carriage to the exclusion of Clemenceau; however, the plan was adhered to, and they were given a guard of honour and the King's colours—a compliment hitherto only paid to Royalty; there was something else too—never before have the Guards furnished a guard of honour of 100 each rank and file to anyone except the head of a State. This rule was wisely broken.

The organizers, *not I*, forgot the Italian National Anthem.

The General Election hums along, a hundred and more M.P.'s have been elected on nomination, leaving about $2\frac{1}{2}$ candidates for each seat. Labour is immensely incensed against Lloyd George. Several have asked me what they should support, why they ask *me* I can't think, my advice has been (though I am in Government and though it looks as if I was an interested party) to support the Coalition; it is *the* party for the moment at any rate so far as we can see, and if it stays in for three or four years parties may resort themselves and we may see more clearly where we are.

King's Messengers tell me that in France either side of the zone that has been laid waste, which is, of course, wider in some places than others, the country is smiling enough.

His Majesty has been at a Castle belonging to a Frenchman named Lagrange, at Sebourg, formerly the quarters of German Generals, etc., of various degrees, including Rupprecht. Beyond dirt, such as keeping bicycles in the dining-hall, no damage of consequence was done, a picture of no value was looted and not recovered, and two Cabinets, Louis-Seize, these of great beauty and value. The owner found the German General, who could not believe in the thefts and said he'd inquire; the same night, the owner heard a motor drive up and rushed out thinking it was a British Advance Guard, but it contained his Cabinets which were deposited at once and the motor drove off at full speed. German soldiers were billeted around, but did no damage and paid for everything in marks, of which the French women owners had bags full.

Matters political and so-called social are in a very critical condition here, as it must be; my friends *tell* me in Ireland it is awful, on the brink of everything, seething with revolution. French, the Lord-Lieutenant, is said to be prepared with tanks, aeroplanes, bombs, etc., etc. Jolly! and I'm glad I am not the Lord-Lieutenant.

Dec. 8th to 10th. The flood of speaking continues, issues becoming confused indeed. Everybody wants everything done at once: a million houses, universal improvement of health schemes, and a thousand other fads, all of which are right enough, but, to use John Bright's well-worn dictum, you can't drive two coaches abreast through Temple Bar. In some constituencies there are five or six candidates. Every one promises every one everything and the word "no" as a political "phrase" has disappeared from the vocabulary. The wildest nonsense is being preached about Germans and foreigners or their goods.

I really think the only people who keep their heads and to a certain extent behave like rational beings are the "upper classes" generally; they have made every sacrifice and equally see their circumstances reduced, their good deeds and generousities and sacrifices forgotten, without a murmur. Of course here and there—and I know two or three—there are those who want to shoot everybody without recognizing the fact that two can play at that game.

I don't think anyone pretends to have the slightest confidence in Lloyd George, and a very great pity it is, for he has courage; the only object in supporting him is the hope that by the combination there may be a sufficient majority to enable a Representative to speak with authority at the Peace Conference.

People of all and every class do not really know what they want except more money, a very legitimate aspiration.

British Troops are in Cologne, Americans and French advancing to near the Rhine east. Forty-six and forty-seven years ago I was there, at Bonn; the scenes are as familiar now as then.

Dec. 11th. Milner dined with us last night, and was very interesting, talking a great deal. He told us the joke about the Portuguese winning the war in March; they fled

with the greatest expedition, and the Germans seeing this threw towards the Channel Ports 24 Divisions, thus weakening their attack elsewhere. *We* held them and the situation was saved. Milner was very full of Foch, as being the one man who could see the whole situation at once, and also of Haig who had acted as a disinterested gentleman all through and had never done better than after the unity of command, his vision being limited to the British Army. As to the Portuguese, the men were good, officers useless; as to their bolting, all troops can stampede at times, ours did so at Loos freely. He gave us a good deal of information about Richborough, near Sandwich, formerly an area of marshes, now an immense Port; the boat would come alongside from Dunkirk with a large cargo of two trains on rails on board, these would be unshipped, i.e. run off, and two trains substituted full of new material, the boat had been turned and was towards Dunkirk again in twenty-two minutes. The boats were broad, very seaworthy, not one was lost by mines or torpedoes, the route being so thoroughly guarded: a very interesting story, demonstrating what organization can do and how well the British can organize when put to it.

Dec. 12th to 15th. The King has returned from France after a triumphant twelve or fourteen days, motoring 80 to 100 miles a day, speaking, handshaking and cheering soldiers. His Paris reception was positively amazing and also that of the soldiers. I know he is very fatigued and small wonder, though it is all very satisfactory and pleasing.

President Wilson has arrived in Paris, and of course the town has gone crazy about him. His movements have been boomed by the Press in the most approved "Daily Mail" and Yankee style. I am not so sure the interest and enthusiasm about him will be quite so immense and genuine here as across the Channel.

Murray of Elbank looked in for an hour and a half on his

way back to Paris. As usual he was full of talk and interesting, had come over from France for poor Arty Wolfe Murray's funeral. Haig had sent him round the battlefields and he got his message about Arty at Lille. He said he was told that the soldiers took very little interest in the election and, while every facility and encouragement was given (Milner said 90 per cent would be able to vote), it was doubtful whether 1 per cent would bother.

Dec. 16th to 31st. Life in London is dull, all of our friends who can go have gone, and I would go, too, if convenient, but then, we have only just come, i.e. five weeks ago; we are very happy and comfortable: we get a friend or two to dine with us, including Milner, but so far dining out is impossible, a taxi is unprocurable, and a machine would cost 25s. or 30s., brougham or motor, a sum which would keep us for two or three days.

The visit of President Wilson has furnished many with gossip—me with plenty of fuss—the usual changes of arrangement. A new experiment was tried. It was determined there should be a Committee to “arrange” the visit, Curzon to preside and various people invited to it.

The first meeting of this Committee was held on Saturday, 21st, when we sat for 3½ hours. George Curzon presided with great skill and tact, and it was easy to see His Majesty's convenience was his first consideration. When we all knew our own jobs we separated not to meet again and, as usual on such occasions, the greater part of the work was done in my office where the whole proceedings have been initiated and the various representatives got their lines, time table, etc., and got to work. The new idea, i.e. a Committee presided over by the member of the War Cabinet, is to my mind an absolute waste of time and merely a 5th wheel of the coach when business really commenced. Curzon told me it originated in this way: Lloyd George having been told

that the Foch visit was a great success because George Curzon managed it, L.G. thought he had better undertake the visit of the President also; as a matter of fact, I believe, the confusion over Foch was extreme, and at any rate they forgot the Italian National Anthem.

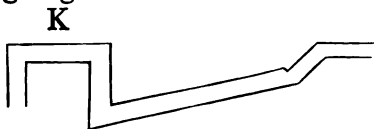
However, the day arrived, the streets were beautifully decorated on same lines as the Coronation, and the flags, Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes, around the Victoria Memorial very successful indeed. Their Majesties got a tremendous reception going to Charing Cross to meet the President. The procession of 5 carriages and four postilions in Ascot liveries was splendid, nothing could have been more effective.

After arrival and the usual presentations, delays, talk, etc., etc., we went upstairs, Farquhar, Lord Steward, and I, with wands, leading the way to the Balcony. I went out first, a tremendous cheer met me and the King and President following me, the noise became deafening, then the Queen and Mrs. Wilson. The page brought to the Queen the little Union Jack she had waved on the occasion of the Armistice, and the Queen gave it to Mrs. Wilson, who waved it, the President waving his hat, the noise deafening. The President made a short speech of which I don't suppose anyone heard a word, at any rate I didn't and I was close to him; however, the reporter did, which was the main thing.

On December 27th, there was a State Banquet at Buckingham Palace; including all, 219 dined. Lord Steward and I fetched the President and Mrs. Wilson and took them to the White Drawing-room through the Royal closet; after some conversation they came out and Lord Steward announced the guests to the King and Queen. The Guests, except those who took in the ladies, went through to find their seats, and then a procession was formed in the Music Room, Shaftesbury first, the Queen's

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Lord Chamberlain, then Lord Steward and I walking backwards, then the Queen and Wilson, King and Mrs. Wilson. A long walk backwards to the Ball Room; however, all went well. Derek Keppel came to me and said, "Not so fast, they have not all found their places." So I asked the Queen not to press me too hard; she gave me one of her indescribably fascinating smiles and at once checked. Her Majesty always helps. We got to the Ball Room door safe, having had to go diagonally through a small room into the corridor, and then had to turn sharp to our left, going backwards to the end of the room to top end of table



and all was well. The *mise en scène* was magnificent and as we were all in black coats and a few khaki, the setting

of the scene had all the better chance.

I sat next to Botha, who was extremely interesting as well as pleasant. Some years ago he had to make a speech before he was very good at English, one, Bok, was to translate, sentence by sentence; to two nervy stewards, Bok seemed to be interrupting so they ran him out!! of course to bring him back!!

He also told me how he, having been on a holiday tour in Rhodesia, I think, heard of the war and hurried down to catch a boat at the Portuguese port, bound for Durban; but he missed it. The boat went straight to Germany; if he had caught it he would have been taken there, and as he (Botha) said, "I should never have been able to persuade people I was not a traitor."

When dinner was over I gave Shaftesbury the cue, as he couldn't see the King and Queen as well as I could, and I got up, putting my wand together, collected Lord Steward who sat at the end of the table and we went to the South Ball Room door to await the King and Queen and precede them back to the Drawing-room. There

coffee was served, the Queen and ladies going on to the White Drawing-room.

After we had got the King, Queen and President and Mrs. Wilson back, His Majesty came to me and said, "You know what to do; take up to the President some of these people, he has already seen politicians, Haig, Beatty, etc., etc.," and then my work began. I succeeded in getting exactly forty men to speak to the President, who was very good at the job, well understanding how to say a few words, and I reserved two considerable talkers, Curzon and Haldane, for the end. Arthur Walsh, a past-master at that sort of thing, helped me.

Nelly went to see Mrs. Wilson by her invitation at 11 on the next day, 28th December, and soon after she had arrived the President walked into the room—they had the Belgian Rooms in Buckingham Palace—and talked for half an hour; there was an affinity, as he knew Miss Arnold and had been to Fox How. After that, Nelly picking me up at my office, we went down the route lined by soldiers, to the Guildhall, a great gathering. George Curzon was close to me. "I want to speak to you," he said. I was rather grumpy and very uncomfortable and said, "Good God, what's the matter now?" "Matter," he thundered, "I want to tell you I was much on the look out and your arrangements for the banquet were admirable." I said I was enchanted to hear him say this, though it had nothing to do with me, all the Lord Steward, and I would tell him. G. Curzon: "Yes, I know that, but I wanted specially to say that in regard to after dinner, your own arrangements were perfect, efficiency could not go higher, we and two or three of us were really filled with admiration at the way you got all those men to have their word with Wilson, no noise, no fuss, the whole thing quite admirable." This was praise and I felt one up.

The Guildhall was crammed. Wilson's speech, in

reply to an address of welcome, admirably delivered and admirable in tone and substance. Thence to the Mansion House for lunch. Wilson's speech again very good for the occasion and light of touch. Mrs. Wilson dined in the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Davis, he the U.S.A. Ambassador. We were fortunate enough to be invited. After dinner I had a conversation with Mrs. Wilson. She is most pleasing, sympathetic and appreciative and with a sense of humour. She has been a beauty, said to be descended from Pocahontas who made a romantic marriage with a seaman named Rolfe. She has beautiful brown hair in which she wore no jewels of any kind at the Banquet. She was immensely appreciative of the whole of the proceedings, reception and all the rest of it, and of course of the magnificence of the Banquet; but she said what she really enjoyed the most, and what appealed to her most, was the private dinner with the King and Queen on the day of arrival. This is rather touching.

She comes from Virginia, and she brought an old black Mammy with her. The Queen sent for her, talked to her and said she (H.M.) hoped she was comfortable. The old maid said to Mrs. Wilson: "We must always ask 'em at White House if dey's comfortable." She was taken to see the prepared banquet hall, gold plate, etc., and all she remarked was, "Same as we got to home." (They've nothing!) Miss Benham, the Secretary, said, "Oh, Susie, how could you tell such an untruth?" Susie: "Well, I wasn't goin' for to let 'em think we hadn't got nothing."

I think the King and Queen enjoyed the visit, the visitors were pleasant, unaffectedly genuine and clever. I observed the King and President getting on capitally at the Banquet.

Princess Patricia's engagement to Commander Ramsay, R.N., Dalhousie's brother, was announced during the evening after the Banquet and I was able to offer my respectful congratulations; it is a real love match.

All the Pacifists have lost their seats: Ramsay MacDonald, and such as Bromley, Trevelyan, etc., etc. But the blot is Asquith and all his main Lieutenants, McKenna, Runciman, his two whips. The Coalition that is, though pledged to support Lloyd George, have a majority of 249 over all parties, and if the 73 Sinn Feiners abstain altogether, as they say they will, the majority is 322, and many others will support the Government re peace. Truly L.G. can say the country supports him at this election. I am very sorry about Asquith, he has been brutally treated.

With the enlarged Franchise the Conservatives have swept the country, and we await the reconstruction of the Ministry.

A letter from Paris says everything there is at famine prices, a lunch for five, which here with ordinary wine would cost 40s. or 45s. would cost about 120s.; and also I hear that a cousin who married an Austrian has been very hard put to it in Vienna. She has been for some time now in Switzerland; her married daughters don't know whether they are Jugo-Slavs or Serbs or what.

1919

Jan. 1st. This new year is the first for four when one can send good wishes around. I had a charming letter from the King about my retaining the Lord Chamberlainship and also the Queen was almost affectionate about it (if we may say that of a Queen) when I saw her the other day, so I suppose if I am in Government I must stay, though I've had enough of it. Their gracious kindness is beyond everything I ever expected.

Jan. 2nd to 5th. In response to a circular from the Prime Minister on the subject of Reconstruction, I sent in my resignation as Lord Chamberlain, and have informed His Majesty, sending him Lloyd George's circular. Well, I have held the office for nearly seven years. From February 12th, 1912, to January 5th, 1919, seven years short of a month, long enough, and I doubt whether anyone else has held it so long. This is, of course, owing to circumstances of the war and successive Parliaments in my favour. Now the Prime Minister, an erstwhile Radical, has an overwhelming majority of Conservatives who will quite rightly demand their pound—of plums, and I shall deliver up my wand with equanimity, though I shall regret leaving the immediate service of the King and Queen.

Jan. 6th to 9th. We have a good deal of unrest among soldiers resulting from the delays in demobilization, large numbers have paraded before the War Office and the situation seems to have been so "mixed," to use a mild term, at Dover or Folkestone, that the Guards Colours

and Escorts assembled and, starting from Wellington Barracks with great ceremony, were told to stand fast at Charing Cross. It looks bad and though no doubt looks worse than it *really* is, it is a decidedly unpleasant phase. Here and there, certainly at one place, two or three thousand "broke" camp! Discipline!!! People don't realize that the war is not over, and further that the demobilization of seven millions cannot be carried out in twenty-five minutes. Naturally this unrest is catching and is said to have spread in a small way to the mine-sweepers in the Grand Fleet, very fine fellows who have really achieved wonderful results in most dangerous duties, and now not unnaturally they want to participate in the large profits being realized by the many fisherfolk, indeed by their trade generally.

Roosevelt is dead, a great American and a personality with the vigour of a new race, though he was, I believe, of Dutch extraction.

Jan. 10th. Rung up to-day by my office to say there was a letter urgent and confidential awaiting me from the Prime Minister. I got Osgood to read it to me; it contained the offer of the Lord Chamberlainship in the new Government. I directed him to telephone acceptance, the Prime Minister having asked for a reply at once as he leaves for France to-morrow. Nelly is delighted, more pleased than I am. Seven years already! A long time, but the compliment, when there has been plenty of time to get found out, is really very great, and to be of any service to the King and Queen is the dearest wish of my heart. No master and mistress can be more considerate.

F. E. Smith is Lord Chancellor, amazing if half what I hear of him is true. Milner goes from War to Colonies; it may be a good appointment, but I hope he will be sympathetic enough; Winston, War; Walter Long, Admiralty. Very good, though the soldiers will not like Winston.

However, you never know what a man is till you try him. Arthur Balfour retains the Foreign Office, the other appointments hardly vary.

Jan. 11th. The disquieting and astonishing scenes in Whitehall have ceased, and I expect have been dealt with skilfully. Matters might very easily have become dangerous, to put it mildly.

One does not know on what principle demobilization is taking place, but it seems there was want of organization and foresight; the anxiety of all, except a very few who are as anxious to remain, to get out of the Army is obvious. Many men get returned who are not pivotal men—e.g. my brother's valet returns on 13th. Peel told me a number of his men had written to him wishing to return to their jobs—said they had thought of deserting, but also thought it was not playing the game, but that, as soldiers, they had nothing whatever to do. Every one wants everything done at once, the way with human nature.

Jan. 12th to 20th. The Peace Conference has begun in Paris—the crowd of officials there is immense. The lady clerks of the Foreign Office are in really considerable numbers. A friend of mine whose daughter's departure had been postponed was told it was decided to keep the good ones back—let the others go first—the Foreign Office Officials are funny dogs. Lloyd George is in Paris, having nominated for the King's approval his much-criticized Government and having included in the list one or two he hadn't asked and one or two appointments with which the Prime Minister has nothing to do—the mess they make in Downing Street about these things is amazing.

This Parliament is remarkable in one way; there is so little known ability in it—i.e. among the new-comers—and this is the first election after the extended franchise!

Sydney Peel is one of the very few new men with real ability.

I heard from Finlay, late Lord Chancellor, saying he had no wish whatever to resign his office—he was merely dropped out—and F. E. Smith has made a speech, saying the offer of the Woolsack came to him as a perfect surprise—he was not alone in that feeling. Crawford also knew nothing whatever about his transfer from Privy Seal to the Chancellor of Duchy till he saw it in the Press, and the same with others.

Jan. 21st to 23rd. I have received notice from a solicitor, Soames & Co., Lennox House, Norfolk Street, that they were anxious—Carson very anxious—to call me as a witness in the Libel Case of Tilah *v.* Chirol, as I am the only man living who knows what really took place—apparently they base their case in some degree on a speech of mine in the Council Hall, Poona, at the Legislative Council. Simon against me—cross-examination!!! and I've never been in a Court of Justice, except a Coroner's Court, in my life—but one only has to tell the truth.

Jan. 24th to 25th. In Ireland there has been a meeting at the Mansion House where, with great solemnity, the Irish Republic was set up. Various people were appointed, addresses to President Wilson voted, and, I believe, officials nominated. Kenmare tells us the first thing done was to vote that every one waiting for work is to have twenty-nine and sixpence per week. The consequence is no one tries to get work, or those who have it leave it. Where the money comes from I know not.

The state of unrest, of course, continues—the Yorkshire strike of 150,000 miners is settled in the usual way—the masters give way—the point was a small one and the strike should not have been allowed to come to a head. Railway

unrest is very great. Bakers threaten to strike because of all-night work. A very good thing if they win. Such work is only to provide new bread for breakfast, which is bad for people and responsible, they say, for half the indigestion.

The police position is the worst—I've noticed the police for some time in the streets. If you see two together they are always talking and laughing—a sort of devil-may-care air—and this on duty—and again I observe much of their old courtesy and civility is wanting. I regard the police as the worst sign of all and a strike is threatened. Clynes has made an admirable, very sensible and moderate speech on the Labour situation generally.

Jan. 26th to 27th. Owing to threats of Strikes the French Government have taken over the Paris "Metro" and other methods of transport and communication—thus ending these difficulties.

Our industrial position here becomes daily more serious. The Police Strike has apparently been tided over, but eighteen thousand dockers are on strike at the London ports and, what is always to me a sign of danger, the men say it is nothing—anyway it is one more strike—and the women-washers of ships, whatever they may be, are out too. The Clyde workers, a section of them, have struck, or are to strike in a week.

Jan. 28th. Very heavy snow this morning. The taxi nearly stuck on the church hill and I was only just in time for the train: a Conference at 2.30 about the Tilah case with Soames, "The Times'" Solicitor, Sir R. Lamb, and Montgomery, I.C.S., present.

"The Times" took over a book from Macmillan's by Sir Valentine Chirol, containing statements said by Tilah to be libellous. Macmillan is one of the defendants with

Chirol. I had never been in a Court before. It was on this occasion crowded. I may be called, as the defence wants to use a speech of mine made in the Legislative Council in September, 1897.

Jan. 29th to 31st. Slept in Eaton Square last night and two nights—snow too bad to go backwards and forwards. These days all day in Court, taken there by Carson in his motor. He is a most attractive and interesting personality. Darling is the Judge.

Feb. 1st to 3rd. Riots in Glasgow. Mounted police coped with the rioters and the place is in charge of the Military. Glasgow, including the suburbs, Clyde, etc., etc., is a bad place. Crowds of the most violent of Irish live there, and they appear to be led by a Polish Jew.

The Tubes are stopped owing to a strike: all business upset and every one having to walk, at any rate some distance. I walked to the Law Courts to find the Court suspended and Darling, the Judge, ill. I walked all day—i.e. back to St. James's from Law Courts, then to lunch, afterwards to St. Bart.'s, though I got a lift for about one mile of the two and a half. After two hours there I walked home—a good three and a quarter miles, I believe, and it suited me very well—shooting boots, though not very picturesque, are very comfortable with two pairs of socks. The cold of 60 Eaton Square is arctic, most rooms about 48° or less.

Feb. 4th. The Labour conditions get worse and worse. Hotel waiters are now on strike, also those at restaurants. I suppose we shall have Lord Lurgan carrying dishes at the Ritz, where he is a Director. London is threatened with darkness owing to the electrical Engineers threatening to strike if a forty-six-hour week is not given. The Rail-

way clerks are also on threat. No one carries out any engagement—e.g. if you order a taxi the driver doesn't think of carrying out his bargain—no one cares a damn about anything of that kind.

Feb. 5th. Parliament was opened yesterday by Royal Convention. The Lord Chancellor took *his* seat first; he had changed his Lord Chancellor's Robe for a Peer's Robe, then he knelt to the Empty Throne (the King's Chair) and deposited on the chair his patent which was afterwards collected by the Clerk—then he was introduced by two ex-Lord Chancellors, Finlay and Buckmaster. Burke officiated for the first time as Garter King of Arms. It might have been an imposing ceremony. The whole thing was really rather a muddle, not well stage-managed: all the Peers squashing about—the Lord Chancellor's hat too small for him and all awry, indeed I believe he had it on hind-side before. But F. E. Smith, now Lord Birkenhead, is an imposing figure, and, I expect, will do much better than most think. He has a beautiful voice, and I should think is six foot two. James Lowther was re-elected to Chair of House of Commons: his speech very felicitous. Frank Mildmay proposed him and did it very well. They were friends at Cambridge. Luncheon with the Abercorns and made acquaintance with Cynthia Hamilton, Althorp's betrothed—he's an extremely lucky young devil.

The Strikes continue and get worse—now the Metropolitan Railways have joined in with the Tubes and 8,000 hotel and restaurant waiters! The papers say the buses threaten. There remain the postmen and telephonists. It is pitiful to see the troops of workers, girls, etc., etc., waiting and, after violent struggles, piling into buses to get home and, of course, to get to work. Thousands have to walk. I walk about eight miles per day—very good for me, but it takes time. Happily my shoes are easy.

Feb. 6th. To the St. Paul's Guards' service; really very fine. The massed bands clothed in red; the music very well chosen—quite worth going to. A tremendous day of snow, happily melting as it fell. I walked from St. Paul's to Bart.'s and thence home, in one and a half inches of slush. The King and Queen came up from Sandringham for the service and returned.

Feb. 7th. Yesterday two big railways came out—L.S.W. and London Brighton. The Government are transporting workers in lorries—the men talk very big about “No Khaki”—threats and mutterings, though so far not loud, are pretty deep.

Feb. 8th. Strike still continues, though better conditions are reported in the morning papers. Bread to be scarce in Glasgow, owing to threat of strike of bakers. Government motor-lorries carry daily workers, mostly girls, free of charge back to their houses and a small collection is made on the lorry for the driver. They say this has outraged the bus drivers. Why this should be so I don't see. No more can crowd on the buses, and indeed I observed, as I walked from St. Bart.'s, they don't stop to pick up, but go sailing down the middle of the thoroughfare, packed inside and out. Power Stations are guarded, I believe, by Military Special Constables, and also Ambulances. I walked to Bart.'s, where I sat for near three hours re-arranging maximum salaries and did useful work with two others, one Arthur Hill, having formed ourselves into a Committee of three. Got home in time to dress leisurely for dinner with Spencer—Abercorns, Maguires, Sydney Peel just fresh from Paris, Lavinia, who made me swear to go to her wedding at Althorp in Easter week. I did not need much persuasion.

Feb. 9th. There have been two very ugly incidents in Whitehall. One day a large crowd of soldiers assembled opposite the War Office, threw stones, broke a window of the G.O.C.'s car—he was not in it—and then broke the car to bits. These unfortunate soldiers had been sent to Folkestone on return to France, kept there hours and then returned to London—nothing to eat, I believe—in fact, messed about for hours and hours—cold, bitter and no transport here, or arrangements made—enough to try the tempers of saints, to say nothing of soldiers. They eventually marched off to Buckingham Palace, but the officer on guard, Sheppard's son, had notice, closed the gates, went out, harangued them and they departed.

The other case was yesterday. Another lot arrived from the North: no train ready for them, cold intense; they had nothing to eat, no money, nowhere to go and if they had had there was no transport (partly owing to Strikes perhaps)—so they repaired to Whitehall and were very disagreeable. Guards and Life Guards were sent for and the so-called rioters pressed back at point of bayonet towards Victoria—no one hurt—but it was very ugly and a great deal is to be said on the men's side. The War Office has broken down badly and I hope there'll be a row about it; I should think Winston would handle the matter properly.

Feb. 10th. Tube set to run as usual, I really believe. Very sharp frost again for three or four nights; we have had twelve or thirteen degrees.

One is surprised at nothing nowadays, but to see three elephants walking rather hurriedly down the middle of Eaton Square is novel at any rate—but so it was.

I walked off in the evening to Kensington Palace to see Lady Granville. Her son, called "Whisp" (Commander Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower), commanded H.M.S. *Scota*, destroyer. He was racing to the rescue of another destroyer

which had been blown up when his boat was torpedoed twice; the fore and aft parts were destroyed, his magazines went up, about twenty-six of his men were killed, remainder clustered on that part of the boat left. He was arranging for them to go, he to go last, when the boat gave a great list, his foot slipped on a bit of seaweed and, as he described it to his mother, he flopped stern first into the water. Down he went and came up his pipe still in his mouth; his men cheered him to the echo and later they were picked up.

Feb. 11th. Parliament opened to-day: a long King's speech, admirably read by His Majesty; House of Lords very crowded—never had the Lord Great Chamberlain had more applications for peeresses. The speech dealt with the social questions *inter alia*. The Debate was of the usual kind. Northumberland moved the Address in reply in a carefully prepared statement pouring icy water on The League of Nations—Crewe long, though his speech was sound enough. Curzon made a lot of bricks without straw, wordy, though well done as usual.

Feb. 12th. To the Courts with Carson—Tilah under cross-examination all day again.

Carson told me about a young Campbell, R.N., who commanded a mask decoy ship, so arranged for submarines; he was surrounded by German craft and never moved. Silence reigned in his ship. The Germans thought it was deserted and a torpedo boat came alongside to see what there was to be got—oil, stores, etc. He then unmasked and fired a broadside into the submarine. His boat was sunk, but he got off a wireless to his chief "Sinking fast, my respectful farewell," and was eventually saved. Carson recommended him to First Lord of Admiralty for the V.C., to which His Majesty agreed and wrote in the paper "There is no more gallant record in the annals of the British Navy,"

or words to this effect and signed it "George." One day Carson heard Campbell was in the building, saw him, told him about the V.C. and showed him what the King had written. All Campbell said, very quietly and slowly, was, "Am I at liberty to tell my wife, sir?" Campbell has now a bar to the V.C.

Feb. 13th to 14th. My letters from Paris speak most pointedly of Wilson's unpopularity and of Americans generally. The French don't like all the advertisement that perpetually surrounds him. Lloyd George is reported to keep on saying everything is going on capitally. People returning say they don't get on at all, which I expect is more true, and my letters now and then say the same. Last night appeared a draft of The League of Nations. (Of course Wilson R., U.S.A.) Perhaps it will never be more than a paper romance—I wonder. People in talking of it leave out of account human nature—its smallness and greatness—and nations differ little from individuals.

Labour Conferences are still going on with the view to a limitless, combined strike. I am all for high wages, but there must be some one to pay them. If every one is to get lots for doing nothing, one thing I am sure of will be that Germany really will capture our trade.

Feb. 15th. Last night to dinner with Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Henry Makins, my kinsman, in the chair. I sat between him and Lord Walsingham—very pleasant. I hadn't seen Walsingham for twenty odd years. He was a great cricketer in youth, and the second best shot in England, Ripon being by far the best; but Walsingham told me he used to kill more game as he chanced long shots and birds going through trees, which de Grey (Ripon) wouldn't shoot at. They were discussing some one's shooting once long ago and de Grey said in his sing-song

voice: "Yes, he shoots pretty well, but rather slow with his fifth barrel." Walsingham had a great reputation as a natural historian, knowing, or said to know, every bird that flew. Now he is married to his third wife and collects bugs, for which he has been in Sicily and Italy during most of the war—he must be nearer eighty than seventy. They were lucky in escaping raids, leaving Naples two days before it was raided, and Paris *même chose*.

Feb. 16th to 17th. Yesterday and to-day all day in the Court expecting to be called. We dined with Curzon, an interesting party of about twenty, at three round tables. What curious things happen to some people. One day he was run into, his motor smashed and himself cut and hurt. He went for the owner of the other car who said: "I don't care about you, but I am anxious about my wife, who is going to have a baby." Curzon at once mollified—but he soon after fainted and was taken into a chemist's shop. When he came to—not very clear in the head—he found the chemist and a nurse, and the chemist said: "I must leave you to the nurse, as my wife has just had a baby." This was indeed perplexing.

Every one gets more nervous and people tell amazing stories, one being that a friend of mine thinks she heard a man snarl "Aristocrat" as she passed. The Government have started an idea of a sort of Labour Parliament—Employers and Employees—and I hope something may come of it. But the truth is that Labour Leaders have no influence whatever.

Feb. 18th. In the box to-day, for the first time in my life. My "Parties" expressed themselves satisfied. I was let down very easily and rather disappointed my Counsel didn't ask me more, but he should know his own business.

Clemenceau has been shot at by a miscreant who called

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himself an anarchist—nine shots fired and Clemenceau slightly wounded—a member of the French Embassy told me he was in no danger, but, as often happens, the wound turns out more serious than at first was said to be.

Feb. 20th to 25th. The Tilah Case is over: complete victory for Chirol and, therefore, for my side. The result is a great relief and has a far greater bearing than the actual merits of the case. Tilah had nothing to lose; he knew, or must have known, he would have had no chance in India and he may have thought there was an off chance, though I could never have believed it, with a Jury in England. Moreover he had the services of Sir J. Simon, late Attorney-General, whom Tommy (Lord) Shaw described to me thus: "His cleverness is diabolical," but he did not seem to me at his best—he had a bad case and must have known it. The Jury were not more than twenty-five minutes in coming to their conclusion.

I have written to Stamfordham advising against cocked-hat festivities before Peace is signed, which will give a chance for the industrial situation to clear a bit, though we cannot say what the position may be on the Continent. I learn the King cordially approves my view, which is also concurred in by the Speaker of the House of Commons, the best and most sensible opinion I know, and whom I often consult on the quiet. The Speaker and the Prime Minister, as an example of economy, have decided not to have Banquets, the Prime Minister's view extending to His Majesty's Birthday dinner, which concerns me and mine. I walked down to the House of Commons and, as I told Mr. Speaker, I was almost as wet as though I had walked through one of the Eastern counties turnip fields on a dewy morning in October in pursuit of partridges.

I went to see Bishop Ryle, the Dean of Westminster, about the Princess Patricia's wedding—a capital fellow.

Preparations are hastening to completion now, and also the rooms at St. James's Palace which are noble, in the best style and a great pity they are not more used. There is the usual fuss at the last moment. The presents good. The bride-to-be so handsome, so happy, even with a cold in her head, and with a charm of manner to bewitch the world, to say nothing of the country and the Navy. The Duke of Connaught's family has great charm.

Feb. 27th. To-day was the wedding of Princess Patricia to Ramsay, R.N., at which I had the responsibility for all arrangements. The whole thing went without a hitch inside the Abbey, and His Majesty very cordial about its success in a conversation with me as he left the Abbey. Outside the crowd overwhelmed everybody. They were quite out of hand and the Royal carriages could hardly be got to the entrance. The Guard of Honour was swamped and, had one not seen a little row of bayonets, it might not have been there. Princess, now Lady, Patricia Ramsay looked superb, the bridesmaids charming, especially Cambridge's two delightful daughters. It was all very happy and successful. The King and Queen received great ovations everywhere; also the bride who drove to and from the church in a carriage and four white horses and postilions, two out-riders on white horses and two grooms behind.

We went to write our names at Clarence House and then into the gardens where, with the King and Queen and the rest of the Royal Family, we saw the bride and bridegroom start away—showers of rice, etc., etc. Great crowds to see her go and she was loudly cheered.

Feb. 28th to March 2nd. We had a Bombay dinner, Willingdon in Chair. I had prepared a speech which I speedily found wouldn't do, so I made almost another. I saw many old friends whom I used to work with—all so

cordial, I was quite touched. One man, Gordon, who took us away in the *Caledonia*, of which he was skipper, from Bombay, nineteen years ago, came up from Devonshire on purpose to see me. Atmosphere atrocious, but all were so kind it was worth it.

I found Mrs. Bischoffsheim—eighty-two next month—a wonderful old lady and full of conversation, reminiscences of people, all of whom I knew forty years ago: Henry Lennox, Alfred Montgomery, Sir Robert Peel, Bernal Osborne, Lady Molesworth, Father Healy and others, including Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury. She, of course, knew them fifty years ago when they were at their best. Of all this coterie this generation, and indeed the last, have hardly ever heard. Father Healy was a very well-known wag. I saw a great deal of him. The last time I met him he had come over to consult his doctor and he said—"He insists on my having two Fridays each week." Healy used often to dine with me in the Bank Guard. He was one of the raciest and most kindly of men. There was one well-known and forgotten story of his: a parishioner came to him in dire distress and said, "Father Jim's pony (which was a donkey) has gone and got the vernacular." "Indeed," said Healy, "there was only one pony I ever heard of got that and that was Balaam's ass." The dear old lady meant navicular.

March 3rd to 15th. Irishmen are amazing people. The story goes that De Valera, the Sinn Fein leader, escaped—a forged key was given him and the sentries decoyed away by two or three young Irish ladies and De Valera was informed of all this by a man singing a Celtic song under his window—telling him the story of what was to take place.

Bessborough arranged a Red Cross sale, which was worked up by a Belgian Refugee—as usual the business

between R.C. and Protestant began at once. If "God save the King" was to be sung the R.C.'s would not be allowed by their priests to go. And if it were not sung the clergymen would not go. So they compromised—the Belgian National Anthem was sung.

I had a long audience of the King, whom I thought very well considering it has poured in torrents, which he does not like any more than anyone else. He is following my advice as to no Courts, etc., before signing of Peace, but agrees that use could be made of the gardens—and very popular they are.

Lord Chetwynd must be a very sensible, as well as able, man. He has been manager of a factory with 1,000 hands. He has never had a strike and only three drunks—he is well aware the human equation comes in. He says that at the end of a long day men (and women) are tired and empty and, going out, go to the pub for a pick-me-up. On an empty tummy drink has more effect and on some people an immediate effect, so he gives them all a sort of meal as they go out—cocoa and buns. Moreover all the over-alls are kept in the works and the employees have to take them off before they go out, so instead of going filthy and stinking into the pub, rather ashamed of themselves, they are clean, have food in them, and can look into shop windows with their girls, or go to picture shows, etc., etc., till they go home to supper. As to presents, he found out the people's tastes—e.g. photographs, gardens, potatoes, tomatoes, etc., etc.—and gives prizes—all very good. I think employers are much to blame for difficulties with workers; employers generally have not advanced to the same degree as the workers, who are now educated, sober, and care for their status. The days of "get on with your damned work" are over.

March 16th to 23rd. The main subject of thought lately

has been what has become the eternal Labour question. Labour calls itself the Triple Alliance—Miners, Railway and Transport. We have continuous conferences and consultations—many people very pessimistic. The Prime Minister is in Paris, to which now and then Bonar Law and Davies, the Labour Railway leader, occasionally fly over to confer. While it is supposed the miners will not strike, the Railway position is full of anxiety—I doubt whether we shall get through without a real row.

Two deaths of notable people occurred last week—Lady Londonderry very sudden, i.e. after three or four days' illness. I was at tea with her on Sunday and she died on the following Saturday night or early Sunday morning. She was a very remarkable woman enjoying life to the full and all she had, which was practically everything—beauty, birth, position, vivacity, intelligent interest in politics; a rabid partisan, especially as regards Ulster, and for this I don't blame her; a very kind heart and said to have organizing power; very fond of the Turf and no gambler—almost always at Newmarket, and herself bred some good horses. Her house was never dull, as used to be the case with some great ladies. She was born to splendour and magnificence and played her part well.

The other was George Russell, the Rt. Honble. G. W. E. R. He had great abilities, was an excellent conversationalist, a good writer though uneven—but whether from a too sardonic tongue, or some other reason, he managed to quarrel with numbers of people, especially his own family; with the ability and political family tradition and his close friendship with the Gladstones one would have thought he would have done more.

Yesterday the Guards of all sorts made their triumphant march through London. To my mind the great features, as individuals, were Carson and the Prince of Wales, but the men were splendid in physique and stamp. London

fairly turned out. I have never seen greater crowds except for Queen Victoria's funeral. The tops of the houses were filled with sightseers, but English people don't cheer, though the papers said they did. The ceremony began in Buckingham Palace, the march going in at South gate, passing the King, Queen, and Queen of Roumania, and passing out at North gate—and so to the Mansion House. We were at Buckingham Palace in the courtyard. The cold was intense. I wore a heavy fur coat for the first time this winter. Snow all over the country, except in London. Trains held up in Scotland. It tried to snow yesterday in London, but cleared off. Many of the soldiers were camped on Friday night in Hyde Park and on other spaces. A battalion of the Scots Guards had two cows which they had taken early in the war and provided fresh milk for the men—the said cows fell out shortly after saluting the King—and the Irish Guards had two Irish wolf-hounds, one of which had belonged to Harry Greer's son—this boy, I believe, commanded a Battalion at twenty-three or twenty-four, certainly for a time, but unhappily was eventually killed. They call the Prince of Wales the White Prince.

March 24th to 31st. The Labour difficulties seem over for the moment. I think Bonar Law has managed well with patience and firmness. The Government adopted the report of the Committee presided over by Judge Sankey; of course the laurels go to Labour—it always does and always must end one way.

To-day the law ordains summer-time. Yesterday we woke to find anything up to 4 or 5 inches of snow—they call it 8 and in some parts of London said to be 14, both, I believe, equally untrue; a snow-fall is always exaggerated. I shovelled away the snow from the front of the house and went to the Local Government Board in "Arctics," but

after the Conference I came out to find the street clear and dry and no vestige of snow by 6 p.m. A warm sun and drying wind set things right.

We had a long debate in the Lords on the Slough Scandal. Desborough made a jolly speech calling us fools and villains, followed and "replied" to by Lord Inverforth of Middlesex.

April 1st to 17th. My mid-Victorian sense is much tried by modern social methods and fashions. Nowadays when a dance is given, the hostess writes round to a number of girls telling each to bring her fancy young man. The young man fetches the girl, eventually taking her home about 2.30 a.m., and there are whispers of the girls going to the youths' rooms to smoke a cigarette *en passant*, and I believe it all wrong! One fine day there'll be a crash—as there was some twenty-five or thirty years ago.

To Althorp for Lavinia's wedding to Luke White, 11th Hussars. Never did I see a happier, more self-possessed or prettier bride. The church with its 7,000 daffodils was beautiful and the sun shone—everything right. Four or five hundred people at luncheon. I got back to find L.G.B. telephoning for me all over London to make a speech in the House of Lords about bricks, and so we pass rapidly from Romance to materialism.

Lloyd George's latest speech has left me cold. He had nothing really to say and said it at great length. The only interesting feature of the day being that the Prince of Wales had luncheon with him after hearing the speech.

I received a promise from Sir E. Stern to give, i.e. build, a block of our new Nurses' Home at Bart.'s which means £25,000—a good beginning, as I wrote to the Queen.

April 18th. Dunraven, with a comic face, says Ireland is awful and very rich—he gave me an Irish gown and manufactured cigarette, very good.

May to June 8th. The last five or six weeks life has not been without its interests and political excitements—more trouble with police over the usual discontent—and the noisy ones threaten a strike—a great meeting was to be held in Hyde Park. But, in the meantime, Government, i.e. the Home Secretary, had taken a firm stand and stuck to it, and the strike, at any rate for the time, fizzled out. Some violent speeches were delivered at the meeting in the Park—which took place ten days before the Derby. Had the strike taken place the Derby could not have been held.

I went to Epsom three days. The King and Queen, Princes and Princess Mary went to the Derby, also the President of Brazil, who was the guest of the Government. H.M. won a handicap with a horse called Merry and got a tremendous reception, the crowd as usual cheering themselves crazy. Viceroy was favourite, which added to the enthusiasm.

I have had charge of the Health Bill in House of Lords—I knew something, not very much about it, as I had taken a lot of trouble and attended the sittings of the Standing Committee of House of Commons, a new procedure which is admirable for expeditious, but not for real discussion. My speech was rather an effort as I had only just got over influenza. The Bill emerged with only one Amendment—to cut out one Under-Secretary. I had conferences and letters with Salisbury, and a perfect gentleman I found him in every sense of the word. Lots of compliments, which should make me vain, from Addison and my officials and also in the House, Addison saying to his friends and in his letter to me—"Never mind the Under-Secretary as long as we can get this fellow (me) to do our work in the Lords." George Curzon said when I sat down, "Quite admirable. Nothing could have been better." I like butter—

We went to Madresfield for the Friday-Monday before

the Derby—the country lovely all the way down to Worcester, and Madresfield itself a gem—over sixty acres of field and garden and the garden flowers popping up in long grass, the pink may in great beauty, the birds all singing to me as I lay in a hammock, with a book about the Wye. A very interesting man there—Rushforth, F.S.A., and late principal of the British School at Rome. It was very peaceful and suited me well, for I was quite tired. We drove to see the sunset round the Malvern Hills, over the Welsh side, but we were half an hour too late and there was a mist into the bargain, so the thing was not a success.

We had a great banquet at the Palace in honour of the President of Brazil—one hundred and fifty—I think the most pleasant representative social party I've seen—gold plate, flowers, *mise en scène* and general setting really superb. The long walk backwards from the Bow Room where the King and Queen received the guests to the Ball Room I managed all right, but Farquhar was awful. I longed for Chesterfield, K.G. Had it been a race Farquhar would have been disqualified for bumping and he was never in step. He bumped me, then recoiled and bumped again. Jersey was watching and said: "You must be very steady on your feet."

The Archbishop has introduced a Church Enabling Bill which would, as I understood, put the Church really into the hands of a High Church Hierarchy. Haldane followed him and tore the thing to shreds on constitutional grounds.

People are dancing furiously and quite right to. We have dined out a great deal and very pleasantly—with the Cheylesmores, where there are any amount of original sketches by Landseer—his brother was the engraver of his pictures and Cheylesmore possesses many sketches where Landseer made chalk marks as signs or criticisms of the engraver's work—rather interesting; at Maurice Glyn's,

very pleasant—Mde de la Panouse there, wife of a former French attaché—nearly all French—and being a Friday it was diner maigre—the fish excellent. The French ambassador was there and, as usual, interesting when he will talk. He went to a “Soirée” or gathering to see the President U.S.A. and an American, *un véritable géant*, lifted him up and put him aside; when Wilson greeted him the giant’s consternation was great and he apologized profusely. The Americans are very unpopular in Paris and there seems a good deal of friction, it being said that Lloyd George and Wilson do not back up France, and rumour is busy saying Germany won’t sign.

Helen d’Alsace was over for a few days. Her bitterness against the Germans is in excess of anything I could imagine, though one’s imagination can carry one pretty far. Helen has been the head of a hospital and was never allowed to send for a Priest for a dying man. She asked the Directeur, who replied he could only send if the man made the request in writing—“but the man’s dying.” The reply “N’importe”—so much is religion hated by such.

June 9th to Aug. 31st. Sixty-four on August 21st and I doubt, in a busy, perhaps unduly fussy life, whether I have done more work even in my five years in India than in the last five. I have been Lord Chamberlain to the King for getting on for eight—longer, I believe, than any one to hold the office except a certain Duke of Grafton who was Lord Chamberlain for thirty-three years. And very tired I am. Now I hope for five or six weeks’ comparative peace.

The whole world has been full of agitation. The War Cabinet still exists, but five men cannot run the Empire. We must get back to Cabinet responsibility. Lloyd George with an enormous majority is powerless *really*. No one cares for the House of Commons, nor will they till after

another Election and the production of a man. But who is he to be is not easily seen, though Bob Cecil (Lord Robert Cecil) fills the eye at the moment.

Socially I have had a busy time and I was responsible for nearly 25,000 invitations to Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace. There were four—the first three were in lieu of courts—the fact of invitation to act as equivalent of presentation—the only way we could get through the five years' crop of *débutantes*, married women, changes of name owing to creations, or successions, etc., etc. The fourth was for workers. I had long had my eye on something of the sort, and it came about thus. One day the Queen sent for me and said she wanted some of her workers in Queen Mary's Guild invited to the first three. I pointed out that here we might get into difficulties, as those Garden Parties were instead of courts and her workers were not for "presentation." The Queen was quick, as ever, to realize this and I then suggested a Garden Party for workers, the numbers to be up to whatever Derek Keppel could provide for with tea, etc., up to say 8,000—though I thought of 10,000, which was eventually the number. The Queen very readily agreed and the day was fixed. The work was tremendous—the only way was to give parcels of invitations to organizations and get them to send out the individual invitations—e.g. 3,000 to Red Cross, 1,000 to Queen Mary's Guild, and to other organizations in proportion to members. When the day arrived and the King and Queen came down with the Royal Family to the Bow Room the Queen was fairly astonished at the throng. I got Their Majesties to come out on the Terrace, and then they moved about among their guests in lanes kept by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides—not formal lanes, but gradually opened up.

It really was charming—and equally so was the way the King and Queen played their parts, nothing could

have excelled their gracious kindness to all. They were out for nearly three hours. People came from the Shetland Isles and, of course, from Aberdeen and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Wales and some, I believe, from Ireland. After it was over, I sank into a chair at the King's box at the Opera in time for the Jewel Song in Faust and felt I had done a good day's work—the trouble well expended and the King and Queen delighted with it all. The Archbishop of Canterbury was pleased too and said it was one of the best ideas and things of its kind ever done.

I came in for lots of grumbles, of course, but this I anticipated. A few days afterwards Their Majesties had another show for the servants, police of the palace, etc., etc., about 1,500—which gave immense pleasure and was admirably managed by Charles Fitzwilliam, the Crown Equerry.

In addition to the Garden Parties we have had one or two functions of a mild description—one a mission of Abyssinians—another of Soudanese—both picturesque and made addresses in their own tongue which were translated. The Head-man of the Soudanese was a descendant of the Mahdi—he had a great affection for F. M. Lord Grenfell, who had had to do with his bringing up—and he called him his Father and his Mother.

The Peace march was most interesting and moving: representatives of all the allies, beginning with the Americans; but while the reception of Foch and all was very good, the best cheers were reserved for Beatty at the head of our Navy and Haig at the head of the Army. Beatty was on foot; Haig, Foch, etc., on horseback. Foch made quite a theatrical salute with his baton, perhaps the French custom. Haig quite unconcerned except that he looked mildly puzzled to know what all the fuss and noise was about—he did deserve well—a quite unassuming Scottish gentleman who has had no thought of self all through the

Campaign and ready to fall in with any plan for the general advantage and good. The march past the King took place in front of a pavilion erected facing down the Mall on the E. side of the Queen Victoria Memorial—it lasted just about two hours, I think. In the evening of the same day there were fireworks in Hyde Park. Unfortunately the rain spoiled the set pictures. We saw the show from the top of Cassel's house in Park Lane and interesting it was, mainly because of the enormous crowds, who policed themselves for the most part.

On the actual Peace night Nelly and I went to Buckingham Palace—the crowds in front, a sea of upturned faces, a marvellous sight—the crowd yelling themselves hoarse when the King and Queen appeared and also the Prince of Wales. It was a wonderful experience.

After Ascot, indeed the day we left, we went to stay at Maryland, an old Rectory in the possession of Elphinstone, and found ourselves in a second or new Dukery. The Duke of Northumberland has a place called Albury. The timbers in the park are very fine, and the garden possesses two Terraces, each a quarter of a mile long, made in the time of Charles II and cut out of the North Down which rises immediately behind it. And to end up with the Duke and Duchess are charming—the latter, I think, beautiful and so attractive. She is Helen, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Thence on the way back to Sutton Court, now bought by the Duke of Sutherland, formerly in the possession of Northcliffe. The house outside almost unique—a perfect specimen of Tudor—the grounds not so remarkable. There we found the Lord Chancellor playing tennis. He has been to Brussels to be fêted.

The boys and girls have had the times of their lives—dancing galore. The Northumberlands gave a great Ball in the olden style at Sion. I believe a most beautiful entertainment.

There was one more show—the River Pageant. The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria and Princess Mary, Prince of Wales and Prince Albert embarked below London Bridge in the Royal Barge (I understand, made for William III and perhaps not out since) and came up the river rowed by the King's watermen in their red and blue tabard uniform with the velvet jockey caps. They just paddled on the stream. The King and Queen sat under cover in the stern, almost invisible, but they enjoyed it and the crowds along the riversides were splendid and enthusiastic. It was Bank Holiday, so all were out. Their Majesties disembarked at Chelsea.

Nelly went by two stages to the North on August 13th and I migrated to 28 St. James's Place of long and happy memory. The heat and stuffiness have been suffocating. We are guests of the Travellers, Brooks's being shut—and also the Turf.

Parliament, after masses of ill-considered legislation, adjourned on August 18th—the said legislation will give the Courts a lot of pretty work to disentangle. Lytton and Peel have distinguished themselves—also the Lord Chancellor, of whom I knew nothing except detrimental gossip and whom I find a first-rate colleague—always ready, indeed anxious to help. He may make a great Chancellor. Horne, Minister for Labour, and Shortt, Home Secretary, have distinguished themselves. The last Bill was against profiteering—a fatuous measure and, I believe, impossible to carry out, but owing to its name no one dared oppose it.

A delightful twenty-four hours at Medmenham Abbey, formerly the headquarters of the Hell Fire Club of which John Wilkes and Lord Sandwich were members.

On the 19th August I left for Abergeldie, lent us by His Majesty, and here I am. The Dee is a trickle: all the grass burnt up and the whole lawn like the plains in India. I hadn't been in Aberdeen for thirty years—the

station seemed rebuilt—on by the Dee-side Line and so to Ballater. The Castle is immediately on the South Bank of Dee—a lovely flower garden in front and hills around—three miles from Balmoral, about ten from Braemar. The Keppels are opposite at the Manse—a charming family. The King, Queen and Princess Mary were with us for a short hour one afternoon, the two latter enjoying themselves among the raspberries like schoolboys. We went to Crathie Church—Church of Scotland—on Sunday: a nice service which made me hate the High Church and its ways more than ever. The place was like a fair, charrs-à-bancs full to see the King and Queen and Royal family, who drove with outriders from Balmoral Castle.

A very pleasant dinner at Balmoral on the 28th—Nelly and I the only outside guests. I sat between the Queen and Princess Mary, both full of conversation. The young Princes, Albert, Henry and George—the King and two of the boys in kilts—very becoming this dress is. Lady Isabel Stanley, Dorothy Yorke, Cust, Stonor, Canon Dalton, Cromer and Admiral Campbell, an equerry but a guest—i.e. not on duty. The King, contrary to usual custom, stayed in the dining-room after the Queen had gone with the ladies into the drawing-room and talked to me for a long time—naturally very much upset by the death of Botha, which had occurred suddenly in Pretoria—a loss impossible to estimate. I knew him pretty well, having seen much of him in South Africa in '86 and also in England this year. After dinner we stood about. The boys, Princess Mary and Dorothy Yorke made a capital row over some innocent game and we left about 10.15—a *very pleasant* evening.

Lloyd George has gone to Brittany for a holiday. I fancy he is rather perturbed. He hardly dare make a vacancy in House of Commons as he is sure to lose the next election. His last speech, boomed as it was, was a

disappointing failure; it had a bad Press—every one yelling about extravagance in Government Offices—so now he has issued a feverish letter to all departments re economy and cutting down establishments. All this is no good and this everlasting opportunism is bound to fail. What is imperatively needed is principle.

Sept. 1st to 3rd. Day after day superb. Finished reading again a volume of Disraeli's Letters, edited by Ralph Disraeli, his brother, a clerk in House of Lords, whom I knew—like everything of Dizzy's full of interest. The Duke of Connaught arrived yesterday and to every one's delight killed a stag to-day.

Yesterday, when playing golf, I waited for the man in front to go on—he was the King's head piper—but as I saw another party wandering about I still waited as I never know where my ball will go. The party was the Queen ahead with the Duke of Connaught, the King, Princess Mary, Edward Grey, the Archbishop of York and two or three others—lucky I did not drive.

Nelly went home leaving me to play an impromptu game with Stamfordham and I played with his clubs. Nelly fell in with Canon Dalton and Admiral Henry Campbell and took them to tea here. When they were in the Tower the parlourmaid came up, scarlet and perspiring, and said: "There are two princes and two ladies in the drawing-room." Nelly went down and found Princes Albert and George doing the puzzles and Lady Isobel Gathorne Hardy and Dorothy Yorke. They had looked in on the way to tea with Derek Keppel at the "Manse" opposite. The visit a great success and I met them all on the way home.

A lovely day indeed and hot. I strolled to Crathie, and saw a sheep-dog do a wonderful performance. They are wonderful beasts. I had told the farmer his sheep were in an outfield. He was very much obliged, and sent his

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dog, who had them out and home in a jiffy. I asked if the new oats would have hurt them as they would a horse and he said no, but the sheep would hurt the harvest.

Sept. 4th. To the Braemar Games—a more tedious spectacle I never witnessed. Their Majesties, Royal Family and guests drove with four white horses, outriders, red liveries. I must say the setting was very picturesque: the King's men in Tartan, the Duff men in Tartan and the Farquharson men in Tartan. They made a brave, though stagey, show. Much dancing by professionals who make a pot-hunting job of it. But the girls with drawers and a petticoat under the kilt, which of course were very visible, to my mind were most unedifying. All our servants went and one little housemaid has just told me she enjoyed herself grand—thank God!

Sept. 7th. Lady Breadalbane's birthday—sixty-five. That amazing woman last week found at their lodge some three or four stags down in the corn-field opposite, crossing the river. So she and a friend got up before dawn, placed themselves at 4 a.m. and waited till 6—then antlers appeared; she killed two, the friend one, and crept back to bed. Twenty-five and thirty years ago she was as good a shot and walker as any of us and though, perhaps, the foot is not so fleet the eye is quite as unerring.

Day after day of surpassing beauty. The real rain keeps off, glass very high, though we have had showers which “have refreshed the thirsty earth” and I stroll about—longer or shorter distances—all day.

The Queen came here yesterday, her charm greater than ever. She brought the Duke of Connaught, Princess Mary and Princes Albert and George. These three fell on the puzzle—awfully keen, jealous, and quarrelling—really the greatest fun. I couldn't get them away, although

I told Princess Mary the Queen was eating all the raspberries. These boys catch me up daily and very cheerful lads they are. I wish I had some shooting to give them. I think Prince Henry is *the* sportsman. He's always out after something and got a stag yesterday, fishing the day before. Tremendous accounts of Prince of Wales in Canada.

Sept. 10th to 13th. Each lovely day succeeds the one before. On the 10th a chauffeur came to tell us Sir D. Probyn's car had broken down a mile off. There was a risk about time for Balmoral dinner; however, we sent our car, picked him and his friends up, and they got there in time. Next day we went to see after him and also to see his collection at Birk Hall, of "Vanity Fair" Cartoons, anything up to 1,600 or 1,800 of them. They formed a sort of pictorial social history and took me back nearly fifty years—hardly one but I did not know him—my father and self among them. Well arranged: statesmen, churchmen, Law and Judges, sportsmen, jockeys, sailors, soldiers, Viceroy, and all except one, I believe, signed—the exception, Joynes, an Eton master with a birch rod in his hand.

The Gillies' dance on the 11th. Interesting and picturesque—all eyes for the Queen, who looked splendid, fascinating and happy—dancing reels and every dance. We got there by 9.30 and left at 12.15.

Sept. 15th to 19th. To Glendye to see John Gladstone. I had not been there for many years—the last time, 1905, to grouse and drive—a place of surpassing beauty, as indeed is all this country and indeed any country on a day such as it was—the "stone," a great rock which is silhouetted against the sky and is a mark or beacon for sailors, standing out magnificently. His Ford met me and whirled me ten miles in no time. Nelly was to have come, but I had to haul her out of the motor as—just in time—she got

a message from the Queen to go on an expedition. They started at 12 from Balmoral, getting back about 7. She drove with the Queen and Soveral, Princess Mary doing coachman—she is a capital whip, and another carriage with a lady or two, no man behind. It was most delightful—a day from heaven and a great success. I walked back from Ballater—six miles, in good time—about 18 minutes each mile. John gave me a haunch which I sent out by coach which procured a welcome!

Nelly selected the 18th to take a drive—her mania for “tea out” supervening in Laurence Currie’s motor—Nelly, Laurence Currie, Sybil Packe, and poor me—through Braemar towards the spittal of Glenshee—then we turned back and went to Linn of Dee, beautiful it’s true—but a gale of wind and a mist and rain came on. We had tea shut up in the motor, discomfort indescribable, and this is pleasure. We could have got home for this most unnecessary meal. However, she enjoyed it very much, which was the main, indeed the only thing that mattered. The chauffeur we fed too and he smoked my cigarettes and I hope they were a success too.

Woke up to find snow showers heavy and perpetual. The Queen selected this day to start at 9.30 with a small party to go to Blair Athole by Spittal and Glenshee Kirk and Pitlochry—a very dangerous road by the devil’s elbow. However, thank God, she got there safe and sound and back about 8.15. All the hills round are covered with snow.

Sept. 20th to 22nd. Laurence Currie left—sorry he’s gone—a very pleasant and always interesting guest with great “personal” political knowledge.

Sibbald, the minister who preached on Sunday and for many years at Balmoral previous to the present minister, told me the billiard-room in the Castle (Balmoral) used to be a Chapel with a little pulpit in the corner whence two

or three great men of the Scotch Church preached to Queen Victoria, who sat in the middle of the room with about twenty-five attendants, visitors, etc. Sibbald administered the Sacrament the only time it was performed in that chapel and to Queen Victoria and Empress Frederick, the last time they were together there.

Sept. 23rd to 26th. Mild delicious days again. We dined on 22nd at Balmoral with our guests, the Elphinstones. Lady Bonham Carter, née Asquith, was at Stamfordham's—a charming personality, with the brains of her Father and without the en têténess of some of the family.

Sept. 27th. A Railway Strike declared for last midnight—a sudden one on standardization of wages—twenty-four hours' notice. Revelstoke, Soveral and Allenby left Balmoral yesterday and won't be able to get through. Allenby was strolling about one day in Egypt when he got to a point where a Subaltern told him his orders were that no one was to pass—the Subaltern held his ground and Allenby retired. They never met again till Allenby found the Subaltern in the Guard of Honour at Ballater and met him at dinner at Balmoral.

Sept. 28th. At dinner at Balmoral, and Jim dined too, sitting between the Queen and Princess Mary. The King read us a telegram he had received from London, which was in effect that the Tubes had joined in the Strike. One or two trains running on Dee-side by day, but no means of getting south by train from Aberdeen. Soveral, Revelstoke and Stamfordham's daughter got no further than Morpeth on Friday night. The Food Controller has issued a notice as to stricter rationing and commandeering of cars and, I think, petrol—no matter what sacrifices if only Government can hold their own. We may write

letters, but they will sit at Ballater, and where those may be which were despatched Friday night God knows. The King told me that use was to be made of light railways to get food to villages—but this relief must be very limited.

Sept. 29th. Our latest telegram from the Prime Minister to H.M. was to the effect that Government have the situation well in hand (if they have not at this stage God help them), no disturbances and that offers of help from all sides are pouring in. So far so good—but these are early days. It will be interesting to see how far use can be made of aeroplanes to carry posts, though probably not parcels. We got letters yesterday, and the "Aberdeen Journal" arrived and a few copies of "The Times."

H.M. is anxious to be in London, but undecided at present. He, with the Queen, could go by motor—they have six or seven motors here of various kinds. But petrol may be a difficulty—at any rate it would be with me. I have ten gallons, which means 140 or 150 miles—only a third of the way. The only thing to do is to "Bito" here for a bit—"Bito," as we said of elephants in India which means "sit down." Parliament may be summoned, which might mean a Privy Council at Balmoral and there is at present a quorum here—self, Stamfordham and Prince Arthur of Connaught. The King and Queen feel this business very much. He told Nelly he believes in God and his people.

Sept. 30th. Yesterday the Queen and Princess Mary came to Abergeldie; the former to look around household matters, so she brought Derek Keppel and her housekeeper. They came at 4.20 about and, after a usual tramp round the house, came to tea. They sat there, and walked about for two hours, finally going again round the house—it was charming, the Queen and Princess full of laugh and talk.

The Minister is obliged to stay at Balmoral as he can't get away.

Oct. 3rd. Their Majesties started to-day by motor (three motors) for Lowther and arrived 5.40—a good run, but it must have been very tedious and fatiguing. They stay the night there.

Oct. 5th. The King and Queen arrived at Buckingham Palace safely—301 miles between 8 and 6.50 “all well and not too tired.” A wonderful performance seeing they were in the motor from 8.30 to 5.40 the previous day. The Princes Albert and Henry went by sea from Aberdeen—London yesterday.

One humorous story is that Railway Strikers are said to be volunteering for Transport work and so earning good wages. The question arises should they be employed, as those wages help to continue the Strike—but a difficulty is to find out who *is* a Railway Striker.

Oct. 6th. At about 6.30 p.m. news was received at Balmoral that the Strike was over. Sir Charles Cust, equerry to H.M., earned 5s. 6d. as a porter one day at Euston; Bertie Tempest (Lord H. Vane Tempest) helped to look after the L.N.W.R. horses; Roger Wodehouse (my stepson, an Oxford curate) worked the signals at Oxford and later acted as guard to a train—Oxford to Bristol. Half the Turf Club became porters.

A day and especially an afternoon of unsurpassable beauty. Nelly and I wandered up to a seat on a little hill N. of the Dee by a farm where, with a sympathetic black collie, we watched the scene—nature at its best—the colour of the mountain ash and other small trees—the hills all round and Lochnagar inexpressibly beautiful—the colours so warm.

Oct. 6th to Dec. 31st. In December the Prince of Wales came back from his triumph in Canada and U.S.A. Most unluckily it was black fog the day of his entry into London. The King and Queen went to Victoria station to meet him, and then H.R.H. went on his progress by himself with his staff. In spite of fog and rain there were many waiting to greet him—he looked very well and wherever he went for a day or two he was mobbed and cheered. He has fairly got a hold of the heart and imagination of the people.

I went to a big and very well organized dinner, H.R.H. in the Chair, for the Middlesex Hospital—he made an admirable speech and was most successful. Twenty-five years ago I had a dinner for the same hospital with H.R.H.'s Grandfather, King Edward, in the Chair—the best Chairman in the world. We got £9,000 and that was a Record—now H.R.H. got £53,000 which they call a beginning. For that dinner the late Sam Whitbread gave me £1,000. I had the greatest trouble to get him to allow me to announce it, but eventually I succeeded—"I never have allowed anything I've done of the kind to be put in the newspaper, but I suppose you know—you've got to know your own business best." So the next morning it was in all the papers. Two or three days afterwards I got a letter: "My dear Lord, I am a retired clergyman—living in St. John's Wood, very infirm, or I would have called on you. I see Mr. Whitbread of the brewing firm has given you £1,000 for the Middlesex Hospital—I enclose you a cheque for £1,050—an old story, Bible *v.* Beer."

The feature of the session certainly in the House of Lords was the passing of the India Government Bill. It is of course the result of long inquiry, negotiations, reports and all the rest of it, and goes some way toward responsible Government. Some men, e.g. Lord Sydenham, say it will be our ruin, and our rule will not last five years. It is now 20 years since I left India, and I realize I am of course not

in touch any more, but I don't believe in these gloomy and pessimistic forebodings, especially as regards the effect the measure will have on the I.C.S. No doubt the position will be changed. The English will still hold great power for good and usefulness, new Ministers—Indians—will avail themselves of their advice and experience in administration and executive matters. I *know* how they are trusted and for the highest possible reason because they are known to be incorruptible—and as to youths being prevented from going into the service by their fathers—I believe it to be rubbish. All I know is that had I two sons I would press one into the I.C.S. if I could.

1920

Jan. 1st to 30th. Edward Grey, who went as Ambassador, supposed to be a temporary appointment, to U.S.A., is returning. Wilson had something of the nature of a stroke, and was unable to direct the peace policy in the Senate; consequently everything went askew.

I have been asked to preside in Brussels at a Congress of the Royal Institute of Health—a great compliment, but like other compliments a great bore; however, we must see.

Parliament to be opened in State. We shall be busy getting the camphor out of our clothes or making some one else do it; and into the bargain half the political officials have not got their clothes, prices almost prohibitive, even if they could get them in time, which they cannot.

Jan. 31st. Dined last night with the Duchess of Albany—very pleasant—in a charming house arranged with great taste by herself in Kensington Palace. It was formerly in the occupation of Mrs. "Billy" Chain—about 2 generations ago a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria. This house was a great gambling centre of a small party of my friends 30 years ago. H.R.H. had a very few very charming relics of bygone days, among them one or two gold medals of the Head of "Charles the Martyr" and the star and riband that Charles Edward took off his coat and gave to Flora Macdonald. The books were arranged in what was in old days a gloomy passage, and the china in the dining-room was pleasing; the dining-room itself is the best room in the house. Jack Cowans was there, the Organizer and Q.M.G.

at home of the Army which he fed in the war; he has a fine head and lots of ability. He was just back from Cologne, and very interesting about it especially as to prices, e.g. a pair of the best scissors costs 3*d.*—here 7*s.* or 8*s.* The opera is very good and orchestra first rate—and dirt cheap.

Feb. 1st to 8th. More testimony as to the state of Ireland. Meeting Granard he tells me one of his biggest tenants, hitherto a very pronounced Unionist (which I should doubt), said he had changed his politics and subscribed to Sinn Fein—"and now I am protected, which I never was by the British Government." Further, that officials with their families have packed themselves into the Castle. French, the Lord Lieut., is like a bear in a pit surrounded by a wall and barbed wire—and yesterday it was stated that Dublin was cut off from communication with Belfast; telegraph and telephone wires severed. Granard remarked with a happy smile, it was a close time for Landlords.

Horatia Stopford has died at the age of 85. She was a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria in 1859, and a Woman of the Bed Chamber, 1877-92. Hers was a great and good character; poor old lady, I believe she went blind. When I was a Lord-in-Waiting, Lord Granville came down to Windsor with the Turkish Ambassador unexpectedly. A hue and cry arose for the Lord-in-Waiting who could not be found. I dined with the Queen the same evening and didn't know the Damocletian sword impending. Next morning Sir H. Ponsonby came to me and said, "The Queen says you're not to go to London so often." He was a dear old man and I never could make out if he was serious or not. I probed the situation till he told me about Granville, and then I said I knew nothing about him. The Queen had told me, through the Page and Dresser—that H.M. had no commands. "Oh," said Ponsonby,

"she must have forgotten—what is to be done,"—and he advised my going to Horatia Stopford—so I went, and there concocted a note to her, so all was well. The Queen remarked, "I must be getting an old woman." However, I was forgiven and asked to dinner again that same night.

What fun it was in those days—nothing to do. I used in the summer to ride one of H.M.'s horses for 2 hours in Windsor Park before lunch, and about 4 take my own horse—a very nice one—and with the keys of rhododendron walks in my pocket would ride about and saunter till 7.30 and canter home to dress for dinner. My horse and I were great friends. I often got off and we walked along side by side, he nibbling at my pocket where he knew there were lumps of sugar. In the winter I shot twice a week with Prince Christian.

The stir this week has been about the German Emperor whom Holland refuses to give up; and the black list.

Feb. 9th. A great feast at Curzon of Kedleston's on eve of opening of Parliament, between 50 and 60 Peers; absolute confusion as to orders, some wearing cordons, some not. I must evolve something and have called together a Committee.

It was very pleasant; we were all in plain clothes; we ought, according to old custom, to have been in uniform.

Feb. 10th to 16th. Their Majesties opened Parliament in State, though the troops were in khaki. Every one looked very smart; a very crowded attendance of Peers and Peeresses. Dufferin moved the reply to the Address; the miners' amendment—for nationalizing mines—was defeated by over 200, which made Labour furious, and there has been a great deal of very wild talk to which I don't pay much attention. Sidney Peel moved the reply in House of Commons very well, as he would.

One day we had luncheon with Sir M. Samuel and Lady S. and I left with £1,000 in my pocket for Bart.'s.

April 1st to 30th. Thwaites is just back from Berlin and reports every one in great distress there. The sovereign is worth 60 marks instead of 20. In the hotels you never see butter or milk, only black bread and that very bad, and a white bit of bread once a week with luck. But at the canteens of course there is plenty. Our soldiers are billeted out on the inhabitants and get on extremely well. Of course they bring money and their behaviour is good. The natives will sell anything and everything for what they can get.

The afternoon parties, three in number, admirably answered their purposes. Only 3 Labour members came to the first. At the two other parties more Labour members appeared, and the concession of jackets instead of tail coats made a difference. All who went enjoyed them very much and would not have "missed them for the world." The parties were from 4.30 to 6—a band and tea. The King and Queen came in at 4.30, received and shook hands with every guest, and then talked to them. I prepared dossiers of the guests which were very useful.

Asquith got in for Paisley, but I don't think it proves anything—in essentials there seems to me to be nothing between him and L. G. except personal rancour on part of A., which surprises me, for the former does not embrace the Labour programme re Nationalization and the doing away with private ownership and enterprise. But I think Asquith much aged. Most friendly when I've seen him.

I learn that at Paisley during A.'s election nothing was heard of profiteering—it is the home of the Coats and the 10½*d.* reel of cotton which created a 10 minutes' stir; the reason is not far to seek, for in addition to wages all the town are shareholders.

There was a high level debate in the Divorce, or as it is called, Matrimonial Causes Bill, in which the Lord Chancellor came out in a new light and made a speech which, for humanity and depth of feeling, entranced all and astonished nearly all. I was not so much surprised myself.

Farquhar gave a dance at 7, Grosvenor Square: the King, Queen, Princess Mary, Prince Albert, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Princess Royal, Princess Arthur of Connaught. In an experience of 40 years and more I never saw a better or better class entertainment—all the pretty people and all looking their best.

I remember dancing in that house over 40 years ago when it belonged to Lord Wilton known as the wicked Earl, the finest rider to hounds in England in his day. "See Wilton stealing over the grass"—he never seemed to be galloping, but no one could catch him—the great art of galloping. Our Prince and Princess of Wales used to go there and dance, and here was Queen Alexandra still looking on—the house to her must have been a house of ghosts.

It was a truly delightful evening, all the women looked well and also looked so pleased with themselves.

There have been a variety of entertainments on a more or less grand scale, and innumerable boy and girl dances of which no one hears. The public prints talk and urge an economy which of the *monde qui s'amuse* no one practises. Racing began with Lincoln as usual, and so to Liverpool where the King went, sleeping in his railway carriage. Steeplechase won by Troystown Irish, only 4 finished without a fall, a 5th fell and was remounted. At Sandown Hedworth Meux won the Grand Military with a grey horse—his second success in this race; never were race-courses more crowded.

The Prince of Wales started in March for Australia amid tremendous demonstrations—the crowd bursting all

barriers, and running by the train, so that those who had gone to the station could not say good-bye—or, in many cases, never saw him. He is to go through the Panama Canal where there has been a land slide; however, the results are cleared. H.R.H. sailed from Southampton on board the *Renown*, a very rapid Cruiser.

Prince Albert will, I suppose as before, carry out the P. of Wales' ceremonial duties. He held an investiture at Cambridge lately at which he conducted his duties very well—sympathetically and modestly.

At the afternoon parties Princess Mary won all hearts, and especially charmed those with whom she spoke. The King and Queen, the latter in her best looks, always play their part to perfection.

L. G. has declared once more against the Labour programme, i.e. he condemns and, I think rightly, the tendency to—and indeed programme of—nationalization as against individual effort and enterprise: consequently there has been a good deal of fluff and feathers flying about.

Easter mild, but wet. I hear of hay cut in the 1st week of April, and I sit now before an open window. We made a visit to Bournemouth, which really is a seaport of 11 miles of villas—detestable—but Cassel very kind and hospitable.

At the Farquhars I saw Devonshire for the first time since his return on his first holiday from Canada, where I expect he has done exceedingly well. He has just the right and proper characteristics for any post, no matter what, but especially so for that of Governor-General of Canada; big (in character), lots of sense—no tiresome jealousies or smallnesses of any kind and a great eye for his own duty and the public service. I was so glad to see him that I burst into the room and the first person I saw close to him was the King, so I made a low bow and withdrew. I have had 2 or 3 walks with him and talks—all interesting and

instructive. His Prime Minister is Sir R. Borden, who has been P.M. all through the war—the only one in the Empire. He is about worked out now and will, I gather, only carry on till his successor is quite ready: after the Prince of Wales' visit he collapsed, but not till after he got back to Ottawa, in very good spirits in the long railway journey. During the progress they went bump into a luggage train. Devonshire, Borden and two other Ministers were playing bridge; Devonshire had his back to the partition and never moved (he wouldn't), the two Ministers were shot all over him—coffee cups, cigarette and cigar ash all over the place, and from under all the mess came a voice (from Borden): "I'm half choked with ash, but I declare 2 spades!" A cheerful man in adversity. D. returns, after marrying another daughter, to Canada early in May.

The Budget has come and brought its usual ruin to some. The burden falls very heavily on those of nominal wealth, the greater part of whom do a very great deal with their money; but self and those like me are not unfairly dealt by. Champagne is to be prohibited; whisky up 2*s.* per bottle and beer rises.

The shrinkage in values in some cases is tremendous. A pot hat, formerly between 8*s.* and 12*s.*, is now 4*9s.* 6*d.*, or 5*3s.* if made to order; and re-covering a silk umbrella, 6*3s.* instead of 1*5s.* to 2*0s.*; these are samples of what bounties and protection can do. Meanwhile we spend money as if the supply was endless; while people in authority urge economy, clothes are scantier, more fantastic than ever, and cost more and more.

The Prime Ministers of England, Italy, France are at San Remo with Curzon, and Arthur Balfour has been called in from Cannes. The usual rumours in "The Times," whose object it is to damage the Government, are rife as to disagreement.

To Epsom for two days: H.M.'s horse, very favourably treated in City and Sub., ran last—sulked and refused to try or gallop at all. Sir E. Paget (Jacko) won with Cornsack by Buckwheat, a gelding, and though I didn't back him I was very glad. The course was a quagmire. Racing somehow even with me loses its charm. Old faces and colours have disappeared. At the same time I look forward to a week at Newmarket once more.

After 37 years as one of the unpaid workers re hospitals, I retire with H.M.'s concurrence and a kind letter from St. Bart.'s. I have worked very hard at the job beginning with the Middlesex Hospital in '83, and I suppose I have collected at a modest computation well over half a million for those "voluntary" charities.

May 1st to 4th. Three delightful days at Newmarket: the Two Thousand Guineas won by Tetratema by Tetrarch; 1,000 by Cinna by Polymelus. Saw some beautiful horses at Gilpin's stable and rarely bred, including "Comrade," bought between Gilpin and St. Alary for £25. Won two nurseries then put up to dissolve the partnership and bought in for 11,000 guineas—a good bit of horse dealing. Saw many yearlings and lived in great comfort chez Cassel, but had to forgo Thursday for House of Lords; a capital lunch with H.M. on Friday. Chez Cassel, Harry Chaplin and a capital little fellow, Roger Wright, Adj. 3rd Battn. Grenadiers quartered at Wimbledon in huts. Blandfords to dinner twice and one or two others. I was delighted to see Newmarket again.

A great May Day procession on the 1st, every one smiling, and good-natured horses and vans decked out with hundreds and thousands of paper roses. In other capitals troops have been charging the people.

I have lately seen two or three friends just returned from Paris, where they say no limit can be put to the anti-British

feeling; the hotels will hardly take one in, and taxis refuse to carry "sâle anglais." There appear to be two reasons: one—want of coal, which they believe, or say, we won't let them have owing to our wish to throttle their trade; and the other that we are purposely keeping down their exchange—both reasons idiotic and against ourselves—but there it is.

May 5th. A beautiful life has come to an untimely end—the Crown Princess of Sweden, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, has died. Only a few months ago I met her, by H.M.'s command, on a visit to England with Crown Prince and children. These tragedies happen to others besides Royal families, but I always think, for a variety of reasons, in such families they are especially sad. This Princess was admired and universally adored—even the socialists paying a generous tribute; her work in the war was noble—totally forgetful of self; it is an international calamity.

I heard a touching and interesting story from Lady Falmouth about her son who died of wounds on the battlefield. A year and 8 months after she got a letter from a German who had given the boy water, enclosing on a slip written by him and addressed to Viscount Falmouth—a very short sentence—"Good-bye, I am thinking of all of you"; the German also located the grave for her.

May 9th. I've been elected to Grillons. Quite a compliment, I'm told, and I'm quite pleased—I've heard so much of it.

I took a stroll yesterday with Lincolnshire, K.G. His brother Rupert having said he would dine with him, he was going to buy something to eat; so we went to Knight's in Shepherd's market, the scene of Disraeli's Club of Cooks in Lothair (I think), and he bought enough salmon

for two and 3 fat quails—had them wrapped up in two parcels and put them in his pockets. When we were boys if this had been known, or we had been seen carrying a parcel in Hyde Park, it would almost have been a case for Court Martial by our brother subalterns—autres temps, autres mœurs.

The Birthday dinners, at any rate by the great officers of the Household, are a thing of the past; mine would have cost me at least £200.

May 19th to 24th. We started for Brussels at 8 a.m. on the 19th, strong west wind and sea sure to be choppy, a cabin for each of us and armed with a *laissez-passer* from the Belgian Ambassador, which was very necessary. The difficulties, inconvenience and trouble for an ordinary passenger without friends are intolerable, passports have to be got, photos taken to be affixed to the passports, people have to be found to back the passports—and then the squash, the paper money, the long distances to walk at stations. The whole thing intolerable, I never go abroad again, unless for a spell in the South of France. We did very well, my office arranged for passports, and I had to find sureties—and be photographed—this on the principle of wisdom while you wait, the process took 2 minutes and we received the results in 24 hours.

I found French on the boat, Brinsley Fitzgerald, and two other staff officers. French dressed himself in scarlet Field-Marshal's uniform to go to Ypres to give the M.C. to the town of Ypres, or whatever represents it—this delayed inferior beings like us. We tried some coffee at the Buffet—bestly—finally we got to Brussels, and on arrival found two-thirds of N.'s luggage had not come with us—we hoped for the next train, an hour later, and all was well.

The Ambassador's motor met us, and I sent Nelly to

the Embassy, a delightful house, and Francis Villiers and Lady V.—the latter a partner of mine 40 years and more ago—were kindness and hospitality itself, as I told Lady Villiers. I almost blushed when I saw the motor—so incessantly were we in and out of it—but the noise of Brussels' hooters, trams, the few cabs, make a row unequalled by anything of the kind I'd met before, cobblestones and no rubber tyres, and foreign chauffeurs always seem to me to delight in hooting their loudest.

May 20th. Forty years ago to-day I seconded the Address in House of Lords; to-day I opened the Congress—an address of 40 minutes—awful, *I* thought it—the King, who I helped to receive, was present through it, also all the ambassadors. The hall, a beautiful one built by William of Orange, was crammed—"the Doctors" in robes, mostly scarlet, made the thing really very picturesque. Many compliments, which whether sincere or not, were very pleasant, and a very pleasant dinner party at the Embassy—Villiers's cuisine very good indeed.

No sooner was my address over than I had to grapple with French speeches—two I had ready—I had to prepare a third—for a dinner with some Belgian people. There was a great squash—and I talked French all the time, and am coming on. The next night we had another dinner at the Embassy followed by a reception at the Hôtel de Ville, Adolphe Max, the heroic Burgomaster, the host. The Hôtel de Ville is very fine inside and out—Max took Nelly round. There was a reception the previous evening at the Foreign Office given by M. and Mde. Hymans—he was formerly Belgian Minister in London. On the Saturday after lunch, we slipped off to Antwerp and had a peep at the Scheldt. The picture show was closed, so that was a failure; however, we had a look at the Cathedral—the spire is sublime, like a column of lace tapering to the blue

sky, which is seen through the higher portions of it. As we drove about in a "Brighton Fly," I fancied I saw the fat old Flemish Burghers standing about. I should have liked to have stayed there a day or two. On Sunday, the Congress went to Church in Robes. I was not impressed by the service in the Cathedral St. Gudule. The Preacher, Bishop Waechter, preached in English, French and Flemish. I saw him afterwards; he had taken the place of Cardinal Mercier, who had been summoned to Rome. In the evening we went to the English Church, where at the request of the Bishop of Birmingham, Russell Wakefield, I read the lessons. He dined at the Embassy and very pleasant it was.

The next day, Monday, was awful—very busy in the morning re the Banquet—in the afternoon studying my French speeches. It was really quite unnecessary to make them—indeed ludicrous, for more than three-quarters of the 220 were English or American, but I was urged to it, for the Belgians would be very pleased!!! The Banquet was awful, hot and truly indescribable.

I learnt at dinner that the French President had tumbled through the window of his train—how he did it is inexplicable—and that, the train being in motion, he should not be really hurt, is equally or even more strange. A native found him walking "in pyjamas." He said he was President of the Republic, so they thought he was a lunatic and 'phoned for the police.

Far the most interesting figure I met was Adolphe Max, who as Burgomaster of Brussels, did wonders in the war,—death had no terrors for him—and he was so useful that the Germans put him away, where he was shut up in Ruhleben with Reggie Fellowes. He was often in solitary confinement, and then he taught himself languages—an heroic figure. The ovations given him when he received his diploma from me at the opening of the Congress,

and when he rose to speak at the banquet, were terrific.

I took "Lothair" with me to read, when I sank into a chair—I do not think I ever was more tired in my life than when I got home before dinner each day, but dinner put me right as usual.

I was glad to go back to Brussels and wish I had had more time,—I saw a bit of it in '71,—the year of the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war, on the way back from Bonn in July, but it was only a glimpse, and again in 1900 I stayed there 2 nights on the way to Homburg. I remember the Prussian soldiers returning from the war in railway carriages covered with branches of laurel,—now we travelled again in German railway carriages which have been made over to the Belgians—but indescribable—worn out—horrid!

May 25th to 29th. Back from Brussels on May 25th and to Barley End for 4 or 5 days' peace and strolling about in these delicious woods, but it is never quite the same to me now that the green in the trees is so heavy. In Spring the green of the beeches, which preponderate at Ashridge, is at its very best and in some of the woods the ground is carpeted with bluebells, and a haze arising from them. We always, when we reigned here, had some partridges about, but I think the terrier—nice person and I delight in him—has hustled them away.

The Report on the Amritsar riots is out. It results in censure of Dyer, so I suppose poor Dyer is done for. It is all very well—but the responsibility is in such cases tremendous. Supposing Dyer had not acted and the riot had got the upper hand—no one knows where the "snow-ball" would have ceased.

June 7th to 25th. On the 10th, the first Court since the

war was held,—no trains or feathers; this enabled many more to attend, though, of course, the dignity of the Show was wanting. The days of “dignity” are vanishing and I lament it.

Once the King and Queen got into the Ball Room, the thing went very well: 840 or 850 bowed in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The King and Queen—she, radiant, very handsome and beautifully dressed, in very good spirits indeed and very pleased with the whole thing—which is all I care about. I can see improvements.

My Windsor visit for Ascot always interests me and a host of memories circle around. My first acquaintance, as a Lord-in-Waiting, with the Castle in 1880 (Stamfordham joined Household the same year) brought me in contact with many famous people—Gladstone, my hero; Roberts; Dufferin, who visited Queen Victoria as Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and I asked him some questions about Egypt whereupon he talked about his report, the feature of which was the abolition of the *Corvée*, and gave me many a reminiscence of the Prince Consort when he was a young lord-in-waiting; later on he came as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, when he described himself as the maid-of-all-work of the Cabinet. There were Harcourt, who made a name as Chancellor of the Exchequer by the introduction of the Death Duties, soundly abused at the time, but which his successor Hicks-Beach never dreamt of withdrawing; Bruce, who was Home Secretary when the mob broke down the Hyde Park Railings (I think it was he who was then supposed to have burst into tears); Childers, who was Home Secretary when Gladstone became Prime Minister again in 1886 and—appearing *via* Underground in the H. of C.—didn't know the mob, under guidance of John Burns, had broken the windows in Pall Mall and St. James's Street (notably Brooks's where I found Hartington sitting), and had stolen poor Guy Daw-

nay's watch as he was leaving the War Office for the last time.

I dined with the Queen the day before Spencer went to Ireland (1882): Lord and Lady Spencer, brother-in-law, Beauchamp Seymour, Uncle, Lady Biddulph, Lady Spencer's sister and others—a family party—the Queen then walking about as she had not become rheumatic. The next day but one Ponsonby came in at night—9.30—to the Household dining-room to say Frederick Cavendish and Tom Burke had been done to death with knives. I went up to condole, by the Queen's command, with the Duke of Devonshire whom I saw with Hartington, and also to Lady F. Cavendish whom, of course, I did not see. London I found paralysed.

I took Roberts to get his G.C.B. after Afghanistan, and he told me it interested him especially as my Father had given him his first independent job.

I met also Deans Wellesley and Stanley (both great Deans and the former a statesman); Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury and a statesman; Adam the Whip who brought in Gladstone for Midlothian in '80 and was just about to start for the Governorship of Madras when he died; the King of Portugal who was murdered, at Windsor as Duke of Braganza; Lord Cranbrook (Chamberlain) the most accomplished and natural courtier I ever saw—and the Queen used to talk to him after dinner longer than anyone during my 6 years' experience; the late Duke of Wellington and his Duchess who was lame—he a singular contrast to his predecessor the great Duke. We used to call him Spurgeon owing to his likeness to that preacher. He was a jolly fellow and my brother guardsman at one time.

In those times there were very many Germans remaining from the days of the Prince Consort about Windsor, e.g. the Librarian, and many of the Pages; also John Brown, who died when I was at Windsor.

We had a garden party at Windsor, and in the Long Walk from the Royal Apartments, we strolled two and two, gravely and decorously—hats off—to which, though my garden party took place under King George, King Edward's remark applied: "Go quicker, we look as if we were going to a funeral!" which was perfectly true.

I knew Sir Henry Ponsonby, for long the Queen's Private Secretary (his services to H.M. were immense), and a more discreet, lovable character never lived—a fund of humour very strong. I found it difficult at first to know if or when he was serious. No Sovereign could have had a more valuable officer, and this was acknowledged by both Gladstone, and, as the last volumes of his *Life* show, by Disraeli.

When I came back from South Africa, as one of three sent out to report on representative Government, Campbell Bannerman gave a great dinner to Botha and other Dominion Prime Ministers in Downing Street—a very remarkable gathering. The Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, driving home with Southborough, said: "This is a remarkable country." S.: "It is, but why especially?" A.: "Why, there were 2 men at dinner I've been instrumental in putting in prison, and who are now Ministers of the Crown: Burns (for heading the row referred to) and Dr. Jameson, Prime Minister of the Transvaal"—and of course it was true.

My room as Lord-in-Waiting was on the North Terrace looking over Eton, now the office of the Master of the Household, and my morning trudge was through St. George's Hall to the Chapel for prayers at 9, and then to breakfast with the Lady-in-Waiting or Maids of Honour. I had luncheon with them also—the Household dining together except for those dining with the Queen, which in my last 3 years I did 4 or 5 times a week.

Princess Alice, daughter of the Duke of Albany, now Countess of Athlone, was at dinner at Windsor during

this Ascot week. I was present at her christening in the Chapel and pushed the Queen's chair about the drawing-room—Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, just keeping her hand on it. It was the first time the Household had worn white waistcoats since the Prince Consort's death—hardly anyone had one. I had 2 or 3 as I was going to stay in the neighbourhood after my waiting. Ponsonby came and asked if I could spare one for Cowell the Master of the Household, a scientific person—I said, "Certainly, but Cowell is fat and I am thin." P.: "That won't matter,—Lady Cowell is an excellent needlewoman and can sew a towel in the back." I gave it to Cowell—it was an evening shape. Cowell appeared in it—for a tie, he had a made-up one—bronze in colour, with the pin in it, the sort of thing a footman would in these days have bought, pin and all complete for 1s. 3d.—which came down to his top stud—and on the top of that, the red ribbon of the K.C.B. We were all in our Windsor Coats—red collars and cuffs. Poor old Cowell thought he looked very well—and he did!!!

All very quaint and interesting looking round the dinner-table during this Ascot week, and the 40 guests or so. I remember the Queen's dinners, 7 or 8 in the oak room—the Queen and Prince, possibly the Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary, self, Lady-in-Waiting, Ponsonby and a maid of honour—very awe-inspiring. On one occasion, after I had been sent up with Sir John McNeil to attend the Drawing Room held by the Prince of Wales, we dined 6 or 7 and the Queen asked McNeil what the Princess's train was made of. Sir J. M.: "I don't know, Ma'am—ask the Lord-in-Waiting, he's a married man and should understand these things." The Queen: "Well, Lord Sandhurst?" Of course I had no idea. The Queen: "How shocking!" Spencer, my predecessor as Lord Chamberlain, would have been able to tell H.M. anything.

June 26th. Sixty-one years ago to-day Queen Victoria, the King and Queen told me, distributed V.C.'s in Hyde Park to Crimean recipients; this day—June 26th, 1920—the King and Queen received holders of the V.C. in Buckingham Palace Gardens—three hundred and twenty of them of all ranks. They were drawn up in two lines on the extreme right. Sir Dighton Probyn (aged 87), who got his V.C. in the Indian Mutiny 1858, was received also; he was in a chair, but managed to march past, followed in a wheeled chair by General Lyster (1859). It was indeed a most interesting and inspiring occasion. These men embodied the spirit of the British Army. I have so often heard a boy say who was congratulated on getting an honour: "I was a lucky one. Every one in that trench deserved everything, but every one can't have it." Their modesty exceeds, if possible, their gallantry. After the march past the King and Queen went to tea; every one sat about and enjoyed themselves, never crowding King and Queen. And then, after tea, the King got hold of widows and fathers whose V.C. people had been killed and talked to them, including Sir J. Robinson, whose son destroyed the Zeppelin that fell in Essex. It was a most successful party, interesting and romantic beyond all words. Princess Christian was there and remembered the incident of Queen Victoria in Hyde Park—the Queen on horseback—at which the Princess was present.

June 29th to July 31st. The news from Ireland beggars description—if there is such a thing as a climax in Irish affairs one would think it had been reached. Government is held in absolute contempt—it has no power whatever. Trains are said to be stopped and, while Government talks big, nothing happens, and I don't see what can happen, to establish the King's law.

On July 2nd I went off to Edinburgh for the Holyrood

visit. The King and Queen and Princess Mary arrived on the 3rd. It was not a State visit. King George went to reside at Holyrood in the same way as he lives at Buckingham Palace with functions thrown in. Holyrood Palace itself is charming. The whole thing is different from when I stayed there nearly thirty years ago—then it was a barrack and not a very good barrack at that. Now it is modernized for comfort and convenience within. My room was very good—I loved it—directly opposite Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat to the east of it. There I slept and wrote and had my being. It was just on top of the main staircase and the best room in the Palace except T.M.'s.

Our "household" party was—self, Dawson—Crichton Brinton and General Wilkinson, Gentlemen Ushers—of my Department Stamfordham, Private Secretary, Wigram, Keppel, Stonor, Harry Verney, Godfrey Fausset—Lady Minto, Lady Mary Trefusis, Lady Joan Mulholland—all very nice people and intimate friends. We breakfasted, lunched and dined together—a very pleasant little party—and the officer of the guard came in to lunch and dinner, also breakfast I think.

We began on Sunday. A service, and a very good one—music beautiful—at St. Giles's Cathedral. I drove down in the motor with Their Majesties and Princess Mary. The service, after I had taken the Queen to her seat, began with a procession of the Knights of the Thistle, preceded by Lyon, King-at-Arms and Heralds in tabards—very picturesque, Montrose, the senior, last before H.M. who came, of course, last. The knights were Montrose, Atholl, Buccleugh, Zetland, Balfour of Burleigh, Mar and Kellie and two or three more. The knights processed down the aisle, turned to the right, passing T.M.'s raised seats, to the Thistle chapel—a ten-minutes' service and then back again, H.M. coming to his seat, the knights sitting below. But the feature of the ceremony was the King's Page, who

carried his long train, or robe—Lord Graham's second son, the grandson of two Dukes, arrayed in a Thistle Costume—a very handsome child and big for seven and a half. He played his part to perfection, carried the train admirably, set it down on the King's taking his seat and arranged it—and then having looked at it and not quite liking the lie of a corner, just put it straight with his toe—as cool as you please, and then walked off, making his bow to the King, moved on two paces, faced to the left, a bow to the Queen—another pace and a bow to Princess Mary and he went to a little chair placed for him beside his grandfather, the Duke of Montrose. We were all delighted with him, and the King said to me when in the motor, "As for that boy—he's a beauty." We went back by Prince's Street in same order. As we left St. Giles's we saw three Scots Guards N.C.O.'s in red and bearskins, each three or four medals—so smart as they saluted T.M.'s, who were delighted. H.M. had a guard of honour of, I suppose, 100 rank and file and band Scots Guards—all in scarlet, very effective and it was hoped would stimulate recruiting.

The reception on Tuesday was a sort of Court and Levée rolled into one—morning dress, at 3 p.m. In seventy-eight minutes I called between 1,130 and 1,140 names to T.M.'s, who stood in the Throne-room on a low dais, and shook hands with each one. People were delighted with the hand-shaking. The scene was very picturesque, Scottish Archers abounding—the colours carried by John Gladstone on left of the throne and Waldie Griffith on right looked very well—the Archers in "shooting dress," with bows and arrows and caps with eagle feathers.

After tea to Prince's Street with Princess Mary. I was intending to walk to the Club, but the Princess was going out to shop and I was told "Princess Mary will give you

a lift"—so down I went to the door. The Princess came directly. The motor was waiting and she saw the Crown in front. She said, "Can't that come off?—it will give away the show." So the chauffeur set to work with a screw-driver and off it came. H.R.H. was going incog. I knew exactly how it would be and I was not to take off my hat at parting—the chauffeur not to bare his head when she got out. The expedition was to be severely camouflaged. Away we went and when we got out we parted with a smile, but I observed two or three "Bodies" peering at H.R.H.

The whole visit was really most interesting and pleasant—the King and Queen in excellent spirits, pleased with everything and every one pleased with them. Their receptions waxed warmer and warmer as time went on. Many Scotch friends were loud to me in their verdict of the success in every way of the visit.

On Saturday, 10th, Their Majesties and the Princess went to the Clyde. The *Britannia* won her race, and when it was seen she was winning (they all understood the business) such yells, cheers and blowing of steam whistles as never was heard. Then T.M.'s went to the Isle of Man and back to London—the same success and triumphal progress all the way along and I met them at Buckingham Palace at 9.30 on Monday, 19th. The Queen looked radiant, but next day she was very tired, and small wonder.

On Thursday, 22nd, there was the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. It was very difficult to arrange because it had been impossible to keep the lists up to date in the War. Many mistakes were made and, while I regretted them immensely, it's a wonder there weren't more. The great feature was about 270 Bishops, present owing to an Episcopal Conference. Wherever you looked you saw black breeches and gaiters. There were also two magnates of the Greek Church, in flowing black robes and

the usual inverted top-hat, one carrying a prodigious ivory-handle cane and sort of *bâton d'office*—these two persons were received by the Conference, but were not of it and the Archbishop of Canterbury was very anxious to present them to the King, which was effected. There were about sixty wives and daughters of some of the visiting Bishops. The Queen, after tea, held a sort of informal Levée when they were presented to H.M. The Queen's smile and manner (for she was quite dead-beat) was enchanting. The smile is one to win an empire—so kind and sympathetic. The whole lot were delighted and could talk of nothing else. As the Archbishop said, it really made the whole thing. And then on the 24th the King received all these Bishops, including two as black as coals.

D'Abernon has been sent as our first Ambassador to the Germans in Berlin; he is very clever and, I believe, a good linguist. His work in the War re the Drink Question was very good and, I believe, conducted with great ability. Berlin is an unenviable post—but I expect it is pleasanter for an Englishman there than for the Germans here—where they are let very severely alone.

So the old Empress Eugénie is dead, aged ninety-four or ninety-five; it is interesting to remember that I have kissed the hand of the last French Empress.

We have met Colonel and Mrs. House. She is, or was, very good looking—he is the fidus Achates and I understand agent of President Wilson. I liked him more than most Americans—he has none of their natural assertiveness and he is very intelligent, though you would not pick him out of the crowd “*de vue*”—a nice, quiet sort of man and in many respects, until he speaks, one would take him almost for an Englishman.

I took part one day in an interesting old-time ceremony—investing as Lord Chamberlain the new Constable of the Tower, F.M. Lord Methuen. The Battalion quartered

at the Tower was drawn up in three sides of a square, the band in rear, the beefeaters and warders in their red coats in a circle in front. We went into the middle of the circle. A warrant of the King's was read by an official, the Coroner! not a word audible—then I handed the keys to the Field-Marshal, the Senior Warder said "God preserve King George," the other Warders said "Amen," a general or Royal Salute to the Keys, the Battalion marched past, and all was over. The thing was spoiled—otherwise a picturesque ceremony—by a great downpour and also my new Star of India riband ruined by the rain. There were a lot of onlookers with umbrellas who looked like a great ring of black mushrooms. I drove to the Tower in one of H.M.'s carriages—the rain beginning a few minutes after starting made the asphalt on the Embankment and in the City as slippery as glass. I wondered the horses kept their feet.

Aug. 13th. At Abergeldie. The flowers in the garden are divine and the murmur of the Dee, bringing a whispered message from the hills, enchanting. There seems no bird life here—only a few crows. But the Meenister at Crathie Manse tells me they have lots of birds, including bullfinches who devour the black currants—and good judges too. Two sma' rabbits have found their way into our garden. They are very partial to carnations, which I grudge them.

How one improves with practice. I've taken to reading a page of Racine every day aloud in my den, Princess Mary's late sitting-room, here. Everything is practice.

To the surprise of self and many others the Lord Chancellor has been elected to the Squadron—I am very glad—and old Harry Chaplin has won a race with a horse he bought with Portland—Great Fun by Great Sport—the first time his colours have reappeared for forty years. I don't know which will be most pleased, he or the Lord Chancellor, at their success.

Great news of Cynthia Althorp's baby—to be called Anne.

Aug. 14th. I was taken a lovely drive along the valley to Ballater, then to Glasalshiel, and home by the forest where we saw a small herd of hinds and small stags—the lights, shades and view superb. When we got through the greater part of the forest we again found the sun—it was all very beautiful. N. and I walked home through the wood and I strolled down by the river to look at it. Curlews, two or three, with their plaintive note. The garden, with two or three days' sun, a thing of beauty. We found some grouse on getting home—things of beauty too!!—sent by a kind neighbour, Johnston, from Invercauld. The Princess Royal visited us with Princess Maud for an hour and a half and then, in a lovely evening, N. and I strolled off against the strong wind to East Balmoral, a good three miles there and back—happily borne on the wind on way home.

Aug. 21st. Sixty-five years old—rather much, but I can't help it, and this year, for the first time, I feel older. We dined at Balmoral. Princess Mary and the Duke of York drank my health surreptitious-like, former with a wink. They had found out the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the Preacher on 22nd, who was present. I had met him at Holyrood—he is a clever man and was reading the "Princess of Thule," having to go on his holy mission to the regions dealt with in the book. They were discussing the drink question—he and H.M.—I sitting next H.M. on t'other side—and the Moderator told us a story which no doubt every one knows but me. The Scotch total-abstainer lecturers were together on their job in Scotland and on their way they got very wet and cold, and when they got to the inn two agreed that, teetotal or

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not, they must have some rum in their milk. One stood by his principles and refused and went to bed. The other two said, "If yon man does not have some rum he'll die." So they took him up some in milk and all he said was, "That was a wonderful cow."

Sept. 6th to 15th. Last week the gillies' Ball at Balmoral—a very picturesque sight—lots of colour, kilts, tartans of every hue and arrangement of colour. Reels danced and rather pretty figure dances—the Queen doing her steps with great precision, and Princess Mary very painstaking and good at it. The young Princes enjoyed themselves vastly. The Princess Royal full of go and the best and most active Royal dancer.

Fritz Ponsonby without a moustache has arrived—he looks very ill still, though much better. He came to luncheon and, as usual, was exceedingly good company. He observed Nelly's jigsaw puzzle, and told us that he was sitting next Emperor William's daughter in Berlin at dinner once and mentioned puzzles. She said she would like to see one, so he sent her one. He heard nothing for a long time and so asked her governess what had happened and whether anyone ever touched his puzzle. The governess said the thing was put out and the Princess speedily got bored with it—and, as she herself often had to wait, she by degrees put the pieces together; then the Princess took it up. One day the Empress came along and soon got fascinated. After dinner, when going to bed, she said to the Emperor, "I must go and put in another bit and I shan't be more than a minute or two." After waiting an hour the Emperor, having said, "How ridiculous—fancy doing a puzzle," came up to see what was going on. He looked at the puzzle and at once said, "Send for my staff." They came and he, equally fascinated, said, "Now we'll finish this," and he sat up and kept his Germans

yawning till three or four a.m. before it was done. Thus the history of a puzzle.

It was wonderful how Queen Victoria took an interest in every detail—sport, etc. When people went shooting, stalking and fishing at Balmoral the keeper used to come to her and explain situations and results. One evening a German Princelet said that Scotch stalkers—he had brought home no stag—didn't understand their business, in his country they did this, that and the other. Queen Victoria looked up rather venomously and said, "How many shots?" He didn't know. "Did you not fire seventeen?" He hadn't counted. "At Lochnagar did not many deer come past at fifty or sixty yards?" Tableau! the Princelet crumbled. She knew all about it. I remember in my day, as a young Lord-in-Waiting, when I was asked to shoot at Windsor with Prince Christian the names were always telegraphed to Balmoral, or Osborne.

Sept. 16th to Oct. 1st. Alick Murray (Lord M. of Elibank) is dead. I am very sorry. We were great friends—he did a good deal in his short life—he was a first-rate Whip of the Liberal party and was trusted and respected by the other side. He was a man of a very forceful character and went his own way, writing down every one at his own valuation. I thought him a *very* good fellow and I trusted him; he was a most interesting, as well as cheerful, companion.

We left Abergeldie on September 29th. On the 23rd we dined at Balmoral—Princess Mary away, also the Duke of York. Bonham Carter, and his wife, *née* Violet Asquith, went with us. It was kind of the King and Queen as they thought we were to leave two days afterwards because of the impending strike. John Revelstoke and Sir J. Reid, M.D. to Queen Victoria, also dined, so there were three brothers-in-law of Bobby Spencer present.

On the following Sunday Nelly had a message just after

breakfast to say, if we could manage it, the King and Queen would like to come to tea—nine of them—King and Queen, Dukes of Connaught and York, Princess Mary, the Princess Royal, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Maud—also the King's terrier Jack, who drank all the water, while the Royal Family drank the tea. It really was charming. The Duke of York (Prince Bertie) and Princess Mary running about waiting—they were all nuts on the chocolate cake—and then these two wound the hurdy-gurdy round and made life hideous! Upstairs they, the King, Prince and Princess glued themselves to the puzzle after tea. Before tea we strolled about the garden. They came on foot, the men all in kilts, and stayed a delightful hour and a half.

On Tuesday, 28th, we dined again "to take leave." That same afternoon Nelly and I drove round by the Bridge of Gern—through hill and moor—grouse by the roadside and only ran away a few yards on our approach—Lochnagar to the South and big hills to the North and indeed all round—superb the scene. I played some golf at Braemar—in a competition with Miss Finola Meeking, who plays very well and we won it—the first and only competition I ever won.

Good-bye, Scotland, once more—where my happiest days have been spent and where my two best friends live.

Oct. 17th. The Miners' strike is upon us—where it may end it is difficult to say, for an attempt is reported to enlist the sympathies of the Railway men. The leader, Smillie, now sees where he has landed matters, but, as usual, too late—he has inflamed the men's passions and is now as powerless as anyone else to allay them. The negotiations have dragged on from September 26th to October 16th—hopes alternate. The whole of England will suffer, and winter approaches.

Nov. 1st. Asquith is trying to frighten us out of the Liberal party, or drive us out. He might save himself the trouble—for there is *no* Liberal party any more than a Tory party. There are two parties in the State as before—one is Labour and the other isn't. Interest is transferred from Parliament to the Trades Unions, or such conventions, which reminds one of History before the French Revolution. The House of Commons, except in the interest of Ministers and their salaries, counts no more than the House of Lords—which doesn't really count at all but is a pleasant resort for academic debates. How I wish I was independent.

Nov. 6th. The Margot book has appeared and evoked columns of criticism. Much, indeed most of it, has been a very great pity to publish—but there are flashes of genius. She says "she sent for Kitchener"—this is not bad. Of all the criticism I have seen, Winston Churchill, himself the writer of one of our best Biographies, writes by far the best in reply to an interviewer.

Nov. 7th. The argument about public expenditure rages. Margot's book more reviewed than any book known, and more talked about, but will soon cease to be the centre of public controversy—its place has already been taken by the trial of one Greenwood for the murder of his wife whose body has been exhumed. But the book, to my mind, will always have an interest; politically it is good and might take a place, like Disraeli's "Lord George Bentinck."

Nov. 11th. Armistice Day, for which preparation has been going on for weeks. The whole thing was in the hands of George Curzon of K. and a Cabinet Committee aided by a Sub-Committee of Office of Works. The King attended with the Princes as chief mourners for the Nation.

The Queens (four)—the Queen, Queen Alexandra, Queen of Norway, Queen of Spain—were at a window at the Home Office just opposite the Cenotaph. After a ceremony of a few minutes, including unveiling by the King, the procession walked to Westminster Abbey where the Unknown Warrior is buried. We saw the cortège—which started from Victoria Station—from inside the rails of Buckingham Palace. It was extremely impressive, and then we went into the Mall, heard Big Ben peal out 11 and then the two minutes' absolute silence in a still and lovely day. I heard nothing but one baby's cry. The Last Post floated across and the two minutes ended—the scene, the people all worthy of the occasion.

Macpherson, Minister for Pensions, has taken the next house—he hails from Inverness-shire—his father being a crofter, i.e. a small farmer. A shooting tenant asked the father what his sons did in the War. He replied one was Under Secretary of State for War, the other a leading Professor of Aberdeen University—an unexpected answer.

I dined on November 9th at Guildhall. Speeches very good. Lloyd George optimistic and though perhaps not very convincing made a very fine speech, carrying his audience away. But the Spanish Ambassador charmed us all in style, language and matter—his English is perfect.

A friend, the Minister at Prague, had an interview with his cook about fasting—who asked him in Holy Week if he would fast like the Grand Duke and eat nothing, or dine like the Archbishop on woodcocks—oddly enough he preferred the latter.

Nov. 23rd. On Sunday in Dublin a number of outrages took place of horror and violence hitherto unknown, or taking one back to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Gangs of armed men up to fifteen or twenty visited hotels and lodgings, killed fourteen officers and civilians—nearly

all officers—dragged them out of bed, in two cases from their wives and shot them in cold blood. There was also a good deal of shooting at a football match—some nine or ten killed and fifty wounded. Two men, who went to get help when the morning murders were going on, were shot by pickets and found in a garden by a Red Cross nurse. A priest, who had denounced Sinn Fein murders from his pulpit was called (a ruse) to a sick bed and was found shot on a hill-side.

Nov. 25th. The Home Rule debate goes on and better than previous night. Every one hates the Bill. It means partition—the North, Ulster, accepts it with a curse. The South curse it and refuse it—no Irishman has voted for it in the Commons. The English members don't take the faintest interest in it. Grey's speech was on a high level and fine but he, going back to the Union of Hearts as Gladstone called it, would give up everything except Army and Navy and Foreign Relations. What he leaves out of account is that the articulate South and West insist on a Republic, which is out of the question; his reference to moderate opinion means, in my view, nothing—for there is none. Meanwhile every one in Ireland is dissatisfied with this Bill. Sinn Fein, I don't suppose, will take the faintest notice of it, so the impasse will be greater than ever.

Nov. 29th. The days of 1883-4 are on us again—then it was the dynamiters who blew up part of the House of Commons. Now it is Sinn Fein who have begun burning in Liverpool and Bootle—they are supposed to be going to turn their attentions to London. Downing Street is barricaded—also Charles Street by Education Office, but this is just a precaution to force people to go by in very small numbers or single file so that the police may observe them. No strangers are allowed in Houses of Parliament

and anyone entering is to be searched, except, I suppose, members. The Republican Army is to be interned.

Dec. 23rd to 31st. To-day, 23rd, the Session ended—Home Rule passed and is now law. Ulster will set up its Parliament at once and rumour has it the Southern Ireland one is to be set up also. After all these years!—since 1885 the struggle has gone on, and I am the only one on the Front Bench now who was there in 1886, though that Bill never reached the House of Lords. I believe that if that 1886 Bill had passed a very great deal of this trouble would have been saved.

The industrial outlook gets worse and worse—there must be about a million unemployed. Shipbuilding is closing down. The rate of wages is stifling the industries, and indeed all round. The price of food and clothes does not decrease and, I suppose, we shall have to take refuge in doles, the workers demanding £2 per week for doing nothing.

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Jan. 1st to 6th. The excitement of the moment is as to whether Reading becomes Viceroy of India. If he will go I can imagine no better appointment. His being a real Jew is not of the faintest consequence—he is a very good Jew—very able, as his career proves, the outstanding civilian of the War in his financial negotiations, etc., with America, and generally his sympathies are broad, and he is encumbered by no fads and fancies—at any rate this is how I read him.

Towards the end of last session a number—about twelve—gave a dinner to George Cunningham, C.B. Crewe, Edmund Talbot, Hylton, Crawford and Balcarres—Curzon could not come. For years Cunningham has been Private Secretary to the Lord President, and he is a very remarkable person. He was imported by Rosebery from Edinburgh—a barrister—and has served Fowler, Crewe, Beauchamp, Morley, Curzon, A. J. Balfour—all men of the most antagonistic mentality—e.g. Curzon a whirlwind—Crewe as leisurely to put it mildly—and he was indispensable to all. Clever, tactful, cheerful, with a real sense of humour strongly developed, and with great knowledge of public business—his retirement is a very great loss.

Jan. 11th. Since the cold snap, when in places there were 32° of frost, we have had the mildest winter so far either on record or for sixty years—birds are singing here, Worplesdon, and things much too forward.

Last Saturday the Prime Minister took possession of

Chequers Court, Bucks—a charming house given by Lee of Fareham to the nation as a country residence for the P.M. But how intolerable is this perpetual photographing and publicity—the vulgarity of the whole thing. How one regrets the great gentlemen of the past: W. E. G., Dizzy—for he was a great gentleman—Derby, Salisbury, A. J. B. Politics are reduced to an opportunist scramble and gamble. Hardly any of the holders of leading offices have any training or political knowledge—except Milner and Curzon. There will be a very rude awakening one day—but we shall have this satisfaction that we have tried to do our best to our people, small though the spheres of some of us, and the bigger the men and the nobler their traditions the better they have done; Dizzy, when the rules of the House of Commons were strained or small points urged, often said, “Remember we are an assembly of gentlemen”—and now!

Jan. 30th. Our pleasant little stay here at Worplesdon is coming to an end. The mildness has been amazing, thermometer outside always over 50° and sometimes 57°—a good deal of golf and strolls over commons in beautiful grey afternoons and now and then a gorgeous sunset. Swans, herons, woodpeckers, gypsies galore—quantities of fowls and solemn processions of geese—small houses dotted about on commons with no perceptible road to them—at best a swampy track. One day we saw beagles on the lawn—charming fussy little people. Hardly any rain and the whole thing has been delightful and the kindness of Elphinstones exceeds anything.

Reading goes to India—we shall see what he makes of it. I think it the best appointment that could have been made and it *looks* well—the biggest brain they’ve sent out since Macaulay, who went as legal member of Council, or whatever it was called in those days. Milner retires—a

great loss; Winston to have the Colonial office. Lee of Fareham to be Secretary of State for War.

Feb. 6th. A Privy Council to-morrow evening when Milner is to deliver up his Seals as Colonial Secretary of State; his withdrawal is a distinct loss—he carries great weight with the Lords, is popular and, though not a good speaker—i.e. finished—is good enough for the Lords, who do not like the smell of midnight oil, or too many rounded periods.

Feb. 23rd. Milner has received the Garter. He is a truly great Garter.

March 9th. Just leaving—8.30—to see the last of Mr. John and Mrs. Davis, who have been for over two years Ambassador and Ambadress for U.S.A. They go with the regret of all. Farewell dinners and luncheons have rained on them. He is a very remarkable man, who came with the reputation of being one of the best lawyers in the United States. As a speaker at dinners, etc.—I have heard all of them, from George Augustus Sala in late seventies—I have never heard a better, and, though so good, there was never any sign of intense preparation of impromptus and unreality such as I have often remarked in another Ambassador, who at one time held the palm in this direction. As far as my business and social relations with him went nothing could have been more pleasant, or helpful. A new French Ambassador has come—M. de St. Aulaire—both nice people.

I have some horrid plays of the Grand Guignol type and I am glad to say my Advisory Board take the view that I felt and expressed after their opinion reached me. I think such plays as evil in their effects as those that are termed “immoral,” for people seem to think that immorality, or

non-morality, is limited to matters of a sexual nature. I have also a religious play, as to which I consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury—a very sound opinion on any matter, only second to James Lowther, the Speaker, and indeed hardly behind him.

March 20th. The feature of last week has been the totally unexpected withdrawal of Bonar Law—a very good fellow, a *first-rate* House of Commons man, good speaker without a note, and no self-seeker—rare in these days. He was the link between the largely preponderating so-called Unionist Wing and remainder of the Coalition.

We dined at very short notice with the Lord Chancellor—very pleasant, though his wife was absent. He told us two stories—one against and t’other in favour of himself. The first, almost his first case on the Liverpool Circuit, had to do with a collision in the Mersey and his case was to make out that the master of a collier was drunk. F. E. Smith: “And do you mean to tell me you were never on the bridge all the time your ship was going up this dangerous channel?” Witness: “No, I was not.” “Was not that a scandalous disregard of duty?” “No.” “How can you say that?” “Those ships have no bridge”!!!

The other: he was called to Paris as a witness—he was called Maître Smith, by the way, and got five hundred guineas for going. In support of their case the French advocate asked him to look at an article in a periodical known as the Law Quarterly (Pollock). He did so. And the French advocate said, “This is a reliable work of authority?”—“Yes.”—“It takes a view in support of our case. How can you say it is not a valuable addition in our favour?” Smith: “That article is wrong in its basis, its references are inaccurate and its deductions ill-founded and absurd. It is quite worthless.”—“How can you say that when you say the book is one of authority in which

this article has a prominent place.”—“I wrote it—when a boy at Oxford.” The scene dissolved in roars of laughter. The Lord Chancellor tells his stories inimitably.

March 21st. I saw yesterday a Resident Magistrate from Kerry—a jolly Irishman and R.C. He told me incredible stories with laughter. Apparently there is a tariff for shooting people—£500 a R.M.; £250 a Police Inspector; £100 a Policeman. French, the Lord-Lieutenant, is always away in the South of France and doesn't count at all. Of the six men hung in Dublin two were proved to have shot officers—four, the other four, to have been concerned in ambushes where many were murdered. During the executions 40,000 people were outside the prison praying—the young priesthood have the whole thing in their hands, and the problem is insoluble.

April 4th. And now all programmes are likely to be upset. The miners are out, including the pumpers, so that some mines are already flooded, and Transport and Railway men threaten to come out too. Coal was lately decontrolled, and, as the output has decreased, the employers have tried to enforce the bargain that wages should in such a case decrease—hence the trouble. The Boards of conciliation seem to have been blown to the four winds—the miners want Government to subsidize the trade to make up the wages—an impossible suggestion, for if this is done for the miners, what about other trades?

April 9th. Attempts at conference have broken down—the Owners' Organization and Government rightly insisting that a condition precedent to meeting shall be that pumping shall be started again—the Miners' Federation refusing to accept this condition. The Government reply to this with a Royal Proclamation “Signed by the King's

own hand" calling out the reserves and also calling on all loyal citizens to back up Government and Police and Government's agencies to secure order and food distribution.

April 13th. Left Eastbourne by early train and saw the King at noon.

To-day about 3 it was announced that the Triple Alliance would come out on Friday, 15th, at 10 p.m. By this means they get another week's pay. So we must look out—never was the situation for two hundred years more dangerous, and inducements and threats are being held out to other Trade Unionists to join them. Meanwhile Cavan is placed in command of London—the command extending to Aldershot. Troops, I believe, are summoned from Egypt and Cyprus. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens full of them and horses picketed.

John Gladstone dined with us. His was the last train through in N.B. before the Fife miners began to stop goods trains—taking signal men out of their boxes. Their coal trade is all, or nearly all, export. There is no export at present because of prices, and in Fifeshire there are a great many Poles and other aliens, though not so many as in Lanarkshire. Nothing could look worse than the situation and, as I have said, Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park look like camps. J. G. was interesting about his Botley Library. Some books wanted renewing and the most thumbed by ploughmen was the "Wealth of Nations."

We have been buying lamps and candles.

April 17th. The miraculous has happened. There was no Transport Strike at 10 p.m. on Friday 15th as wholly expected. The miners, therefore, at present carry on the strike by themselves. Of course there is great jubilation

and Piccadilly and Pall Mall talk hurriedly about the smash-up of the Alliance, etc., etc. But the truth is there was no heart in favour of a General Strike. The feeling of relief is, of course, general.

All racing, owing to train difficulties, is cancelled under Jockey Club Rules till further orders. This means no Epsom Spring Meeting and possibly no Newmarket (2,000). I went to Kensington Palace yesterday to see Lady Granville (Dowager) and had a sight of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park—troops, troops, troops, Horse, Foot, Artillery and blue-jackets, also scores and scores of lorries, covered wagons, motor-bikes, etc., etc. It is reported there was enough milk in Hyde Park yesterday, which was to have been the first day of the strike, to make a lake—and they were going to make butter there. The Parks—Hyde Park, Regents Park, and Kensington Gardens—are closed. Government rightly are not slacking their preparations, and here and there are to be seen depots for recruiting workers, with queues of hundreds anxious to go in.

April 18th. On the 15th we had a meeting in St. James's Palace of all concerned with the visit of the Crown Prince of Japan—the thing went very well, the detail is inconceivable except for those who are familiar with such matters—the clothes to be worn at different times—the hours and minutes of arrival—the minutes of interval—here and there Guards of Honour, Escorts and all the rest of it—indefinable and endless.

To-day we went for a stroll in Hyde Park; the police let us in as it is still closed. Not a soul to be seen except a sentry here and there guarding, as far as we could see, wireless stations—a workman or two and a terrier the only other occupants. The boats on Serpentine moored towards the middle. The very ducks seemed to have obeyed orders to absent themselves. The whole place to

ourselves and three rabbits, two moorhens in bunnyland, and a few very fat pigeons. All very strange, silent and pleasant.

April 24th. To luncheon with old Mrs. Bischoffsheim at Stanmore—lovely view if one could have seen it. She told me a story of Bute House, which is her house—75 South Audley Street. Bute House formerly belonged to Lord Bute, George II's Minister, who lived in fear of assassination. Mrs. Bisch. was one day standing on a stone flag in the hall or passage, when the whole, or part of it, turned round and she all but disappeared. There was a secret passage below which went towards the Park—a bolt hole—but was choked up. The house had once been the Portuguese Embassy and it included 74, as well as 75. Some one, a friend of ours, took 74 and then threw up the bargain because it was supposed to be haunted. A Portuguese went to see Mrs. Bisch. and told her that long, long ago, in the Embassy days a young Attaché surprised his wife with another man and shot them both, and the lady is supposed to appear.

The unorthodox Bishop of Durham preached a very good sermon at the Chapel Royal to-day.

April 30th. I heard the speeches of the Speaker, James Lowther, the Prime Minister, a Labour M.P., and Asquith—all too long except Asquith—but the Speaker spoke with great feeling, choked by emotion. 'Twenty-six years' continuous service in Chair of Committees and Chair of House—a very great service which has been most admirably performed, as well as being most judicious. He has a very strong sense of humour, which has been no less judiciously applied. I regard his opinion on any subject not to be excelled by anyone of my acquaintance. While he occupied

the Chair with dignity there is not an atom of pomposity in his character.

May 5th. The cold beggars description, especially in the House of Lords, where also light is restricted to a minimum—no fires or artificial heating.

Meanwhile I see Thomas has sailed for U.S.A. and has said the Coal Strike will be over in a week. But the Home Secretary, whom I met at dinner, told me the situation was more bitter than ever, and that when it came to unloading foreign coal there would most likely be considerable trouble.

May 6th. Last night I dined at the Chinese Legation, sitting next to the principal guest, Chu Chi Chieu, who could not speak a word of English—my next Chinese neighbour interpreted when I could make him understand. After dinner I had a little conversation with a Chinese professor who had been in Leipsic and Berlin, and by dint of a good deal of German and a very little French we understood each other—not a very hilarious entertainment. The Chinese man told me he had come over for research. I jumped to the conclusion that he must be medical. It turned out that his research work was to study methods of socialist politics.

May 10th. Last night we had the full dress Banquet at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Crown Prince of Japan. He spoke only Japanese—his speech delivered in a voice of thunder—very short and translated. It was almost comic for, of course, no one understood a syllable (a great twinkle on the Queen's face) and it was translated by Chinda. I walked backwards alone and I don't think I ever looked behind me—the *mise en scène* really beautiful. The Queen

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looked magnificent and seemed in such good spirits—the Crown Prince is a jolly little fellow.

May 15th. On the 12th the Prince of Wales gave a banquet in the picture gallery of St. James's Palace. The last time I dined there was when I gave my "King's Birthday" dinner to over forty guests. John Gladstone, Douglas Dawson and I having been gazetted to the Coldstreams in '73, the boys of '73—one of them being Lord Chamberlain—dined forty years afterwards in St. James's Palace to celebrate H.M.'s birthday. The Sub-Dean's grace was "God save the King and bless this dinner."

The P. of Wales's dinner and standing about in those beautiful rooms—the most beautiful in London—was a very great success—socially a very great function.

May 16th. Nelly went by motor to Barley End. I stayed peacefully here and in the afternoon went to Kew with two objects: (1) to see the Gardens, (2) the people in full enjoyment of the lovely-do-nothing afternoon. I was amply repaid, though sorry to see hardly any of the really working class. But it's a long way to go and one gets, at least I did, very tired wandering about. The Gardens were superb. Rhodos and azaleas and in places lots of bluebells and beds all full of flowers. I was told the crowds would be insufferable—this was not so. But I am glad to say there were thousands in the Gardens—they policed themselves, no one dreamt of walking on forbidden ground—masses of children playing about; altogether it was delightful. I always find there's room for me. The paths were full, but not so crowded as the pavement in Oxford Street. After some tea I strolled through the Park, to see the rabbits, and found five. A very pleasant, reflective Bank Holiday. The same afternoon a duck and her family, finding the door open into the forecourt from

Buckingham Palace Gardens, sallied forth to visit St. James's Park. She slowly made her way to the entrance gates and then the Police held up the traffic to allow her to cross the Road—delightful.

June 26th. A long month during which we have had no rain—hay hardly over your boots, roots non-existent, a talk of water rationing. The streets are not watered and women, on the look-out for an ailment, say they get sore throats. Race-horses can't move on the ground, which is as hard as marble—form consequently upset, which shows very hard ground is as bad as very soft in this respect.

The state of Ireland has gone very rapidly from bad to worse—houses burnt, people kidnapped. Convamore, Listowel's place, has been burnt—a very fine house with, I believe, lots of treasures. Long ago they used to ask me to go there to fish. Poor old Listowel must be eighty-six or eighty-seven—one of the last of the Crimean officers and wounded, and Lady L. in her day, forty years ago, one of the most lovely beings I ever beheld. Bandon's house burnt too—last week. He and Lady B. dragged from bed—he kidnapped and taken away no one knows where—she, I believe, in a gardener's cottage—and this is the reward for Southern loyalty. Government, with its 40,000 soldiers, Black and Tans, R.I.C. police, seems incapable of doing anything.

Socially matters have been busy—a pleasant small party at the Belgian Embassy—Prince, Princess Marie and Princess R. de Croy there—they did much for British soldiers in the War at very great risk. Princess Marie de C., sister to Prince Reginald, was taken prisoner and tried with Nurse Cavell; she got ten years' penal servitude—let out, of course, on the Armistice. She did immense work for the British—aided them across the frontier, hid them, forged passports for them. When the Armistice was proclaimed a head of a

prison said to a Belgian officer: "Now it is all over we must forget and forgive." The Belgian officer said: "You have plenty of time; our memories are good—we have not forgotten the Duke of Alba yet."

Now and then to dinner at Grillons—always very pleasant. And one night to see a play—"The Circle." There was much anxiety about it. The plot, of course, an infidelity one—a mother leaves her husband, to live with another man. The daughter eventually does the same and the mother endeavours to dissuade her. I did not think the play good and the end unsatisfactory and inconsequent, if there was to be a moral to it. But this singular thing has occurred: a young married woman went to a legal luminary and, explaining the unhappy circumstances of her marriage, said she was determined to bolt and end it. Her legal friend sympathized, saying he knew all about it and that it was well-nigh intolerable, but before she took the irrevocable step she must "Go and see 'The Circle.'" She did, and wrote next day to say she had determined to stay and face her life. I saw the letter recounting this and it is interesting from this point of view—that if a play may influence for evil it may equally influence for good.

This worry about plays continues and I feel inclined on this account, as well as that of politics, to re-echo Hartington's mot, "When will this damned Government go out!" "Mecca" was the title of a play proposed to take the place of Chu Chin Chow. Apparently it was rumoured that this extravaganza was on its way from U.S.A. and on the strength of this rumour I got a protest in October from a Moslem Priest, in charge of a Mosque at Woking. The play eventually came along and I sent for the Priest who protested seriously against it, saying that Moslems regard the stage very differently from Europeans. I sent for Oscar Asche, told him about this, and said I must inquire.

He, of course, in his turn protested and said it had been played before thousands of Mahommedans in U.S.A. I laughed and remarked that while there might be a handful of Moslems in U.S.A. thousands was out of the question; and even if there were it made no difference, because U.S.A. has nought to do with Moslems, while the King is the greatest Moslem Prince in the world. I made inquiry of Ameer Ali, P.C., Aga Khan, and the most experienced Anglo-Indian opinion I could find—with the result that opinion is solid against the title—and another is to be found. The line which the L.C. should follow in licensing plays must, in my judgment, be essentially a compromise between two extremes. The office is itself anomalous and not a little out of touch with modern feeling; it would take very little to produce its abolition.

There is not, so far as I know, a single play now produced, or which ever has been produced, within my memory which would be stopped by the common law on the ground of obscenity, or the corruption of morals. No doubt the distinction between books and drama is marked, but none the less, modern literature shows how standards vary. Take Arnold Bennett's last book—"A Pretty Lady." People criticize both its art and its purpose—no one says it is unclean, and yet the whole story is that of the life of a prostitute.

The great mistake people make lies in thinking that the sole function of the stage is to educate—that may be one of its functions, but another is to entertain and amuse. If all incidents relating to irregular affection were banned, entertainment would certainly suffer. One of the most amusing of Pinero's plays turned on the incident of a man who kissed the governess. Men ought not to kiss governesses, but it does not follow that the fact that they do should not be reproduced on the stage. It is not so much the story as costume, music and the movements and allurements

of particular women that makes certain plays dangerous. This you can never stop. Drinking champagne raises the spirits of a boy and produces much the same effect. Teetotallers say therefore: "No one should drink it." In the abstract they may be right, but in actual life when any of these gallant boys come home and honour one with a visit—and they grow fewer every day—I produce the best I have to enjoy their enjoyment. And so also I should take them to musical comedy or a light piece of farce, for I was a boy once and I wish I were again. The truth is that a censor's office must cater for all—it must stop all that is unclean, it must repress the thing that is gross, but to say you must not laugh at anything connected with relations between man and woman is more than you can safely do. Such a rule would mean good-bye to the "Private Secretary." Finally, I ask again what are your critics going to say to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet? All this does not mean that the class of play referred to is to be encouraged—it must be kept in strict control—I only want to point out it cannot be abolished.

At the instance of the Belgian Ambassador I have become Chairman of a Board—a representative Committee in connection with a Belgian Congress on Child Welfare, etc., etc. We are gradually getting the thing shaped. When people start these things it would be a help if they knew what they wanted.

There has been a great hubbub about the decontrol of Agriculture, abolition of bonuses to farmers, etc., which also carries with it the abolition of the Minimum wage. As usual the thing is thought of one moment and put through the next. Government were told what would happen last week-end when the Agricultural Bill was passed. Every one favours the abolition, but curses as freely as if they were against it. This sort of hurry, our side say, is

responsible for the Coal Strike, which still continues. I have doubts as to the truth of this, but it's all of a piece—no real thinking all round a thing.

As to the Coal Strike there are signs it may come to an end. Irreparable damage has been done and, it will be found, to the workers themselves. The Triple Alliance talk came to nothing. Communistic views have raised their heads with not the faintest result—but the damage and inconvenience has been without limit.

The drought continues. A thunderstorm in London produced torrents in Portland Place, none in Eaton Square. The one thing said to thrive are the young partridges, and here again in places not moisture enough for them. Grouse promised well, J. Gladstone says, but many dead birds have been picked up. Taymouth is sold—indeed a sign of the times. What days one spent there, beginning forty-three years ago. When the Castle was built the then Lord was asked why he built it on the extreme east of his property which stretched across Scotland to the sea to the west. His reply was, "It will soon be in the middle." In those days they acted without arbitrators!! It was a princely possession, presided over by the most generous of landlords.

To Windsor for Ascot—ground as hard as marble, as disastrous as very deep ground for backers and worse for horses. We spent a lovely hot afternoon on the 25th in Richmond Park, taking our tea. The grass there is as parched as the Desert of Sahara. At Windsor the energy and strength of the women amazed me. Here were two grandmothers, one actual, t'other potential, racing, and one betting, all day; back to Windsor and tea—lightning change—lawn tennis 5.45–7.45, heat very great, and they played so well and with real vigour—home to dress for dinner—dancing from 10 to past 11—and then Bridge—one of them up early and out by 10 next day. The young people, Princess Mary and the two brothers—Princes

Duke of York and Henry—played too; also Apsley and Molyneux and Lady Mary Fox Strangways—all delightful young people with very good manners, which are rare, and very good spirits—not so rare.

The party for Ascot was delightful, but there was one new and large vacancy—Bertie Vane Tempest—he is irreplaceable, always the same and to every one, a delightful companion, a very useful man indeed in his Welsh country and also possessed of a considerable shrewdness. I have not known one more universally popular.

The whole week was one of splendour—the procession very effective and Their Majesties very well received. Lord Lascelles was there too. The King of Spain, Spanish Ambassador, etc., came on Saturday afternoon.

June 28th. The Coal Strike is over and the harm done, like many other harms, illimitable and not to be righted—if ever—for a generation.

July 1st to Sept. 24th. Sir Ernest Cassel's death came as a great shock (we were to have stayed with him for Newmarket). I knew him intimately and a very kind friend he was and a constant one. He made an immense fortune, to be counted by several million sterling; and was most generous, indeed in regard to my charities, I never remember a refusal. I saw much of him and used to go to see him during the War, when he was villainously treated by many who ill-requited his limitless kindness and hospitality—but I never heard him utter an unkind word. He was a naturalized British subject and there was no more loyal or public spirited a man. He had very lately withdrawn from the Turf where he was unlucky—though he did win a 2,000 guineas with a bad horse—Handicapper—and an Eclipse with Hapsburg—not a good one.

My Ascot week had social results. I had audiences

with the King and Queen and the result was that during the week of the Belgian Royal visit a State Ball as well as a Banquet was given and the following week a Garden Party for which over 10,000 invitations were issued. The heat had been terrific, but it turned out cloudy and the whole thing a great success. Ripon told me he saw a cuckoo fly across Buckingham Palace Gardens about the mid-afternoon—and he knows a cuckoo when he sees one. I never knew anything to equal the importunity for invitations both for Ball and Garden Party, one woman forcing her way into my house at 2 p.m.—the G.P. same day 3.30. I had notes and letters interminable, and the telephone (my private one) ringing from 8 a.m. till I went out to dinner and sometimes pursuing me to dinner.

The Banquet to Their Majesties of Belgium was an affair of splendour, as was the Ball—both carried out on former lines—my usual walkings backward, etc., etc. I think 149 dined, including four or five Indian Chiefs, amongst them the Head of the Sikhs, a very nice fellow on whom I called and with whom I had a very interesting talk for near an hour. The Belgian Ambassador and Ambassadress gave a luncheon in honour of the Kings and Queens—very well done indeed. As a fact the King and Queen of Belgium gave the lunch at the Embassy in honour of our King and Queen.

There was a state quadrille at the Ball, but no one had danced a quadrille for seven years—so we had rehearsals the evening before at Buckingham Palace, D'Egville, the dancing master, in command—it was most entertaining—D'Egville nearly beside himself. The Dukes of Northumberland and Abercorn had never danced before they told me at the Royal Belgian lunch, but I knew D'Egville's telephone number, told them, and they rehearsed all right. The King of the Belgians gave me the Great Cordon of the Order of Leopold. The whole concern a great success.

The King went to Goodwood and then to Cowes where, there being a strong wind, the *Britannia* carried everything before her. His Majesty was never better, full of business, hauling ropes and doing the thing thoroughly.

Meanwhile we arranged to return to Abergeldie Castle, lent us a third year in succession by H.M. There was the usual uncertainty about the close of the session. The Prime Minister swore he would prorogue not adjourn Parliament and, if the Irish situation demanded it, have a new session in December—in fact there was not to be an autumn session, but a session in the autumn. Crewe got very cross about this, saying there were Bills needing discussion. Salisbury backed him up and there was an angry Debate—their *bête noire* being the Dumping Bill. I thought Government would be beaten and that nearly every one wanted an autumn session—of course I was wrong—Government won very handsomely and Parliament *adjourned* as intended, about August 18th or 20th. The comic thing was that after all they were obliged owing to Ireland to adjourn instead of prorogue. But I was done with before that, for I broke down.

THE END

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